

**FRANCIS MARION LYMAN**

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BIOGRAPHY

FRANCIS MARION LYMAN  
1840-1916

APOSTLE  
1880-1916

By  
ALBERT R. LYMAN

Edited, Printed and Published by  
Melvin A. Lyman, M. D.  
Delta, Utah  
1958

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Melvin A. Lyman, M. D., Historian

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FRANCIS MARION LYMAN

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## EDITOR'S NOTE

It has been a pleasure to edit and publish the Biography of Francis M. Lyman immediately following the publication of the biography of his father, Amasa Mason Lyman. I feel this book is of great value to the family and also to the church in general.

I wish to thank those who have helped in any way with its publication, especially Richard R. Lyman who furnished the pictures and wrote the biography of his mother, Clara Callister Lyman; also, Mrs. Mary Gowans, who wrote the biography of her mother, Rhoda Taylor Lyman. I also wish to thank William E. Berrett for permission to use material in Appendix I. Considerable help was given me by Joye Bennion, Louise H. Lyman and my secretary, Elizabeth Tanner, who did the typing of the master sheets for printing. (This book was printed in my office on a Multigraph Duplicator, Multilith Model 80, and the typing was done on an I. B. M. Executive, Modern Print Typewriter.)

The author's manuscript was proof-read six times by four different individuals for errors in spelling, thought construction, dates, etc., thus hoping to eliminate errors.

This first edition consists of one thousand books.

Melvin A. Lyman, M. D.  
Lyman Family Historian  
Delta, Utah



## INTRODUCTION

Blanding, Utah March 19, 1958

It is now sixteen years since this biography was written. At that time my sources of information were easily available, and any matter needing to be verified, modified or supplemented, could have been attended with no trouble. The account could no doubt be edited to advantage, but that for me at this time is quite out of the question.

I was delighted to write about "Uncle Marion" who, as my father's older and much-respected brother, had stood high in my estimation from childhood. I looked to him for safe counsel after the death of my father, and contacted him often by letter or by personal visits. In 1908, I traveled with him by team from Thompson's in Utah, through the San Juan country in Utah, New Mexico, and Colorado, and during every one of those important days, he taught many good things to remember. I was much interested in all that he had time and opportunity to tell me about; his experiences from the days of Winter Quarters through to Utah, to San Bernardino and back to Utah. Some of the items in this account are from what he told me.

From his journals, most of them rather heavy books, I spent many days taking huge stacks of notes. I went also through the forty-three volumes of his father's journals. He had written very much more than his father, although in fewer books.

It would be unfair to him, and to the people of the Church, if his contributions to the building of Latter-day Zion were not published. That this will, at least to a degree, do justice to him and be an inspiration to others, is my sincere wish.

Albert R. Lyman





It was the autumn of 1839. The ruffians of Missouri, glutted with loot from the Mormon towns they had ravaged, gazed with rapacious eyes at their prey, escaped or escaping across the Mississippi River into Illinois. The extermination order of Missouri's governor, Lillburn W. Boggs, had released this wild rabble like a pack of eager hounds from all restraint, and they could but howl their disappointment as their coveted prey got beyond reach of their fangs.

Amasa Mason Lyman, twenty-six years old, had sent his young wife and little daughter, early in the raid, to Quincy on the Illinois-side of the river where, though they needed many things, and the mother was soon to be a mother again, they were yet beyond the rapacity of the mob, and Amasa waited in Far West to help the Saints escape destruction. Many of those who did escape left their blood-stained tracks in the early snow as they fled in haste to get beyond the river before they should be overtaken.

In the perilous siege of Far West, Amasa Lyman had been sentenced with the Prophet Joseph Smith and others to be shot at sun-rise on the public square of the doomed Mormon city, and escaping this threatened fate only through the daring interference of General Doniphan; he had lain in chains with the Prophet and his companions in a filthy jail while a mock court tried to prove false charges against them. Amasa and his young wife, she was five years his junior, had been among the natural-born saints who stood waiting for the restored gospel, and joining the Latter-day Saints soon after the first organization of the Church, they had united their fortunes in wedlock to face the bitter scenes of Kirtland, and then to wade through the tribulations of Missouri.

The thousands of Mormon exiles, homeless and destitute, some of them stripped of all but the rags to cover their nakedness, sought shelter and food and rest wherever they could, for they had been driven from their



homes and their supplies with winter frowning above them. When, by the direction and help of Brigham Young and his fellow-apostles most of the Saints had been conducted to safety, Amasa Lyman crossed the river after them, only to turn back at once and venture cautiously to Far West for the sake of some who had not yet escaped, and all this time the anxious young mother waited in suspense for his return.

Arriving safely at last, as if by miraculous preservation from a maze of danger, the young father turned to the problem of finding refuge from cold and storm--the necessary nourishment and safety, a fit sanctuary for the holy occasion of motherhood.

How blessed are friends in time of need! Justice Morse had welcomed the Lymans to his humble roof when they fled from danger and destitution in Missouri, and now that he had escaped the peril and found temporary lodgement on a farm in peaceful Illinois, he was glad to open wide his door to them in this emergency.

To the Morse home, on what was known as the Dague Farm, in Walnut Grove Township, McDonough County, at a place where the town of Goodhope was later to be built, Amasa Lyman took the expectant mother and the little girl. It was a log house with a stone chimney, and they rejoiced to find shelter and welcome under its humble roof, for here, on the twelfth of January, 1840, the young mother brought forth a son.

No threatening enemy was heard on the Dague Farm---the Lymans had found sweet rest from their anxiety and suspense and they thanked the Lord for His great goodness to them. They thanked the Lord for the preservation of the mother and for the coming of the choice son to whom they gave the cherished name of Francis Marion, the brave patriot of the Revolutionary War.

However, this peaceful day at the Illinois cabin was but a lull in the angry storm which had been raging more than ten years against these strange Latter-day Saints. The storm would rage again. This unsuspecting

child, brought forth from such a tempestuous background and born of parents selected by miraculous and discriminating process from the big multitude, was himself to face the fury of the tempest. Even in his tender youth he was to face its blast of hardship, exile and imprisonment. Yet to this cause of the restored gospel he was destined to devote his time, his means and his talents without reserve to the last day of his long life.

"At the time of my birth," writes Francis Marion himself, "our family lived with Justice Morse, as we were homeless. The only difference between my father's birth and mine, he was born in the house of his kindred, I in the house of a friend or neighbor."

Sturdy stuff is not developed in a soft cradle. Strong souls are born in adversity and schooled in hardship, and the great mill of fortune grinds more carefully on the special men and women destined to bear the heaviest human burdens. The stay on the quiet Dague Farm was not long, and after yielding to the pressure of necessity from different angles, the Lymans stopped in the spring of 1841 on what was known as "the Half-breed Strip," in Iowa, just across the Mississippi River from Nauvoo, in Illinois. With the coming of fall the father became helpless from overwork and exposure, making it necessary for them to find a place nearer to help, and they got permission to occupy a room in part of a basement in Nauvoo.

How well the little newcomer thrived on this life of make-shift and change, with its unavoidable exposure and hardship, may be guessed by what his mother said in a letter written to a friend in November, 1841. "Francis Marion is a large boy," says the letter, "He can talk very plain. He will be two years old next January twelfth. He has worn coat and pantaloons ever since he was eighteen months old; he can dance and sing."

Not yet two years old and able to dance and sing--impressive shadow of future events! Ahead of him and his people stretched a dark pathway of tribulation and a prospect so terrible that their Lord in His love and wis-



dom would give them a choice secret of endurance by telling them that if they were sorrowful to pray that they might be joyful, and when they were merry to dance and sing. This singing and dancing would react in their souls with a courage and a chivalry they could not get otherwise. The inherent will to dance and to sing as soon as he could stand alone and speak a word, marked the little Francis M. Lyman as a true son of the great Latter-day Movement with cheer-generating powers to relish the years of hardship it would bring upon him.

When in their basement quarters at Nauvoo, the father of the family was able to be around again, true to the obligations he had accepted as a messenger of the restored gospel, he started on another of his many missionary trips, and the mother with her two children moved into part of a house owned by George Miller. With her testimony of the gospel and her earnest desire to do her full part in building up the Latter-day Kingdom, that mother figured that her contribution was to meet gamely whatever necessity her husband's absence might entail.

When he returned in the spring of 1842, he took them again to their place on the "Half-breed Strip, and stayed long enough to raise a crop before answering a call from the Prophet Joseph Smith to help build a town at Shokokon, twenty-five miles northeast of Nauvoo.

The Lymans began a home in the new town, but their stay there came to an abrupt and tragic end when the Prophet was kidnapped by his old Missouri enemies at Dixon, seventy-five miles to the northeast. Consternation such as the little boy was to see many times in the next ten years rushed before his questioning eyes. Much alarmed with the report of the assault on their beloved leader, the Saints arose in a body to prevent his being dragged into Missouri. After Amasa's strenuous exertion in this effort he was sick and helpless, "and was carried," Francis M. relates, "on a bed to Nauvoo, where we moved at the time and had temporary quarters with Father John Smith."

The stirring scenes of this drama were register-

ing already on the susceptible mind of the little boy to become a positive background for his fixed policy when he should become one of the prominent actors on this stage. "I remember," he writes, "as Father was recovering, he walked out to the gate in his shirtsleeves and the Prophet Joseph, who lived just across the street, said to him through a speaking trumpet, 'Amasa, go back in and put on your coat.' I was then three years and seven months old, and it seemed strange to me that any one should speak that way to my father."

Able to travel again as a missionary, the father took his wife and three children, little Ruth having been born in Shokokon, and went in November, 1843, on a mission to Indiana where he built a frame room in which the family lived while he traveled and preached in all directions. Francis M. retained clear recollections of this frame home in Alquina, Indiana, where the distressing report reached them in July that the Prophet Joseph had been murdered. The father left them at once, but waited for a lull in the fury of the mobs before having his family follow him by river steamer to Nauvoo.

Their return to the Mormon city was followed by times of anguish never to be forgotten. They had to crowd with two other families into the home of William Huntington and accomodate to very narrow limits while the husband and father was prostrated with overwork and the hardships inflicted by their enemies. What those enemies had done and were threatening to do, filled their days and their nights with dread and apprehension. Poverty reached with its lean fingers into all their affairs, and the matter of existing became a vexing problem.

In the spring of 1845, they moved into a house belonging to Erastus Snow, and then for a while into the home of William Henry Miller. In the fall, happy day! They moved into a two-room house which Amasa Lyman, with the help of many kind friends, had succeeded, along with his numerous Church activities, in building on a lot belonging to Father Huntington. Yet even these two rooms, where the little family rejoiced to be by themselves, were



destined to repeat with emphasis what had happened in many former stopping places: a short troubled stay, a sudden and tragic departure.

Back of all this scene of homelessness, sickness, want and poverty, as they shifted in tribulation from one shelter to another, was the dread sight and sound of enemies--bitter, implacable enemies, whose hatred like a darksome cloud hovered ever nearer over the city of Nauvoo. Francis M., cheerful by nature, and having been innured to hardship from the time of his birth in the house of a friend, took no gloomy recognition of the discouraging prospect, yet this somber background of his impressionable years, could not fail to enter more and more deeply into his philosophy of life and help determine his interpretation of its essential purposes.

In January, 1846, when they had been in their blessed new home less than four months, the ugly cloud over Nauvoo became so black and threatening that the people prepared to leave without delay. Early in February, in spite of deep snow and bitter cold, they headed off in long processions towards the Mississippi River, a-float with huge masses of ice.

Francis M's mother was too sick and helpless to go with them; for the present she would have to wait, and the children would wait with her. They watched wonderingly from the window as teams, wagons, loose stock, and people with all kinds of hurriedly-improvised outfits plodded their way through the snow from all parts of the city, a scene which grew in significance as childish understanding expanded.

"On the twenty-second of February," says F. M's account, "my brother Amasa M. Jr. was born only a short time after Father had crossed the river and started west."

That was a most trying time; the little boy held its phases carefully in mind for important conclusions he was to draw in later years when, speaking of his mother he said, "I presume not one woman in ten thousand would have done as well as she. Our family was

always poor and pinched, and I hardly remember a time when Mother had any hired help. "

His father returned for a little while next day after the baby was born, and he came again a week later before traveling on with the exiled Saints to the remote boundaries of Western Iowa. Maria Lyman waited with her four children through the months of spring in Nauvoo while the enemies of the Saints, muttering and threatening, made their days and nights a matter of uneasiness and fear.

It was in June, by the aid of F. M's grandfather, John Tanner, that they left the defenseless city barely in time to escape another impending attack, and began following the tracks of the Saints through Iowa. F. M's account relates, "Uncle David Frederic was our teamster, he drove our one yoke of oxen and we overtook Father at Mt. Pisgah. "

Referring to their arrival at the Missouri River, he goes on to say, "Father built some temporary log houses for his family," and then he relates as a matter of fact, and as something for which he had an inherent sympathy, that his father brought from Nauvoo, six wives besides his mother. He gives the names of each one, calling them then, as he did without once faltering in all the long years to follow, by the endearing title, "Aunt. " There was "Aunt" Caroline, "Aunt" Eliza, Cornelia, Dionetia, Paulina and Priscilla. His references to them are always full of tenderness and respect. He loved them none the less because his father had gone with them while his mother had to wait in Nauvoo, and he kept them thoughtfully in mind through all the troubled years which followed.

These temporary log houses, built on the banks of the Missouri River, were a matter of pressing necessity, since the exiles could go no farther that season. And equally necessary, from the Latter-day Saint point of view, however great the difficulty involved, was a place or places where the multitude of children could attend school. These little centers of learning, appearing promptly wherever the Mormon outcasts stopped to rest, were to become a matter of astonishment to the world.



They might begin in a sod-covered hut, or in a wagonbox or under a tree, but wherever it was they would not fail to begin with their wholesome spirit of progress as taught by the restored gospel.

It was inevitable that the six-year-old F.M. Lyman should be a student under one of these sod-covered roofs on the bank of the Missouri River at Winter Quarters. He relates that his teachers were James W. Cummings and Louisa Pratt. Then he makes the interesting and to-be-expected report, "I also attended Brother Gates' dancing school."

A dancing school! Its floor the bare earth, its roof a rude thatch to drink in the rain! F. M. was as sure to be in it as if he had been a little duck and the school a sparkling pond. His indomitable instinct had impelled him to dance as soon as he could stand alone. In his intuitive preparation for seventy years of the frontier and the unprecedented, he must build up in his soul all the chivalrous implacability that goes with the will to dance and to sing.

These Mormon outcasts, plundered and peeled, a howling wilderness ahead, a horde of relentless enemies behind, and yet they must teach dancing even to their children as if it were vital to life.

Dancing was vital to life. It was so indispensable to the kind of life which these exiles had before them, that their Lord commanded them by revelation to "praise the Lord with singing, with music and with dancing."

The boy, F. M., in spite of his tender years was due soon to take the part of a responsible man in the rigorous journey of twelve hundred miles across "The Great American Desert." The rhythm and spirit of the dance was to help supply unfagging courage for bitter situations and long hours of weariness.

The two winters while he waited on the bank of the Missouri were tense with eagerness to be off to the beckoning west. Much of that time his father was absent with the first Pioneer Company exploring the mountains, or he was filling a mission in the Southern States. F. M.

was the oldest boy in the seven Lyman families. He was large for his age, and with no husband or father there to take the initiative, he began early to meet situations and make responses on his own account. Five hundred able-bodied men were mustered from that poverty-stricken camp to form the famous Mormon Battalion for the war with Mexico, and their departure was a call to every boy in the camp to put away childish things and wear the armor of resolute manhood.

F. M. responded instinctively. It was inherent in his blood to champion the cause in whose tribulation he had been born and in the seething midst of which he had lived his eight years. In contemplating their long journey on the plains, he scorned the very thought of being counted among the helpless who sat idly in the wagons or walked along with empty hands. He was no child-- he would be eight and a half years old when they started.

This was a glorious day in F. M's life when it was definitely settled he should drive one of the ox teams in his father's company. Three of his father's wives: "Aunt" Cornelia, "Aunt" Priscilla, and "Aunt" Paulina, with her little son, Oscar, were to ride in the wagon behind him, ample proof of real confidence in his responsibility.

As one of the regular teamsters of the company, acting with grown men in response to the captain's signal, eight and a half years of pride and resolution surged through his veins as he got the big animals in place by the tongue. Too bad he had to wait at that point for some one to help him, but he was too little and short to raise the ponderous yoke on the steer's necks. No discount, however, on his ability to wield the huge bull-whip, he could give the hoarse order, "Gee", or "Haw" and command to go forward or to hold back as the grade demanded.

On the 30th of June, 1848, the company of 500 or more people started away in a long, slow-moving wagon-train from Winter Quarters towards the west, and F. M., eight and a half years old, was one of the men to whom the captain looked for dependable service. He was to be responsible for the proper motion of two awkward, lum-



bering oxen for twelve hundred miles. The safety, the life, of four precious souls besides his own hung on his fidelity to the trust reposed in him.

What a magnificent nurse for the stuff from which sterling manhood is made! Considering too, that beyond the perils of those twelve hundred miles he was awaited by another journey even more difficult of accomplishment, the journey on to the coast. It goes without saying that he was destined to become strong for future labors of very great importance.

Thanks now for his ability to drive till he was weary and then to dance and sing till he was refreshed, yet this was to be supplemented now by another gallant accomplishment: when the company reached the Elkhorn River, where his father baptized and confirmed him a member of the Church. And that father, solicitous and far-seeing, taught his son to swim. Thus prepared to give account of himself in the water or on the land, he faced the wild plains with their dangerous crossings, their delays and their bad weather, and the hours of dog-weariness when these wanderers would have to dance and to sing their way out of the arms of despair.

All the way across the long stretches of Nebraska and through the mountainous regions to the west, Francis M. maneuvered his big oxen without a blunder, and the wagon carried its passengers in perfect safety.

"I met with no accident on the journey," he writes, "but when we came to the big mountain, before we entered Salt Lake Valley, it was not thought safe for me to drive, and Brother Sterling Driggs was given the job. This was very mortifying to my pride, as I had begun to think I was a very good teamster. I felt revenged when Brother Driggs broke the wagon down, in the road through the canyon. I was delighted, and I told Mother I could have driven it through without breaking it."

His company entered the old fort on City Creek about the first of November, and he remained there with "Aunt" Eliza to attend school, while his mother and the rest of the family went to South Cottonwood and lived

through the winter in their wagonboxes. He tells little of the school he attended in the fort, but he relates that one of his teachers was Daniel Thomas, and another was his father's wife, "Aunt" Cornelia.

Some phases of his bill of fare that winter were to retain permanent place in his memory, for he was limited to one biscuit to the meal, and this strait three times a day for months was the kind of thing a boy could never forget. He says he always ate that solitary biscuit in very small bites to make it last a long time, and he chewed each bite as long as he could find it in his mouth. He discovered also that thus thoroughly masticated it became as sweet as cake. "A potato was worth a dollar to me," he declared.

His antiquated school and primitive books are by no means to be considered the chief factors of his education, limiting it in scope to what they had to offer; purpose and capacity grasps the substantial lessons of life from the every-day knocks of its poverty. The more heavy the jolt with which F. M. bumped into the unpleasant and the unexpected, the greater the impression it was to make upon him. His future was to be rich with bumps, and full of situations unexpected and disappointing.

The arrival of the Saints in the mountains was an event of tremendous moment; with their old homes in the hands of their enemies, and many of their dead left in lonely graves on the plains, their arrival at a place of rest was deserving of special thanks and celebration. They wanted to write its triumph on their hearts and on the hearts of their children, not with exultation, but with covenants and courage to meet whatever might still await them, for they wanted to endure to the end.

To this end they went humbly again into the water, old and young and were re-baptized, the head of the Lyman family with his wives and children among them. It was a safeguard which F. M.'s solicitous parents were glad to throw around him, and it had an increasing appeal. Ahead of him was an alluring network of temptation, a dangerous web in which the best of boys and girls might be caught,



and once the strong cords begin to tighten around them,  
it is only the most resolute and aggressive that ever  
fight their way again to freedom.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the spring of 1849, F. M's father completed two log houses of one room each, and it looked as if they would now enjoy the blessed thing, however humble, that is called home. But home for the Lymans was something distant and uncertain. After their long pilgrimage to this gathering place in the mountains they had doted much on finding rest, but long journeys, wearisome delays and new, wild countries awaited them.

Amasa Lyman was called to leave his families, with their two log cabins, and fill a mission to California. When he was released from that labor in the fall of 1850, another call awaited him to return with a company of settlers to the coast and establish a colony. It was intended he take his folks, since the colony was to continue indefinitely.

Parting with their home-foundations on South Cottonwood, most of the family prepared to toil on again towards the distant west, and on the 5th of May, 1851, they started on a journey longer in point of time and filled with more dangers and hardships than the trip from Winter Quarters to the valley of The Great Salt Lake. F. M. was a big husky youth eleven years old, able to drive teams, to ride or handle horses, oxen, or mules, and do almost any kind of work necessary to be done in a camp or on the frontier.

But he was not to be one of the "bullwhackers" on this eventful journey, he had a more important assignment. Before their start for the west his father had given him a mule, a trim-limbed, spirited creature with nippy action and metal to keep going a long time. He was exactly the kind of an animal to captivate a boy with spirit to sing and dance, and F. M. relates that, "he was as pretty as a picture of a mule."

The little mule's name was Jimmy, which is worth remembering, since he was to be one of F. M's constant companions, and perhaps a more potent teacher than any of his instructors in school. Being the owner of a mule

like Jimmy, it would have been distressingly unexpected for F. M. to be made responsible only for the motion of two or more sleepy steers instead of being assigned the care of the loose stock, at which business he was an expert. He could hunt, he could follow tracks and he could meet new situations which he had to do at every turn in the road.

This colony to California, headed by Amasa M. Lyman and Charles C. Rich, included five of the Lyman wives and a similar number of the Rich women. At Springville, they joined with the main body of the company and moved in a long train through the settlements, and then out into the perilous desert to the southwest. They followed dim trails, they dragged their heavy loads over steep and rocky mountains, suffering heat, thirst and terrible weariness. Sometimes three yoke of cattle and the driver sank in their tracks and fell sound asleep. Elder Parley P. Pratt, one of the company, describes the country through which they passed as "a most horrible desert", and declares it was "certainly the worst time" he ever had in his life. Prowling Indians gave them frequent trouble and much concern. Twice when they found Indians in the afternoon they kept them under guard till morning, "lest they stray away."

In the company were 150 wagons, 588 oxen, 336 cows, 107 horses and fifty mules besides the loose stock. With an outfit like this the boy scout and his mule, Jimmy were always in big demand--lost stock, animals that had to be guarded or taken to water, messages from one part of the long company to another. Feed was scarce and hard to find, the water-holes far apart and insufficient, and they had to divide into small companies in order to get enough water to keep their animals alive.

Progress was slow and the end of April found them not much more than started. May came and went leaving them still toiling across the solitude, and in June, nearly three months from the time they started, they made camp in Cajon Pass at a place called Sycamore Grove.



To F. M. it was a huge adventure with big opportunity to give appreciated service. The wide silent desert and solemn sentinel mountains offered spirited banter to his chivalrous spirit of dancing and song. From Cajon Pass the view across Southern California towards the Pacific is one which grips the mind more firmly than men are aware while they look, and the lure of it carries with a pleasant echo into the blood.

True to their Mormon standards, that company opened a school as soon as they stopped in Sycamore Grove, and F. M. attended. They had no house for the school, not even a wagon-box spacious enough to accommodate enrollment, so they held it under one of the big sycamores whose friendly limbs reached out over their improvised seats, their primitive books and rude equipment. Yet that strange Sycamore University took F. M. away from Jimmy for a while each day to give him impressions beyond anything contemplated in the curriculum.

Up from the valley to the southwest of them, with its lure of Mexican huts and its enchantment of tropical trees and shrubbery, came the Mexicans themselves with donkey-loads of delicious peaches and the fruit of the prickly-pear. The Mexican with his wide hat and jingle of spurs makes irresistible bid for attention. He wears glittering buttons and flashy colors, his language is musical even though it is not understood, and his horsemanship is the proud survival of ancient chivalry. He is at once the gallant caballero, and the eyes of the live boy follows him in a fever of admiration.

Along with these innocent charms the vices of el Caballero became equally alluring as he peddled his juicy fruit to the junior members of that half-starved company. To the boys of that big-tree school he was unwittingly one of the chief lures into a dangerous net which was set to catch them, and from which few of them would ever struggle free after its meshes once tightened around them. The gallant Mexican puffed his cigarrito and drank his aguardiente before their admiring eyes. These things could be more easily adopted than his unusual dress, his

particular manners or his euphonious dialect, and it became the ambition of the boys in the school to smoke and drink right away.

Important things "just happen" in the lives of young people, some of them for good, more of them to be mistrusted for evil. They "happen" so unfailingly to each one, and at so nearly the same period in life, and in the same way and with the same results that they become the design of some bad fortune to which thoughtful parents look forward with dread. There comes a time with the boy when he begins a life quite apart from that to which his father or mother is invited, and it is in this new, hidden life that things "just happen!" A dangerous thing was about to "happen" to F. M. -- a snare was set to catch him, and an innocent-looking lure was placed there to draw him into it. Its thread was so fine as to be almost invisible, but if it could be wrapped around him a few times every day, it would soon be as strong as ropes, and he would be bound with it for life.

In September the company bought the big ranch at San Bernardino down in the valley, and moved into the adobe huts that had been occupied by the Mexican employees. F. M. relates that two of the rooms into which his father's families moved had tile floors, but the other floors were earth. They had not only to renovate and rebuild old houses, but to make new houses as well and it became a busy hive, teaching more impressive lessons than are to be learned from school-masters and books.

However, a building program more urgent and more impressive still was suddenly thrust upon them. The savage indian chief, Antonio Garra, and his terrible followers went on the war path, terrifying all of Southern California. The colony at San Bernardino watched towards the mountains from whose wooded foothills the old warrior and his braves might appear at any moment with scalping knives in their hands. The colony with its five hundred souls had but one hundred and fifty, able to bear arms, and it would be in a desperate state of



defenselessness if the wild band should come upon them.

They decided therefore to build a stockade fort, and they lost no time in getting started. They marked off an area 700 feet long and 300 feet wide, which included most of their houses, and along this 2,000 foot line they began in a hurry to dig a deep trench, to prepare the necessary number of logs to stand upright in it making a wall twelve to fifteen feet high. When night came on they felt too insecure to sleep, so they went right on with the work, while the rain came down in torrents and a stiff wind slanted it against them with angry spatter. Often through the night hours they peered apprehensively into the darkness and listened for sounds in the roar of the storm, and when morning came they toiled right on all day, nor dared to rest even though it was the Sabbath.

They found that the building of that fort was a tremendous undertaking, and they had to take turns in sleeping. It took twenty days to finish the stockade with its port holes, its inset gates at each end and its bastions at the corners. Then they all crowded into it, making bedrooms out of their wagon-boxes in order to have a place to sleep, and they had to live in close proximity, and reconcile to their cramped quarters for more than a year.

In the northeast corner of that stockade, faithful to the Mormon ideal of education, they stretched a canvass as a shelter from rain and sun and it became a place of learning where William Stout taught "the three Rs." F. M. was in attendance to glean from his books and from his youthful associates the substance out of which he was building his philosophy of life.

The school accomodated its closing date to the early farming operations, for the people could hardly wait to get their hands into the rich soil and the good water of their new inheritance. With the opening of spring they started their operations each day by stringing out with the first gray fringe of light, and returning whenever they thought best before night came again. They had to plow, to plant, to build fences and ditches and roads, to survey the land and lay off a city. Twelve-year old F. M. ,



with or without Jimmy, as the nature of the work required, was ever in demand, and brimming with energy for all kinds of wholesome activity, he came down with a severe spell of sickness and grew steadily worse till it seemed he was not to recover. Besides the experiences plainly understandable for their intended benefit, there are many which constitute part of a far-reaching plan for the benefit of every man, and though F. M.'s father and mother began to despair for his life, an unfailing Providence was preserving him for definite labors in the future, some of which had already been clearly foreshadowed.

On a certain day he began to mend, and was recovered in plenty of time to get waist-deep in the work again before the time appointed for his father to start on a trip across the desert to Utah. It had been planned that F. M. should go along if he were able, and now he anticipated it with a huge relish, especially so since he was to ride Jimmy.

They started on the 15th of November with light wagons and nineteen persons in their company, and it took them thirty-five days to reach Salt Lake City. In Southern Utah they encountered rough weather and their journey on northward was in storms and deep snow. F. M. scorned the thought of traveling any way but right out in the weather on Jimmy's back, no matter what the wind or the temperature, and before they reached Fillmore he had frosted one ear and the side of his face. In Fillmore they wallowed through deep snow to the ward meeting-house where they stayed for the night around a roaring fire.

Going on northward they found the snow three feet deep in the pass over the mountain, and Marion rode in the lead with Julian Moses to break the first track. The string of pack horses waded along behind them and then the wagons toiled through, their wheels a solid disc of snow. The boy and his invincible mule were right in their element--what a white-feather thing it would be for him to ride in the wagon like a woman or a child,

leaving Jimmy to be led ignominiously behind or ridden by some one else! "It was a rough day's travel," F. M. writes, "and we camped in the deep snow."

Two days later, as they approached the town of Nephi, with snow still deep underfoot and driving down against them in angry flakes, "it was thought unsafe for me to ride the mule today, so I rode with "Aunt" Caroline in the wagon with a hot rock at my feet. Being at this time nearly thirteen years old, I felt my manhood imposed upon when told I must ride in the wagon."

They toiled wearily through the snow and biting winter to Payson where they camped in the street, and were still three days, with delay and broken single-trees reaching Salt Lake City.

F. M. attended school in the 14th Ward till spring. What he got there to feed his eager appetite for worthwhile knowledge, is only to be guessed. That he really had such an appetite is proved by the way he cherished all the rest of his life, a letter from his father and one from his mother. One of the letters is prophetic of things future, and it became a shaping factor in his life. Here it is in full:

Great Salt Lake, January 13th 1853

My Son Marion:

As many cares and labors devolving on me, do and will hinder me from being with you, my feelings of anxious solicitude for you, that while in the course of nature you grow to the state of manhood, you may realize a corresponding moral development has induced me to write for your consideration and daily practice and application, a few rules.

First, honor your father and obey him as he obeys the Lord; the consequence will be, the blessings of God and your father will rest upon you.

Second, that you may be respected among your own associates and elsewhere, always speak the truth; and that the spirit of friendship and kindness may ever be extended to you, be ever diligent to cultivate it in yourself.

Third, that you may be successful in the acquirement of useful knowledge, remember to be studious and observing; in the presence of



those who are older and more experienced and wiser than yourself, be silent that from them you may learn, unless called upon for what you know, then answer in a modest and respectful manner, for by so doing you will derive knowledge from them and secure their respect and esteem.

Fourth, and that you may establish and strengthen in your mind those habits of purity, in your person be always cleanly, and never allow yourself to indulge in any liberties with that which is not your own, however trivial it may be. Ask for what you need and be content with what is granted, for by so doing you will establish your reputation for probity and honor, and that will secure to you the esteem of the just and good everywhere, and in its time, secure to you, as it has to your father the high and holy priesthood which with your faithfulness will constitute you a minister and saviour to your fellowmen.

Fifth, and to attain all these happy results you should not only learn the science taught in the schools, but there is much else to be learned. You should learn to pray, not with studied speech, but to ask your Father in Heaven to bless your parents, your brothers and sisters, the Church with the presidency and ministry in all the world, and also to bless you in your studies and duties with whatever you may need.

If you are diligent to observe these few rules, and practice them in your life constantly, you can hope when you become a man to take your place among the just and honorable of the earth, an honor to yourself and your parents and a blessing to the world of mankind.

That this may be your happy lot is the prayer of your father in the name of Jesus.

Amasa Lyman

F. M. cherished this letter, its admonitions and its promises. He was destined to realize all the good things it held up before him, but between him and that realization was to be a long and bitter fight calling for all the resolution he could muster.

The other letter was written by his solicitous mother from San Bernardino on the 9th of February. It is a model of Puritan simplicity and breathes the kind of love which might well be expected to grip her son with a potency to claim his tender devotion for fifty years, and



find him smoothing her brow and pouring out his blessings upon her in her last moment. It was a short letter, for Maria Lyman spoke her greatest love in deeds more than words.

Marion my son:

Be of good cheer, you are not forsaken. Mothers do not forget their children, whether they are dead or living, near by or far away.

Get your father to show you the ten commandments and learn them, and by all means observe the eleventh, which is, 'Mind your own business,' then Jimmy will not be left to suffer. Take good care of the little fellow, for I shall be proud to see him fetching you home.

This letter from his mother became a cherished relic, not so much for what it said as that it was from her, and a reminder of her constant devotion.

On the 6th of April, 1853, he watched the impressive ceremonies connected with the laying of the cornerstone for the Salt Lake Temple. It appealed strongly to his latent intuitions, and by some inherent attribute of his subconsciousness he welcomed it and made glad response as to the friendly foretoken of some tremendous occasion forty years in the future, a great event to happen at this very place, an event in which he, after many deep-reaching experiences, was to be one of the chief men concerned.

He rode Jimmy back to California along with the little company headed by his father and C. C. Rich. They left Salt Lake the 20th of April and reached San Bernardino in the middle of May.

It was a busy year for F. M. in the colony. His father's grist mill, his shingle mill and saw mill were either running full blast or occupied with strenuous repairs to meet the demand. Besides their mills and their farming operations, Amasa Lyman and C. C. Rich were rushing a building to be used as a merchandising establishment.

Whether from the strain of this killing pace or from some other cause, F. M. suffered another severe

sick spell in the early summer. Again it appeared he could not survive, and again that unfailing Destiny raised him up in its own time and way, and he was able again before fall to skim the hills on Jimmy, and to join the popular dash for the swimming hole three miles northeast of town.

The rising generation in San Bernardino made these excursions to the warm springs at breakneck speed. Anihilating those three miles in the minimum of time was a more animating dissipation than plunging into the water, and if Jimmy had not been competent to burn the earth in the lead of this dashing procession, it would have been imperative that F. M. get another mule. On one of these cavalry charges to the big swim, a Brother Kade, forty or more years old, tried to keep abreast of the flying company, but his horse fell headlong and the poor man died two days later with a fractured skull.

"When out of school," says F. M., "my chief employment was riding after stock, milking cows and doing chores generally. \*\*\*\*\* My favorite little mule, Jimmy, was still at my service, and though like most boys, I was hard on him, I kept him fat and fine, and always had his mane and tail roached in artistic style. \*\*\*\*\* I was skillful in throwing the lasso and in handling horses and cattle, and I liked that kind of work."

He says he was but a tolerable scholar, he would forget his part in the recitation, and he was not good at reading nor at spelling. His pronounced individuality could not accomodate to the conventional measurements of the class, the stereotyped standards, the classical technicalities, yet the school had a great charm and supplied valuable material for his collection. He relates that Harvey Green and Washington Cook were his teachers one winter, and "Brother Cook had the only astronomical work I ever saw. I was so much charmed with it that I wrote out the whole book for my own use."

He may have been just the "tolerable scholar" that he claims credit for being, but it would be interesting to know how many of the really good scholars in that



school were ever so much charmed with any of their books as to copy them from beginning to end.

It is astonishing that the parents of those San Bernardino children should go to all the bother and expense of establishing and maintaining a school, and then leave its popular style to be set by the most dangerous lure around them. Those fascinating caballeros who sold peaches and prickly-pear apples in Sycamore Grove, had become pied pipers with the Mormon children eagerly at their heels. More strange still, these eager youngsters were not inspired to emulate the Mexican's virtues: his music and song, his tripping vernacular and gaudy colors, but to adopt his vices: los cigarritos y el aguardiente, the things most certain to estrange them from the cherished ideals of their fathers.

Thus something had "just happened," a cunning snare had been set, a film as nearly invisible as thin tobacco smoke, and before F. M. was aware he had been caught in its harmless-looking meshes. When the first novelty of the practice became lost in its offensiveness, behold it had wrapped its silken threads many times around him, forming bands of terrible strength. His father and mother had implored him to cast them off, and he had tried, only to be discouraged with the discovery that they had fastened themselves like the tentacles of an octopus upon him.

"The brightest students in our school," says the F. M. journal, "and the leading spirits among our young men, nearly all indulged in the cigarette habit and in the use of strong drink and in profanity. As I entered my fifteenth year I was large for my age, and I had the pernicious habit of smoking cigarettes fairly well fastened upon me. It gave my father and mother very much concern lest one bad habit should be followed by another. The Mexicans of that region were expert smokers, and would pass volumes of smoke out by the nose which, to such boys as me, appeared to be a very great accomplishment, and I strove to do likewise, or likefoolish, and succeeded."



A hideous monster, palming itself off as an innocent pass-time, was binding him more firmly every day. The invisible little fibre, wrapping around and around, was becoming a ponderous rope which none but a Samson could break. It is distressing to know how few among ten thousand tobacco slaves ever fight their way again to freedom. Many of them make a desperate effort, only to yield like a slave to his master's whip and bow lower and lower with the years.

Yet, while this evil thing was weaving its web around young F. M. Lyman, other forces were gathering for a stubborn resistance. Among these forces, gathering to preserve their very existence, was the boy's intuitive faith in God and in immortality. Like the little duck's love for water even before it has seen a lake or stream, positive ideals were rising steadily in his mind. He preferred the company of good men and the influence of sacred places.

"I attended all meetings, especially religious meetings," he says and his records prove an inherent interest in Sunday Schools, in the arrival and departure of missionaries, and all special occasions for the cause to which his father and mother had dedicated their lives. His father's preaching, though it were in a camp on the desert, was too important a matter to be omitted from his records.

His preference for good men was amplified by his distinct aversion for bad men, and he set his feelings so uncompromisingly against them, that his positive stand in dealing with them tended to make his moral courage as great as his physical size of which he says, "I was as large as the boys two or three years my senior."

In a spirited reference to one of these bad men he relates, "About this time, as in the years before and in the years after, we had a very popular scoundrel among us, as black-hearted a fellow as ever disgraced the form of man."

F. M. held tenaciously to certain standards without which he would have been lost. "I was never

belligerent," he says, "but always a peace maker, and I was never profane."

The supreme purpose of life and the divine plan revealed for its accomplishment had not yet clarified in his understanding as in the minds of his parents, but it was fixed in his nature to believe them; he dearly loved his polygamous father and every one of his father's eight wives. "Examples set for me by my father and all his wives were good in word and deed; my father was conscientious and scrupulously honest, and no man had better wives."

He had a dislike for farming. Next to his bent for riding after stock on mules like Jimmy, he preferred to work with machinery and tools, and he spent a year under the direction of Thomas Whittaker trying to learn the carpenter trade, yet the only process in the work which he claims to have learned is that of turning the grind-stone. He says he was never able either with the saw or with the plane to make boards fit perfectly together.

In spite of his pronounced likes and dislikes he worked willingly at whatever his father wished him to do; He studied the cause of his father's failures and hoped to make safer plans for his own in the years to come.

In April, 1855, Amasa Lyman was appointed guardian of the three Flake children: William, Charles and Sarah, who ranged in age with F. M., his brother Amasa and his sister, Maria Louisa. William and F. M., being very congenial in their tastes and ambitions, soon became more like brothers than friends, and F. M.'s subsequent success is no doubt creditable in a measure to William's influence. F. M.'s journal says of William, "He was skillful with the lasso, and sure shot with a rock from his left hand. \* \* \* \* He was the soul of honor, his integrity as a man and as a saint was beyond question."

The addition of the Flake children to the already-crowded Lyman home, impressed F. M. afresh with the great soul and superior quality of his mother. "Mother shouldered a great responsibility when she took these children in addition to her own. \* \* \* \* She was a slave



to us as long as we were at home, wading to her neck in poverty. Perhaps a more frugal woman never lived. She could take a large family along on less than any other woman I ever knew. She always took great pains to dress us in pairs alike, (the three Flake children and her own three)," and he goes on to declare that her charities were boundless.

From the very first day of their settlement in San Bernardino, a staggering debt hung over the colony. Besides that many of them burdened themselves with heavy personal obligations till an atmosphere of foreboding hung over them. They racked their brains with one scheme and then another to meet their interest and reduce the principal. It seemed futile. All this overreaching could not fail to register deeply in F. M.'s mind for it was the chief feature in the big drama before him.

At one time most of the men of the colony engaged to go away to work and apply their wages on the big debt; at another time a company of them went prospecting with the hope of finding a mine. Both plans failed. They contracted their grain before it was matured; they tried to apply all their salable cattle on the main obligation but their efforts accomplished little. Their payments became overdue and they borrowed money at a rate as high as three percent a month.

On the sixth of a certain month they contracted "to build thirty miles of fence for \$36,000, and on the eleventh of the same month they sent a messenger to say that they could not fill the contract." After recording this in his journal F. M. makes the comment, "This don't sound business-like to me."

All these things, forcing themselves on the boy's attention through that trying period must be regarded as among the potent influences in his "University of Hard Knocks," from which he gained wisdom to manipulate his own affairs in later years to bring very different returns.

On the tenth of August, 1855, he received from his father another letter which he recognized as the kind



of choice material to be incorporated in his permanent standards. He called it a remarkable letter, read it over many times and preserved it for life-long reference. In it he is made responsible for the welfare of his father's house, all of which is proved by the years to be solemnly prophetic. The letter follows:

Sacramento, August 10, 1855

Dear Son Marion:

Yours of the 25th of July is before me. \* \* \*

Remember, Marion, that you are getting to an age when you should begin to put on the habits of the man by learning to take care of our interests in my absence, and feel in so doing that there is a responsibility resting upon you that will increase with your years.

Think much of these matters and be studious to learn those things that will enable you to extend, as you become older, the sphere of your usefulness; and if you can learn to bestow the requisite care on home and its interests, it will develop within you the capacity for going abroad to labor in a greater field.

Remember, my son, that not your's alone, but the hopes and interests of your father's house hang upon you and your conduct in the future. Let this infuse in you the amount of sober thought to rightly temper the experience of youth.

To William and Charles, what I have written to Marion, I wish them and Amasa to receive as to themselves, and try to be manly in their conduct and kind to each other as brothers should be, that they may receive a father's blessings and repay Mother's care and anxiety for them.

Marion, be careful to cultivate kind feelings in the family circle, listening to the voice of your mother who will always advise you for your good. Be kind to all your brothers and sisters, and thus bind them to you in the strong cords of affection and love that are stronger than death. In this you will become a saviour at home.

Remember Matilda and her delicate health and fail not to extend to her any attention that may minister to her comfort and health.

Remember this to your mother and all the rest of the family, and I wish them to believe me that they are not forgotten by the one who is absent.

In the bonds of affection and truth, your father,  
Amasa Lyman

In spite of the loving safeguards thrown around the big boy, and in spite of his sober tendencies to prefer the way of right, all through that year, 1855, the monster of his enslaving habit tightened its silken web continually around him. After a year of futile effort to master the carpenter's trade, where he worked with Brother Whittaker on his father's house, staying often with it into the hours of candlelight, he went freighting with his uncles, Sidney and Freeman Tanner, down the Mojave River.

Among the essentials of a complete freight outfit, as constituted in the "fifties", as well as before and after that decade, was a supply of tobacco for all the time, and enough strong drink to relieve the monotony of long, hard days and wearisome situations. These freighters down the Mojave carried all the essentials.

"While in this employment," runs the F. M. account, "I took to drinking, and found that I really liked it, \* \* \* though it was miserable stuff, and I wonder we were not poisoned by it. \* \* \* I found freighters about as good and no better than other classes of men; we did not seem to remember the Lord to talk to Him much while thus engaged. Freighters generally do their praying, if any, before they leave home or after they return, so nothing of that kind takes their attention while on the road."

But freighting did not occupy all his time, nor did his dislike for farming prevent him and William Flake from raising a crop of barley, in 1856, from which they "made a little money." His father, a member of the Council of Twelve Apostles, was detained a long time in Utah and F. M. had to shoulder greater responsibility for matters at home. With the weight of this concern, it was especially painful to have to report that the saw mill, owned by his father and C. C. Rich, had burned to the ground, entailing heavy loss.

The father's answer shows how much more he was interested in the welfare of his son than in the lost property. The letter, more prophetic than anything of its kind before, reveals Amasa Lyman's great concern to



have F. M. freed from all hindering handicaps, and ready for the part he was to take in succeeding to the dignity and responsibility of his father's calling.

"Now my son:" pleads the father, "to become established in this great principle of salvation is, or ought to be, the ruling motive of your life, as this will place you beyond the influences of temptation to do wrong."  
\* \* \* \* Remember the toils and trials of your father in the observance of these principles, by which he has attained his present position. \* \* \* Remember that under the weight of toil and care your father must sooner or later yield and retire from the field of labor in this sphere. Who then should follow him so properly as his son? Let the thought of this keep you ever in mind of your duty, and thus save you from the follies of youth. And in so doing, may the Lord bless you, is the constant prayer of your affectionate father, Amasa Lyman, Senior."

It remained for the changes and developments of the years to prove how nearly Amasa Lyman had foreseen the future, yet if Francis M. had not accepted these words as a standard for his life, he never would have reached the place from which to recognize the accuracy of their inspiration. He had begun to frame constructive ideals for a purposeful future, but he had no time to contemplate it in idleness. He had to bring heavy loads of lumber down the perilous roads from the saw-mill on the mountain; he had to bring freight from Los Angeles; whether he gripped the four or six lines and manipulated the long whip from the top of a high load of freight, or whether he had Jimmy carry him over the hills after the steers which his father had urged him to keep track of, or to sell, he was on the go every day.

From his invigorating response to every one of these activities, he became uncomfortably aware that he was dominated by a force quite the opposite to his chosen ideals, something which steered him ever from, instead of towards it. For, in spite of himself, and much to his disgust, he followed the intangible but deeply-worn rut of the malodorous cigarette. Yet hope sprung up in his



optimistic breast, a hope which was to prove true or disappointing according to the kind of stuff woven into his manhood.

Following, his account: "I was sixteen years old, six feet one and a half inches high, and weighed 184 pounds. I was notorious for my strength among the boys and small men. I was boisterous but not wicked."

Along about this time the hand of a wise old friend reached out to restrain the bubbling vitality of the boy from crossing safety limits into dangers from which he might not be able to extricate himself with the years. Ebenezer Hanks, with the love of a patriarch and the vision of a prophet, saw that Francis M., with his abundant life and vigor, "was going on to dangerous ground, and he whispered in my ear, 'Marion, for your father's sake, stop.' I stopped."

The boy brought himself to a firm halt, and as he steered his youthful bark away from the rocks to zones of safety: He evolved a keen sense of gratitude to Brother Hanks, a sense of obligation which could not be content after forty years till it had made a special offering of acknowledgement.

In August of that year, 1856, a tremendous thing happened to Francis M. Lyman, an event destined to reach deeply into his life and carry with important influence to all his after-years. He was freighting from San Pedro, and was with an outfit sent to meet a company of Saints arriving from South Wales, Australia. Among these Saints was a widow, Sister Taylor, and she had a daughter named Rhoda.

F. M.'s very first glimpse of Rhoda Taylor, although she was some distance away, kindled something within him which was to become a permanent part of his conscious life. He was wild to meet her, to make her acquaintance, to win her favor, but his ardent admiration reacted in a sense of unfitness to be in her company. She seemed to be completely beyond his reach, and he had no courage to bid for her attention. He couldn't get her out of his mind, she had disconcerted the whole

current of his life.

It was an intolerable situation, not a joke by any means as thoughtless people might imagine. In some strange way F. M. 's whole destiny was wrapped up in that girl from Australia; it was one of those peculiar crises which often drive young people to do the very best or the very worst thing they can imagine.

"My modesty made me a long time in solving the problem," says the account, and to his first offers he declares "she was impressionless, and to me it was a question whether I would survive."

\* \* \* \* \*

On the second of September, 1856, when, from the point of view of Francis M. Lyman, the whole world was in a state of killing suspense, his father's company arrived from Salt Lake, bringing with them the engaging spirit of a great reformation.

His father brought also something else, something for F. M. in particular, and the thought of it went tingling to the hitherto-unreached chambers of his soul-- it was a call to go with his father on a mission to Europe. It was electrifying. Both the reformation and the mission call came as something especially adapted to the solution of his vexatious problems, appealing to his most vigorous intuitions with comfort and assurance beyond his power to explain. This would sweep away the barriers between him and the girl from Australia; this would lift him out of the dreadful rut from which he had been trying to turn. But how much of this was just wishful thinking, and how long and rocky the road to victory, he had small idea indeed.

With other members of the colony, F. M. was again re-baptized and re-confirmed. He was eager to honor every performance the gospel required, and he trusted that as a result he would be enabled to surmount the big barriers before him. Being now in full accord with his call to a mission, he was ordained to the priesthood of an Elder.

"I felt a new and marked determination to be a Saint," says his account. "I had the Spirit powerfully upon me to speak and testify and pray, but I could not muster the courage to open my mouth for either, and my only vent was to sing with the congregation, which I did heartily."

He had found the most natural avenue of prayer, the way in which faith and repentance pour out their supplications, their gratitude and their praise. Of this way the Lord Himself had said, "The song of the righteous is a prayer unto Me, and it shall be answered with blessings on their heads."



With the reaction of this singing in his soul he relates, "The principles of the gospel began to unfold to my mind in a remarkable manner, far ahead of anything I had experienced before. The testimony\* \* \* \* of the divine mission of the Saviour and of the Prophet Joseph Smith became fixed in my soul that it has never been shaken since."

As he went back to his work getting poles from the canyon, he resolved to liberate himself once and for all from the smokey web in which he had seemed so hopelessly enmeshed. Surely now, with the splendid power which he had felt, he would break the awful bands which a bad habit had braided around him.

"I attempted to break my habit of smoking," he says, "and Father, to stimulate my undertaking, offered me a number-one horse and saddle and outfit if I would persevere to succeed, but I failed. \* \* \* \* I have wondered how I could be so indifferent to the fine sensibilities of my father and mother and kind friends in continuing that habit in willful opposition to their tender solicitude. I don't know that I can ever get over being ashamed of myself for this inexcusable failure. \* \* \* \* I was the oldest son," he continues, and then laments the influence of his bad example on other members of the family.

But he was held by an iron hand, and every time he tried to break away he felt the fierce and unrelenting grip of its hard fingers upon him. At the age of eight years, he had driven a bull team successfully twelve hundred miles, a manly feat for a child to accomplish. Yet now, twice that age, he was faced with a task seemingly more easy, yet with his famous strength he had gone up against it many times only to come down in defeat. What was more alarming still, he knew that the splendid assurances of his recent inspiration were predicated on his mastery of this weakness. It dawned on him that of the millions enslaved to this tobacco monster, few indeed ever gather strength to make themselves free. This was the most dreadful adversary he had ever met, possibly the most terrific monster he would ever find in

the future. This was to be the fight of his life, the parting of the ways, one leading to what he sincerely desired, the other to what he dreaded. The big destiny he had come here to fill hung uncertainly in the balance. Surely there was a secret way and he must find it.

That mission to Europe seemed to be a thing of the immediate future, but fate was to defer it with many surprise events. It was never to become a reality till F. M. had made himself the free man his Creator had intended him to be. Great things of which he had not yet dreamed awaited him when he had thrown off his shackles, but for the present, the outlook was disheartening indeed-- he had tried and failed. In spite of the generous prize his father had hopefully offered, in spite of the fond hopes his parents had reposed in him, this adversary of his had made him disappoint them-- and disappoint himself. By some discerning instinct he felt sure, as he was later to be told plainly, that Rhoda Taylor was being urged by her mother to keep out of his reach because he was not his own man but had been taken over by an appetite quite foreign to the ideals he assumed to cherish.

However, he had not quit; he was not built that way, and from somewhere deep in his soul the tide of resolution was rising like a great sleeping creature provoked to wrath by continual annoyance. He attended meetings, "especially religious meetings," hoping to get in closer touch with the Spirit which had seemed to promise that his problems would be solved.

In the providential arrangement of the program, another source began contributing freely to F. M. 's resolution: a bitter opposition developed against the Mormons in San Bernardino, awakening in F. M. the memories and emotions of his early childhood in Nauvoo where persecution had kindled unfaltering faith and courage in the hearts of true Saints. It brings out what there is in men even as the aroma of a plant when it is trodden rudely under foot.

The opposing element in San Bernardino boldly



called themselves the Anti-Mormon Party, and they built a fort in which they mounted a cannon to bolster their threats of violence. The danger became so great that F. M. 's father and C. C. Rich had to have a body guard whenever they left their doors. F. M. scorned to make the least compromise with this hateful force, and recoiling from it in disgust, he became more positive for the Church than he would have been otherwise.

With his increasing zeal for the right and his rising faith in himself, conditions began to change in his favor. Miss Taylor, in spite of her tender years, was an expert seamstress, and Marion's Mother hired her to come to the Lyman home and make white shirts for the father and son soon to start on their mission. While she stayed there in the winter of 1856-57, F. M. made bold to accompany her to a writing school in the evenings, and by the middle of January, he had won her so nearly to his way of thinking that they made a secret agreement to marry as soon as he returned from his mission.

He was just seventeen, and she, six months younger, and they feared what might happen if this were known to their parents. This engagement was destined, when it should become known, to cause an alarming upheaval in the Taylor family, but for the present it was deeply hidden in just two hearts, and to them the world had become a most wonderful place because of it. The four expected years for the mission did not seem at all too long to wait. "I felt now that I was made up for life," writes F. M. in speaking of the ecstasy following that understanding.

On the 15th of April, 1857, "I said good-bye to all the folks, and to Rhoda in particular, and started on my mission with a light heart. "

The missionary company consisted of twenty-eight men besides women and children, and a strong guard escorted them beyond Cajon Pass, for an Anti-Mormon mob had sworn to waylay them before they could leave the country. It took fifty-eight days to cross the desert and reach Salt Lake City, but the journey on to Europe



was not to be undertaken till the following spring, and F. M. began hauling wood to supply one of his father's families living in Farmington, and another family living in Salt Lake.

On the 24th of July, he was with a company of celebrators in Big Cottonwood Canyon, commemorating the arrival of the Pioneers, just ten years before, and a horseman came riding to tell them, "the mail had been stopped, that Uncle Sam had an army on the way to subject the Mormons. \* \* \* This worked a great reformation in the program of Church affairs; missionaries and the San Bernardino Saints, were called to return home to Utah. Our intended mission to Europe was indefinitely postponed. "

Instead of the mission, the big objective now was to get the folks away as soon as possible from the rising wrath of hostilities in California, and back across the wide desert separating them from Utah. This meant that F. M. would see Rhoda again instead of waiting four years as they had expected. And now what about their secret engagement and the explosion they would touch off if they announced their intention to marry? He was not yet eighteen yet he cherished some very pronounced intentions, and along with them some uncomfortable misgivings about how they would be accepted by his own people in general and by Rhoda's mother in particular.

According to the account, "I was engaged in harvesting in August, and then in September Father sent me back to San Bernardino with Uncle Sidney Tanner with instructions to move all our folks up to Utah. When I was ready to start, Father came to me and asked if I thought of marrying in San Bernardino. I told him, 'Yes.' He wanted to know if Rhoda was the girl and I answered in the affirmative. He told me it was alright to marry this fall and the Lord would bless me. Thus he helped me out of a dilemma and made the way clear before me. My heart was now lighter than ever. "

The most important event of his trip to the coast was his crossing of the Mountain Meadows the Friday

night following the dreadful massacre on Monday. A local committee ordered his company not to cross in the light of day when they could see the tell-tale marks of the tragedy. "We crossed the Meadows in the night," he says, "and the remnant of the cattle from the (massacred emigrant) train came rushing around our wagons, making the night hideous with their bawling, and that, mingling with the unearthly stench from the decaying bodies of the human beings, made it the most terrific night of my life. I felt great relief as we put distance between us and the fatal spot."

In California he found the Anti-Mormons nursing a high temperature of fury as they repeated distorted accounts of the Mountain Meadow affair, the "Mormon Rebellion", and the army of the government dispatched to restore order. "It made things red hot," declares the account, "so that everything was unsettled and unsafe."

What a tremendous situation for a seventeen-year-old boy, even though he stood more than six feet, weighed around two hundred pounds and hoped soon to be married. Facing it as an individual, it called for firm daring and determination, but "with Father's family on my hands to move," he explains, "I was fully loaded down."

It was known the Saints had been called to return to Utah, and that the faithful ones would go even though they found no sale for their property; besides that, few people had the money to buy, however low the figure, and when to all this was added the prevailing sentiment of hostility, "property went for a song," or was abandoned. For F. M. to make any disposition of their hard-earned holdings and to get a suitable outfit to take his father's numerous family to Utah, seemed quite impossible, but with the generous cooperation of his adopted brother, William, and with the help of I. P. Carter, he prepared to take part of them at a time.

In all this there was not the least invitation to break the explosive news of his matrimonial intentions; the prospect for his marriage, for the present at least, looked hopeless. But true love dares everything. When



his plans were made known to the unsuspecting Sister Taylor, she refused to see him; her son made some alarming threats. F. M. justifies the mother on two counts: she had made up her mind to return with her family to Australia, and she thought his cigarette habit made him an unfit companion for Rhoda.

However, there was no time for him to dally with irreconcilables, he had to act promptly, if at all, and surrender was unthinkable. He and Rhoda had decided to marry, and they constituted an overwhelming majority of the persons most concerned. Therefore, since he was refused admission, he sent word by Rhoda to her mother that the marriage was going to be solemnized, and they much preferred that the ceremony be performed in her home. The mother consented, yet "the circumstances made the marriage about as gloomy as a funeral." They were married the 18th of November, 1857.

On November 24th 1857, F. M. started with part of his father's family for Utah. He left his wife to help care for his mother who, with her newly-born baby, was not able to travel, and he arranged with William and Brother Carter to bring them on as soon as possible.

On the Santa Clara in Southern Utah, he turned his passengers over to his father and headed back across the desert for California. At the head of the Mojave he met William and Brother Carter bringing his wife and mother, but he had to pass by them and journey on to San Bernardino for important supplies, among other things, a quantity of ammunition, "as we were now at war with Uncle Sam."

After gathering up, as far as it was possible, the loose ends of his distracted business in California, "We then bid adieu to San Bernardino, one of the choicest spots on earth, very much too good for Latter-day Saints. The spirit at San Bernardino was like that at Nauvoo. This hegira in the winter of 1857-58, was one of the most remarkable movements in connection with the Church. My sister, Hila, was born December 5th 1857, and Mother was moved out on the Mojave before Christmas



when the baby was little more than two weeks old."

On the last of January he was met again by his father, this time at the Mojave, where Col. Thomas L. Kane overtook them and became Amasa Lyman's special guest. On their journey over the desert they encountered storms, cold weather and mud. They met Indians whom they held under guard all night, and they reached Cedar City in March. Four of the wives stopped there while the father hurried on with Col. Kane to the north, where the burning question was how to hinder or placate Johnston's army, hammering furiously at the gates of the territory.

When those four of Amasa Lyman's families stopped there homeless in Southern Utah, it was still wintry and cold. F. M. and his young wife, also homeless, stopped with them, and they looked to him to meet the problem of shelter and other necessities. In spite of his size and being himself a man of family, he had no thought of faring off for himself and leaving the others to do the same. His father's charge, or forecast, that he was to act as a saviour of the family, was as acceptable as all the counsel and direction he had received from this source, and now more than before, he was devoted to the care of his mother, "Aunt" Paulina, "Aunt" Cornelia and "Aunt" Dionetia. After finding them temporary refuge from the weather, he went with his team into the canyon for wood to keep them warm.

The urgency of Utah's defense in the war waged against her, sent Amasa Lyman back to Cedar by the 20th of March, 1858, with orders from President Brigham Young to make up a company and explore the winding depths of the Colorado River to ascertain whether it were possible for an army to approach the territory from that direction, it having been rumored that an army was going to come that way. Amasa selected eighteen men for the trip, Marion among them. Each man had the toughest horse he could find to ride and to pack, or better still, a mule, for it was to be a hard trip, and none but men and animals of great endurance were to make the start.

They left Cedar on the last of March, and from Las Vegas they headed southward into a sun-burned desolation where grass for their horses was hard to find, and the little water-holes, few and far between, were often brackish or bitter. In some places they dipped water all night in order to give each horse a few gallons, and sometimes their horses were too thirsty to want to eat, even though they found grass.

They prospected the broken rims of the Colorado River gorge, coaxing or forcing their mustangs up over ledges and along shelves where horses had never been before. They got into regions so infested with prickly-pear that they had to throw one of their mules to free him from the torturing needles, and in the process he was disabled and made useless for the rest of the trip.

On these rugged rims they met straggling members of a tribe of primitive indians wearing center-cloths only, and as they followed down the course of the stream, examining its walls and its rapids, they found themselves in the midst of 250 of these savages. Not knowing just what they might expect from these wild men, who were at war with another tribe to the southeast, they contrived by friendly offers to win the favor of the chief, at least, and succeeded so well that he sent some of his trusted braves to guard their horses from a raid planned by some of his own people.

It is not clear whether Jimmy still survived and was one of the important mules on this trip, but mules were becoming fixed in Marion's estimates as one of the indispensable ingredients for any first-class outfit. He relates that one of them disappeared with its pack in the evening, and he followed it all night and brought it back in the morning. If at any camping place they feared their animals might leave them, they hobbled the mules--the horses were never so aggressive. Towards the end of the trip one of these invincible mules kicked Harvey Clark, and he was so nearly killed that he had to be left with a man to take care of him till a wagon could be sent to bring him home. But more about these indomitable mules later.



It was thirty-five days from the time the company left Cedar till they returned with the unqualified report that no army could approach Utah by way of the Colorado River. The army under Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, however, was still menacing the northern settlements, and F. M. hurried on with his father to Salt Lake in time to help with "The Move", in which the community in a body left Salt Lake and places north of it, deserting their improvements with resolution to burn everything if the army undertook to stop contrary to its agreement to move on forty miles to the west.

In this strenuous emergency, Marion exerted himself to help move "Aunt" Caroline, "Aunt" Eliza, "Aunt" Priscilla and "Aunt" Lydia as far south as Payson, making three or four trips back and forth before returning to his wife and the other Lyman families in the south. They lived in Parowan and Cedar, and here again he met the problem of their needs, having little with which to begin, and no prospect that appeared at all inviting. It was all quite new to his experience, but honor and obligation bid him blunder ahead and learn by failure and misfortune, the practical lessons available from no other source.

He heard of some wild grass in a meadow fifty miles away, and decided to cut and haul some of it for hay, but first he must have a stack-yard where it could be kept from loose stock. With great effort and long days crowded full of adventure, he succeeded in getting poles from the canyon and fenced a spacious area for his anticipated stacks of hay. Then with more exertion and many incidents, he got to that distant meadow, cut all the grass he could and began hauling it to his yard. It turned out to be little more than his teams needed to eat while he did the cutting and hauling. A very small shelter would have served his purpose better than his generously planned and hard-earned yards. Then he spent the rest of the summer in a rather fruitless effort to build some homes and make some kind of a start.

Let no one jump at the conclusion for a minute that F. M. was viewing all this as the path of tribulation;



to him it had many compensating intervals and pleasant phases. He was blessed with a liberal sense of humor, and life was delightful with wondrous purposes ahead.

\* \* He held an operating interest in, a team--a mule team, of course. After what Jimmy had taught him about mules, nothing but a mule could register a hundred percent. In the rigorous course of training through which some wise Providence was taking him, he had graduated with high honors from the class of "bullwhackers", and was now a specialist as a "mule-skinner." Ahead of him awaited labors of much greater dignity, but for the present, the mule was one of the essentials to salvation--temporal salvation.

He preferred the breed of mule that needs no urging, and continues half wild, listening eagerly for the rattle of a stay-chain or the thump of a man's heels on the end-gate as signal to shift at once into high gear.

"On the 24th of July, 1858," as Marion's journal tells it, "John D. Lee barbecued one or two beef and invited all Cedar City people to spend the day with him feasting, visiting, dancing, and rejoicing on the eleventh anniversary of the entrance of the Pioneers into Salt Lake Valley. We were to get there for breakfast and stay twenty-four hours. Everything with wheels was brought into service, and the signal for starting simultaneously was the appearance of the sun. The distance was eighteen miles over very fine natural road."

"Philo, William and I hitched up four mules to our wagon, (take note that it took three of them to attend to the technical business of hitching up this kind of mules) and loaded in Mother and all our children, Matilda and Rhoda, with spring-seats, and we were ready and waiting at the appearance of the sun. We managed to get the start and keep it over all others. Our mules were in fine, half wild condition, and a little kicking of the front end-gate kept them scared and on the run like frightened deer. We were little more than an hour making the eighteen miles."

"Breakfast was ready and steaming on our arrival.

Eating was first thing on the program, and then visiting, music and dancing. The tables with provisions and eaters and the floors with dancers were constantly occupied day and night. "

Having danced as soon as he was able to walk, having been taught dancing in the camps of the Saints on the plains, and having engaged in it with a religious zeal as a necessary recreation for the hard ordeals of life, it is not to be guessed that he spent all that 24th of July in visiting. But he refrained from carrying on into the night while his tired mother and the little folks waited. That snorting mule team started back about sun set and reached Cedar in about an hour.

"It was a grand day," according to his account; he had relaxed from the grind of his hard toil, and had danced away the weariness it imposed upon him. Better still, he had driven those magnificent mules in the lead of that big stampede all those eighteen miles and back again. It was as refreshing as the old cavalry charge to Warm Springs where Jimmy carried him foremost in the grand dash.

In spite of poverty, in spite of responsibility heaped relentlessly upon him, and even in spite, for the present, of the wearisome cigarette, clinging like manacles forged to his wrists, he cherished a bright outlook; unfaltering hope, based on the unfaltering tide of rising resolution, assured him of victory awaiting in the future.

This eighteen-year-old giant, champion stick-puller with other giants, and responsible for a family of his own, was subject still to his parents as when he drove the ox team across the plains. In latter October, 1858, his father wished him to come with his wife and mother to Farmington and harvest his father's crops, after which he began hauling winter wood for the branches of the family in Farmington and in Salt Lake.

Working with Josiah Hendricks and "Uncle" Edward Partridge, they got two loads a day, taking breakfast and supper by candle light. "This was rushing hard work," he declares, the very kind he seems to have liked best, but in spite of his superior strength, he was annoyed by



being excelled in one matter: "Uncle Edward had the advantage of me, he did not smoke and had that much more time for his work."

F. M. was becoming more and more conscious of the limitations this smoking habit was to impose upon him. When he met with the Saints and listened eagerly for the sweet promises of victory which the Spirit whispered to his soul, it became increasingly clear that he must disengage himself from this evil thing or the Spirit would make the promise no more, and would slowly but surely withdraw from him. But what, O what, was the secret of shaking himself free? That was what he wanted most of all to know.

Winter was coming with prospect of want in the months when there would be no gainful work for him to do. He took his wife and mother back to Cedar, and joined his uncles, Sidney and Nathan Tanner in a trip to bring freight from San Pedro, California, and deliver it at Camp Floyd, southwest of Salt Lake. His uncles had contracted to deliver it at that point before a certain day the following March.

It was a hard grueling experience, both in going and coming; the kind that is sure to act in its own time and way on the souls of men, demanding an adequate and suitable response. They returned with their loads to Southern Utah in February, 1859, encountered fierce storms and deep snow and ran out of food for themselves and out of feed for their teams. "The trip was the most difficult of my life," declares Marion's account.

One of their men went a'foot over the snow and brought a back-load of provisions on his back. "Reaching Cedar," he declares, "we found Mother and Rhoda and the family with nothing but bread to eat. We secured some bacon to put with it, and then we fed up," for having been starving for days past, he was ravenous.

Rhoda was soon to be a mother and needed more comfortable quarters, yet it was quite out of the question to delay their freight-outfit, toiling feverishly on to make its date, therefore, "I loaded Rhoda and our earthly



effects, which were not more than a back-load on top of my load of freight, and moved her to Beaver, and left her with Matilda in the home of Philo T. Farnsworth, who was very good to turn himself almost out of doors to accomodate us. "

As these freight outfits crawled slowly on to the north, the snow melted, the bottoms went out of the roads and the wagons sank in mud to the hubs. The teamsters, soaked and bespattered and irritated by broken wagons, sore-shouldered horses, and fingers that had been worn raw with the frost, were faced with wind--and snow and rain. They fought their way on through long weary days and wretched nights, sinking wearily into bed with wet clothing and trying between late retiring and early rising to get enough rest to carry on.

"Our wagons would roll in a foot of mud much of the time, and it seemed as if the elements were determined we should not meet the time stipulated in the contract for delivery of the goods. In spite of everything," he adds triumphantly, "we delivered our goods ahead of time. "

Returning to Beaver as soon as he could, he hauled wood and otherwise made a great effort to provide comfort for his wife and mother still living in the back part of Brother Farnsworth's home.

For the 26th of April, 1859, he reports, "Our first baby was born \* \* \* \* in that sacred little log house of our goodhearted bishop, Philo T. Farnsworth. This event brought us a world of joy after seventeen months of married life. I was nineteen and Rhoda was eighteen years of age. We were always poor before, but with the baby we were rich. "

Ten days after the coming of the baby, he started again for California, this time to help his uncles bring goods for Ben Backman, of Provo, and also to get half a load of provisions for his father's families. All through May, June and July these slow-toiling outfits crawled on through the dust and heat to California and then back, reaching home in August.

When the groceries and dry goods had been divided among his father's wives, what he "heard from some members of the family who were better judges than I," forced him to a rather humble estimate of his ability as a purchasing agent. Speaking of the quality of some of the groceries, which he was proud to have secured at such a low price, he says, "I presume it was pretty bad medicine, but until I learned that, I thought I had done a very important merchandising business."

With four of his father's eight wives living still near Beaver, and the others in the vicinity of Salt Lake, 250 or more miles away, it was taken for granted that F. M., with his great strength and energy for doing things, would haul their fire-wood and be the strong man to shoulder their heavy burdens. Family tradition, deeply fixed in the Lyman blood, required that the dutiful son should be obedient to his father till he was at least twenty-one years old; Marion lacked two years of that age, and with inherent sense of duty he cheerfully accepted the demands of the tradition as a matter of course.

"I went to the city," he writes, "and in September and October I hauled the winter wood as usual."

The mission for which he had left California more than two years before had been upset by what he calls "The Buchanan War", but the call had been renewed to his father and C. C. Rich, and it was getting fixed in the Lyman program that F. M. should care for the folks till his father's return, two or three years hence.

"Father concluded to put me on his farm in Farmington to work it while he was gone," says Marion's account. "This was a heavy jolt to me, as I was not a farmer and had no particular taste to fit it. I accepted the situation without demurring, or in the least apparently questioning the wisdom of it, but it never fitted me as I liked things to fit. My mother and Rhoda's mother were permanently located in Beaver, and I knew it would be a struggle for Rhoda to come to me and settle away from them. As yet I was homeless, for during my two



years of married life I had not been in one place long enough at a time to lay up a log house even if the logs had been hewn and given to me."

However, not to be swerved from the sacred obligation of duty to his father, whatever difficulty his obedience might involve, "I sent for Rhoda and our earthly possessions, and Brother Philo Farnsworth moved her and our baby, two trunks and a bed, to me in Farmington. Father had secured two rooms for us in an old rickety house, and there we began house-keeping on our own hook for the first time."

This move to Farmington, in response to his sense of duty and at the sacrifice of his own feelings, was to be the splendid preliminary of a great step forward. Providence had envisaged for F. M. Lyman a strong and vigorous manhood; it was his privilege, if he would accept it, to be a leader in the building of Latter-day Zion. To this end Providence had assigned him difficult labors at a tender age, and had given him enlarging experience of trial and hardship. And now, supported by the whole-souled love of a courageous woman, he was due to awaken as from sleep, to discover the secret of mastering his hard old adversary, and to find in himself powers he had never before been able to employ.

Following his account, "I got out my winter wood, large knotty logs that would keep me warm all winter in chopping enough of them to supply our fire. We had no need for our upstairs room, and little to put in our other downstairs room. We had no chairs, my trunk was flat on top and we used it for a table, we used Rhoda's trunk to sit on. We had no stove to take up room; had a frying pan and skillet, and an iron kettle to cook in over the fire. Our dishes corresponded with our seats, table and cooking utensils, and were quite plenty for our provisions."

The whispering winds and dark clouds of approaching winter suggested somehow, that in its coming it was to bring things for which he had been looking and hoping. That tide of strength down in his soul had been rising with occasion--hunger, hardship, slavish toil, the rigid



discipline of the desert-road to California and that ordeal, "the most difficult of my life" --his senses would have been dull indeed to make no positive response to this awful punishment. The cumulus of his resolution was becoming too much for the retaining wall of habit and precedent which had held it from its wonted course in the past. The power which he had felt when he poured out his soul in song with the repentant Saints in San Bernardino seemed to hover over him again, inviting him to hear a renewal of all its sweet assurances. He says he became satisfied he could no longer be a Latter-day Saint without making some pronounced reformation in his life.

Returning to his account, "Winter came on early and severe. I had no library and was not inclined to read. I was of a contented mind and the wife endured our situation without a murmur because I was contented and we were thoroughly in love with each other. As I had always been, I was prompt in attendance at meeting. I had more time to reflect than ever before, and my mind turned intuitively to the principles of the gospel."

"The principle of tithing came upon me with pronounced force as never before, and I became convinced that it was a doctrine the Lord had established in his Church. As soon as I was thus convinced I went to Bishop John Hess and made a settlement and paid my tithing. What in the world it was I paid I cannot tell, but when it was done I felt a remarkable lightness of spirit as though I had taken a very important good step."

"I was next directed to the subject of prayer. I was now within two months of twenty years of age, had been married over two years and had an eight-month-old baby, and had never mustered up courage to engage in family prayer. I became convinced that I must attend to my family and secret prayer, for I had neglected them both."

"I told my wife freely of my feelings, and she agreed with me in a moment. With a herculean effort I commenced to pray, and found it a most difficult task. Though no one there to listen but wife and baby, my

vocabulary of English was frightened out of me. I persisted morning and evening till I could pray for what we wanted. Again the spirit in me was strengthened and my faith grew a-pace."

He had found the important secret he so long and earnestly desired-- it was prayer. With this important discovery, his rising tide of resolution broke over the retaining walls of habit and precedent and made aggressive challenge to his old adversary. The fight was on at once; he felt the hard grip of its iron fingers, but his new strength tolerated no half-hearted compromise. He resorted to prayer and stood firm-- the iron fingers weakened, the grip relaxed and fell away. He was master.

"The Spirit of the Lord burned in me so that I stood up in the afternoon meeting, as others were doing, and bore testimony of the gospel, and of the mission of Joseph Smith the Prophet, all of which was as patent to my mind as anything in life."

Early in the month of January, 1860, Bishop Hess announced from the stand that the young men of Farmington would meet the following Monday evening in the school house to organize a Young Men's Literary Association, and that he recommended Brother F. M. Lyman as president of the association. That announcement lodged like a cannon ball in my stomach. That was the first intimation of it to me, and the bishop and others avoided speaking to me about it after the meeting. I was in a fix."

"I went home that Sabbath afternoon a more seriously sober man than ever before. I knew not what to do. I had never seen an association organized; I could not remember that I had ever seen anything organized. I had no books to refer to. I was too foolishly proud to ask some of my elder brethren what and how I was to do; no one offered me any assistance."

"I had only lately learned to pray, and I felt I had considerable faith in the Lord, and this seemed to me an eminent opportunity for its exercise. I went up stairs in our unoccupied room and kneeled on that old wool mattress and prayed to the Lord, telling Him my condition and



circumstances and what I needed at that time. I asked Him for a ray of light to show how to fulfill the first important mission to which I felt I had been called by the voice of the Spirit. "

"I continued to call upon Him all day Monday; nothing else occupied my mind. No light came, no person came, I was not directed to any book. I wonder that our very particular old friend, Esra T. Clark, living just across the road from us, did not come to say some encouraging word of instruction to me. Everything was dark as midnight before me. When the appointed hour came that Monday night, I wrapped up to suit the very cold, freezing weather and walked down to the school house, everything still as dark as midnight before me. "

"Talk about a Young Men's Association-- it appeared to me as if all the old men in Farmington were there. The house was crowded. Every inch of standing room in the aisles and the windows were occupied. When I stepped up to the door at the southwest corner of the house a move was made to open a way for me to get in. I took a seat in the south end of the building. I called for order and everything became quiet. "

"After a hymn had been sung by the brethren, I stood up and offered for the first time in public, the opening prayer. From the moment I opened my mouth, the Lord filled it, and a flood of light came in upon my mind by the Spirit of God, and I never lacked a word in completing the organization or in conducting that association during the winter, aided by my two counselors, Brothers Walker and Hess. "

Freed now of the fetters that had held him in their grip, his spiritual and mental progress were in leaps and bounds, a development as phenomenal as his physical growth had been. With his ability to pay tithing, to pray and to bear testimony of the truth, he had shaken off the old web of his cigarettes as a butterfly shakes off the narrow shell of its chrysalis. Gaining splendid mastery over himself he began to be a positive factor in the cause to which his parents had been so much devoted. His ad-



vancement in the priesthood came as a natural reward of merit. Speaking of this he says, "It seemed to be the breaking of the ice for a starting point to my public labors of life." It was the call to greatness, the call that comes to all men as soon as they make themselves ready and begin to listen.

After this generous response to the program of Providence, by which he had resolutely fitted himself for the mission-call that had been deferred, it is not surprising that Providence in return should brush aside the arrangements that had been made for him to run that Davis-county farm, and that it should over-rule other things that stood in the way of his mission. It surely did brush them aside, inviting him to go and fill the mission and make the important developments which were to fit him for greater places still.

When it came to the ears of President Brigham Young that F. M. was slated to run the farm while his father went abroad, he said, "I would not leave him at home for the price of a farm."

"Thus," Marion declares, "President Young interfered and would not allow me to be a farmer, and it was settled that I should go on a mission to Europe in the spring."

A mission! and he hadn't enough money to buy a chair to sit on. He couldn't even buy a coat in which to appear in public. What about that? When a real Latter-day Saint receives a call to go on a mission, to him it is a sacred responsibility, it means he must go, that the way will be opened before him if he has the will to try. The obstacles mean simply that Providence has a way of straining out the half-hearted and unfit, admitting to the mission-field only men of determination and faith. If "the Alps stand in the way" of the real missionary, he resolves, "There shall be no Alps."

F. M. determined to locate his wife by her mother in Beaver, and he got his good friend, Philo Farnsworth, to come and get them. He had still mighty little to take, "Our effects were all stored in one wagon," he relates,

"and there was plenty of room for Father, Rhoda, the Baby and me." Their trip south was through cold and disagreeable weather, it being February, and since he was not to leave Salt Lake for his mission till the first of May, he set out to build a log house for his wife by the side of her mother.

Being a skilled ox-teamster from the plains, he borrowed a yoke of tame cattle, and getting two broncho steers to break, he yoked up the four of them and drove into the snow and winter of Beaver Canyon. It was no task for a child or a tenderfoot, and there was not an hour to waste; he chopped his way through the ice to the tall timber where he cut sixty logs and hauled them green to town. When he had hewn each log just a little on two sides, he got up a dinner and invited his friends to a log-raising bee in which the four walls of the house were raised to the square. And then, "I roofed it with logs, lumber and dirt, put in a rough floor, a window of twelve lights and a door in the south side, a fire-place in the east. I chinked up the cracks and Rhoda had it painted after I went away."

"It was not much of a home, but we were proud of it. I had nothing to leave the wife to subsist upon, but I felt proud that I had built her a little log room, fourteen by fifteen feet square to live in."

"Thus I was ready to start on my first mission when I was twenty years, three months and eighteen days old. \* \* \* \* I had not a cent of money to start with, and borrowed the coat I wore. \* \* \* \* I left the wife and our little Alice, a year and four days old; the wife had no money and nothing for one meal to live upon. Our second daughter, Nellie, was born just seven months and eight days after I parted with her. She was a brave little woman and never complained and she made her way better than any one I could find in a thousand."

\* \* \* \* \*



There was mighty little deserving to be called comfort and nothing to be called speed in the means of travel by which F. M. and his father left Salt Lake, May 1st, 1860, on their way to England six thousand miles distant. They rode with a company of slow-plodding freight-outfits, and it took them five weeks to reach Florence, Nebraska. They saw bands of indians and herds of buffalo, they met long emigrant trains and stood guard over their teams every night. Sometimes there was "no wood to burn but only buffalo chips."

From Florence they traveled by rail, visiting kinsmen and places of historic interest and reached Liverpool the end of July, having been three months on the way. Three thousand miles by land, 3,000 miles by sea; their day-to-day adventures would fill a book, but that is not the thing which lures us on after them. It is not the abrupt and remarkable transition which had to be made from the wild, raw West to crowded and cultured England, though that indicates somewhat, the force of the urge which impelled them on.

Our interest now in F. M. Lyman is the spiritual intuition which set up purposes and objectives and achieved them with a certainty unknown to all his past efforts. His former adventures and achievements had been commandeered by a new, supreme ambition. The will and ability to handle, big, lumbering oxen, to break broncho bulls, to ride or drive with invincible or half-wild mules in the lead of the big stampede, all this was generating of energy which would have dissipated itself on temporal fancies if it had not been appropriated to the cause of this all-important objective. His powers and abilities were enlisted now in a labor which was to carry on from this season of fiery youth, or unfalteringly through the years of thoughtful prime with an increasing momentum to the last day of a vigorous old age.

The new ambition had taken immediate precedence over all other projects, he had scorned all thought of delay



for a more opportune time, he had responded at once in chivalrous disregard of poverty. He was not equipped with so much as a coat of his own to wear, and he had no means with which to meet his expenses while away, but he was responding. He had wrapped his very heart-strings around the wife and little girl, and they had no roof to shelter their heads, so with the giant strength of his love and his zeal, he tore from the frozen forest the material for a rude hut, gave them his kiss and his blessing and left them with nothing for their next meal.

This being the initial barrier over which he fought his way, he lost no time in worry or repining, but began presenting the message and bearing testimony of the light that had come into his life. He had received no word whatever from his wife since he parted with her in the latter part of April, and at the end of August it was more than four months without tidings.

His assignment was to London, and if that had been a city of another planet it might have been no more different than it was to their rocky mountains and wide deserts from whose fixed habits he had to make prompt and pronounced adjustment. And if he had been on another planet he would have heard just as much there from his home as he heard in London during that first anxious month of August. And then September came and went and no tidings, and October was stretching the time to six months since he heard from the wife and baby he had left in the rude log cabin in Beaver.

He found that his cherished message of salvation, and the testimony he had to bear about the light and life and potency of the gospel as revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith, was about the most unpopular thing he could offer to the Christain world, and if he attracted more than his share of attention by his unusual size, it was to make him just that much more acquainted with the general bitterness towards the Latter-day Saints.

He wrote every day, his activities and prevailing emotions. It was never with frivolous affectation or high-hat but in humble simplicity, and very frequently

with a heart so full that he broke off from his narrative in exclamations of love and praise. As the weeks and months passed without that much-looked-for letter from southern Utah, he gave way to neither impatience nor discouragement. Each day of continuous disappointment could not fail to intensify the longing, but he mounted to the occasion with gratitude for the privilege to serve in the great Cause.

When, on the thirtieth of October, the first message came, assuring him that all was well at home, that they were praying and hoping for him, he poured forth his pent up feelings in a sacred ecstasy of joy and thanksgiving; it was one of the great days of his life. In his written prayer he enumerated much that he had to be thankful for: His parentage and birth in the Church; his right to hold the priesthood and work in the Master's service; his beloved wife and baby, and his abundant health. He had vigorous life in his two hundred eighty pounds of physical being, and he had in his soul the blessed sense of gratitude.

The messenger of salvation walks in humble paths, and often he is led through great tribulation. He is not abundantly supplied with worldly wherewith to meet his expected needs, but instead he is admonished by his Master to pray, "Give me this day my daily bread." Elder F. M. Lyman had no ready checking account to make him forget this prayer, and the matter of food to eat and a place to sleep was of sufficient importance that he was always thankful to receive it.

He lodged much of the time with and was dependent on the Saints, and most of these people were poor, for generally it is the poor and not the rich that accept the gospel. Yet they gave him their best bed, some times their only bed, and they gave him better fare than they could afford for themselves. It kept him humble, and it built up a mutual love and sympathy between them. He considered how they had been traditionated and bound for ages in darkness, and now they were undertaking the tremendous task of living the high standard of the gospel,



and naturally they fell into many grievous and distressing errors, and he had to labor long and patiently with them as a mother would labor with her children.

This is the kind of Christ-like service in which men enjoy the Holy Spirit. This vital force in the restored gospel, positive and unmistakable in the ministrations of the priesthood, was the great factor in which Elder Lyman depended, even as the operator of an electric machine looks for and depends on the magnetic power by which it is propelled. He rejoiced when it came in rich abundance, and he took himself sternly to task if it failed to come, or was fitful and uncertain. To this phase of his work he gave close attention, making it an indispensable part of his daily record. At one time he laments, "I was tongue-tied," at another, "The Lord gave us utterance for which we thank and praise Him," at another, "The Spirit rested upon us in rich abundance and our hearts swelled with joy."

His meetings with the Saints, held in humble places and with but few in attendance, and often in private homes with only two or three families, were occasions of great importance. The presence of the Spirit at these times indicated the health or the life of the little branch or community, and he was concerned with this as a doctor is concerned with the pulse of his patient. To him, this hated thing known to the world as Mormonism, was in very deed "the power of God unto salvation," and the presence of the power indicated the degree to which the salvation was being accomplished. To his understanding "it was as patent as anything in life," the unbelief and ridicule of the whole world notwithstanding.

On one of the many days when he records as a matter of fact the positive manifestations of this power which goes with the priesthood, he writes, "We united in prayer for Sister Jones and she was relieved almost immediately, and straightway recovered from her illness." He took great comfort in blessing the sick by virtue of this wonderful power vested in him, and oft times he went a long way to lay hands on some aged or unfortunate



person, some one in pain or sorrow, to pronounce upon them the blessings he had a right to give.

In March, 1861, he was given charge of seven districts in London, and he devoted himself to them as if they were the most precious asset in his keeping. Yet they, or his service to them, was but a means to the most precious thing of all, for he had by no means forgotten nor been in the least estranged from the mother and child in their log cabin at Beaver; he prayed for them, he devoured eagerly the messages that came from them by slow mail service over six thousand miles of land and ocean.

On the 4th of April came report of the birth of his second child, a daughter, born on the seventh of January, nearly three months before. He envisaged the girl of his cherished dreams meeting this perilous ordeal without him, and of fighting her way alone with the two children, and pangs of longing from which true hearts cannot get away came over him with great choking emotion. But the pathway of duty lay plainly before him, the truth of the gospel was as clear as anything in life, and nothing remained for him but to bear the sting of the present and carry on towards the goal of true and everlasting happiness.

With the opening of the year, 1862, he answered a call to preside over the Essex Conference, a division of country where a few impoverished members of the Church lived in rather widely separated places. When he left London he was surprised to know the Saints there had become wrapped in his heart-strings; his parting with them was like parting with dear kindred, and it brought to him a-fresh the truth of the scripture, "By this we know we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren."

He at once became greatly attached to the humble Saints in Essex as he sat with them by their firesides listening to their sorrows and teaching them the way of life. He had the happy faculty of getting near to the hearts of men and women right on the common everyday ground where they lived most, instead of thinking to reach them

by the formal power of public address. Having received his own early training in the school of hardship and necessity, it was easy for him to be free and sympathetic with these wayfaring people whose most important lessons had been taught them by poverty.

Up until the time that he spent that cold winter in the rickety old house in Farmington, though he had been impelled by hard work and hardship to do some serious thinking, he had found little time for study, and had formed no habit of seeking for what may be gained from books. With that awakening he saw at once the necessity of getting knowledge and understanding and soon had a keen desire for books and adequate opportunity to devour their contents. After their arrival in England his father wrote him, "You have now the time for reading and study which I hope you will improve."

He formed the habit of devoting every waking moment to some progressive effort. He read all the Church literature within his reach, he went through books on history and doctrine, and he carried Cobbet's Grammar with him resolved to correct his most objectionable habits of speech. He visited docks, factories, historic buildings, important places, art galleries and museums. He visited churches and listened carefully to important lectures. After hearing the famous Dr. Spurgeon, he commented, "The doctor might have built quite a structure if he had anything solid on which to build."

In all his efforts to preach the gospel and to make mental and spiritual development, he was warmly encouraged by his father, who was president of the European Mission. From both his father and from his mother, he had inherited ready susceptibilities for spiritual growth and a letter or a visit from his father was always appreciated. His father had been studying and preaching the gospel for thirty years, had a ready store of information and a way of imparting it with pleasant impressiveness. In Marion's report of the regular conferences he would write this, or a similar sentiment in other words, "Father occupied the time and we all rejoiced."



Besides that, father's careful effort to teach his son the important things he was offering to all men, Amasa Lyman with his prophetic vision of the future, made it clear that it was in the program of things for Marion to carry on his father's work, as well as to be a stay and a support to the family in future emergencies. During the last ten years he had said many times in words, and twice in his soulful letters he had spoken pointedly of this important matter. Here in England he closed one of his letters by saying, "I hope you will accept this kind expression of your father's regard for one in whom he has hope of the future for the consummation of his own work."

F. M. cherished these letters, and copied most of them in full in his journal.

It is not surprising, considering how his spiritual awakening had reached into the depths of his soul, even before he knew he was to go on this mission, that when he began giving his whole time and thought to the work he should discover the supreme promise which the gospel makes, and cherish that promise as the overshadowing ambition of his life. That ambition was to reach the great goal for which men have come to spend a few fleeting years in this mortal world; the station of honor, glory and fullness of joy which will endure forever. The most attractive prizes the mortal world could offer, in wealth, or fame or power would inevitably sink soon into nothingness and be an everlasting disappointment. The world had nothing to compare with this which his awakening had brought into view; the more he contemplated it, the more satisfying it became.

As he trudged over long miles of quaint old English roads or sat for hours teaching the gospel by humble firesides; as he studied, reflected and prayed, bore his fervent testimony of the truth or laid hands on the sick and afflicted, it became gloriously clear to his understanding that since God is the father of men, it is the birthright of men, if they will receive it, to become even as He is. It was the most wonderful thing that had come into his understanding, and he resolved that his life

should be dedicated to the reception of all that it offered.

This prospect entered deeply into his feelings, his prayers and his efforts. It became the ultimate objective of all that he did, and was the sufficient and unfailing reason for life itself and all the toil and responsibility that it entails. It was the solid background of his appreciation for all that is beautiful or enjoyable, his basis of evaluating what men have accomplished, his standard for the necessary effort to live and achieve.

From his contemplation of the world's temporary attractions which in their nature must fade away, he reverted to the things which are to endure. A typical instance of this is shown where he writes of the beauties of a certain countryside and breaks off abruptly to say, "While contemplating the scene spread around on either side before me, as I was riding these eight miles, I prayed that I might never fall from my position in this great latter-day work."

Two years had passed since he left Salt Lake with the slow-plodding freight-teams. It was spring again, the trees and hedges were bright and green, and the English lark sang high overhead with the early dawn. The charm of the work had beguiled the length of the months as they passed, and when Marion's release came to sail for home on the thirteenth of May, he reviewed his mission with a clear conscience. Yet again he found it surprisingly difficult to part from the Saints as from dear kindred, since he did not know that he would ever return, and most of these people he might never see again.

His ship, the William Tapscott, a sailing vessel, carried eight hundred Saints, and was to be on the water forty-two days. Marion and a Brother Clark were appointed counselors to the president of the company, which they divided off into wards, and the voyage began with favorable winds, nobody seriously sick, and everything giving promise of a pleasant trip. Marion was in favor with the captain with whom he was invited to dine, and no one could foresee the development of embarrassing trouble to distress them before they saw land again,



and to be a serious hindrance all the rest of the way.

These 800 people had laid in their supplies for the voyage, storing them in a room to which the president of the company held the key. When the president found among those supplies a small quantity of liquor, provided for cases of sickness or accident, he ventured to sample it, then to take a few moderate drinks of it, and later to use it more and more freely till his condition became a matter of wonder and then a cause for astonishment and alarm. But what should be done? He was the appointed president, a man of honor and dignity, and while the ship was on the high seas it was impossible to reach a higher authority and make appeal from his decisions. Who should rise up with a challenge or make charges against him? Even the counselors shrank from disciplining their superior officer.

It developed into an extremely embarrassing situation, not only endangering the company with irresponsible leadership, but threatening the good name of the company and of the Church to which they belonged. The crisis had to be met, and it remained for F. M. as first counselor to take a firm stand in demanding the keys to the commissary, and then locking the liquor securely from the president. Not only that, but greatly mortified at thought of having the Saints know what had happened, the president tried still to exercise his authority, causing misunderstanding and division till he became so incapacitated with delirium tremens that for his own sake and the safety of others he had to be given special attention.

The company's provisions ran low and had to be rationed; even the water supply had to be sharply limited, and a distressing condition prevailed. The pinched faces of men, women and children showed what want and anxiety were doing for them, and F. M. fell away in weight, not so much for want of food as from the tremendous strain which had been thrust upon him.

Reaching New York on the twenty-fifth of June, the company saw it was imperative that they have an aggressive leader if ever they reached their destination,

and they voted that F. M. take that responsibility. If he was not able to foresee that this would drag him through one of the most grueling experiences of his life, then he was due to some startling enlightenment, but there was too much precious human value at stake for him to shrink and still make consistent answer to the immortal ambition he had learned to cherish.

With that big company of strangers to the ways and customs of the United States, known and hated as Mormons, never welcomed and hardly tolerated by railroads, boat-lines and hotels, it seemed quite out of the question to make the initial start for the west. They met with insult and abuse. Station-masters ordered them in the most profane terms to wait in the burning sun, or in the most uncomfortable quarters till such time as they got ready to find cars for them, and they were crowded like so many cattle into filthy coaches, some of which had been used for cattle only. The company suffered hunger, exposure and fatigue, and being strangers, far from home, they made many unfortunate blunders, giving their president no end of anxiety and alarm,

It was difficult to keep account of them, to keep them together, and to give every possible attention to their many and various needs. Some of them became sick, two of them died in their crowded cars, even as cattle that are jammed and hurried and overdone. Also a child was born under the most distressing and unfit surroundings, and it was only by the most patient effort that the mother and baby were saved. It was the pathway of tribulation known to faithful saints ages before railroad trains and ocean-going ships were invented.

Omitting to give a hundredth part of the account of their journey from New York to Florence, Nebraska, it was the most drastic ordeal of Marion's life, not even excepting his strenuous freighting trips from California. When he reached Florence on the ninth of July, he weighed forty-two pounds less than when he left England.

At this point in Nebraska he overtook his father, and their slow-moving company across the plains reached



Salt Lake City the middle of September. When he returned to his dear little log cabin in Beaver, to the faithful waiting mother and the two babies, he had been away twenty-nine months. He had left them penniless to battle their own way with poverty, and they had made the fight without going in debt. It is flippantly said that money works wonders, but this man and his wife, without money had worked greater wonders.

Anticipating the pronounced adjustment which must follow his return home, and the necessity of engaging in some kind of gainful business, F. M. decided to follow his preference for cattle and horses. Very soon after his return, however, he was called to accompany his father on a speaking tour of the southern Utah settlements, and his father expressed an earnest desire that they should work together, both for the help that Marion could be to him, and for the wholesome influence he would have over his brothers. The intended entrance into the cattle business was postponed, "Father's will was all the world to me," writes F. M., "and I decided at once to work with him."

Along with his pronounced preferences Marion had evolved a dislike for the town of Fillmore, and now after he had decided to go with his father, a call came from President Brigham Young for his father to settle in Fillmore. It was just the kind of annoying contradiction that complicates pleasant situations and estranges dear friends. But Marion had the happy faculty of mounting with occasion, a gift which was yet to save situations much more perplexing than this. How he did it is a problem to psychologists, but by some readjustment of his attitudes he had such a change of feelings that Fillmore became to him an attractive place, and he was eager to establish himself there as soon as possible. For the present he forgot his liking for the cattle business and went out to dig potatoes on shares, to help the threshers for his winter supply of bread, and to do any kind of honorable work for the necessities of life.

In March, 1863, he was ready to move to Fillmore,

but his belongings could not be tucked away in one end of a wagon-box as before. It took two wagons, an ox team and a mule team, and he had his brother, Amasa, drive one of the teams. At Fillmore he bought a lot for two-hundred dollars, the first land he had ever owned, and on it he began the gladsome task of making a home. He went into it with an ecstasy of eagerness and anticipation, thrilled as never before with the thought that the ground under his feet was his own. The joy of this home-building was in delightful accord with the supreme ambition he had begun to cherish in the mission-field. He began his daily activities with the gray dawn and quit reluctantly only when it was too dark to see. Oh, the captivating charm of laying such foundations--it envisaged home, family, tribe, dominion--the supreme ambition in the heart of man to create and preside over his creations.

However, he remembered in his enthusiasm that this transition from the mission-field is a change which many men never survive--he could not hazard any break from his solid moorings, so he offered his services to the bishop and became a ward teacher along with Joseph V. Robison. Also he considered how much greater his father's needs than his own, his father with so many dependent upon him, and he let his own improvements wait for weeks while he wore his fingers to the blood handling bricks at the house his father was building.

The delay made his own work all the more fascinating when he took it up again with a perfectly clear conscience and built a one room home, a wonderful place, the expression of a very sacred ambition. He says of it, "For the very first time I felt the satisfaction of living in my own home on my own ground. I was full of heart in making comforts and improvements."

This was an occasion of too much importance to pass without appropriate notice; he asked his friends to come and join him in services of dedication. "We asked the blessings of the Lord upon us and upon all our labors for all time to come."

"Times were very hard with us." It was only by



willing toil and by seizing every opportunity to earn anything that they could use that they got along at all. They had no dishes and no stove. They borrowed "Uncle Frederick's" dishes and contrived somehow to get along without going in debt. His dislike for farming did not prevent him from raising a crop of wheat, nor from cutting wild hay at Clear Lake, even though he suffered greatly with a bad finger, after that work with the bricks, for it refused to heal and gave him much annoyance for months if not years to come.

In the winter of 1863-64, in spite of the bitter cold, and in spite too of that bad finger, he wallowed through the snow among the tall timber getting out and hauling poles for a dam that was being made in the Sevier River. With the opening of spring he took land to tend on shares for himself and his father, going still with his teams as he found time to haul poles from the mountain to fence his corral and yards. Before the summer was over his finger became so bad he feared he might lose his hand, but no one could tell him what to do, so he hoped for the best and went ahead.

He raised a good crop of wheat on his rented land, but without intending to do so, he gave all his share of it for an important lesson in experience: he let it go for a note which proved to be worthless, and he faced the autumn without any bread for winter. Still resourceful and optimistic he mounted to the occasion by going in partnership with Daniel Thompson on a sorgum mill with which they made molasses for one third of the output with profitable returns. Also he contrived with his folks to dry a quantity of peaches which he sold for sixty cents a pound and was able to buy some dishes of his own and to get other things much needed but not to be enjoyed till they could be paid for. He made it a point to get into the wild grass of Clear Lake before it was too dry for hay, and helping himself with thankful heart to whatever he could earn by hard work, he fought his way to a frugal prosperity in spite of every drawback. All these strenuous efforts were joyful to the supreme purpose, and that purpose was



the most joyful of all.

The matter of his spiritual and mental development was too important a thing in the eyes of Providence for him to be relieved of the splended stimulus of adversity, for by it he was kept fighting and thinking and progressing. He and his father had acquired a little flock of sheep and goats on the Santa Clara, and by special effort had brought them to Millard County and put them in the hands of a certain man to be tended on shares. This flock represented extra exertions made under difficulty, and they doted on its early returns to meet their obligations. If the man who took the flock ever made any report it was only to say that it had been scattered and lost, and was to benefit them only as another stimulating goad in the hand of adversity.

But that bad finger--- it was a difficult thing to fit it into an optimistic outlook. It became so unbearable that he crossed the mountain to see a Dr. McKenner in Richfield, who gave him a salve but would take no pay till a cure had been effected. With the use of that salve the finger got well, but F. M. saw no more of the McKenners for ten years, and then he gladly paid the widow for her husband's good services.

The torturing finger, the loss of his wheat crop and the scattering of the little flock was just a preliminary to something more stimulating still, something to which his reactions were more far reaching. It burst on him in the early winter of 1864-65, knocking the props completely from under what he was trying to do. He had been using and depending on a team and wagon not his own, but with an understanding in which he felt secure, and the team being of the invincible mule persuasion, he doted on them as a woodsman dotes on his ax. Through an unfortunate turn of events the mules and wagon were suddenly taken from him, leaving him to face the winter empty-handed and a-foot.

The most hardy plants respond to drouth and rough treatment by rooting more deeply into the soil, and the same principle applies to hardy men. The loss of the



mules jarred F. M. into resolution he would otherwise have been unable to muster. He knew he could drive mules, and he knew every foot of the road to California; he might have indulged wishful dreams of something more easy and pleasant, but he was dealing with uncompromising realities and the old road beckoned him to its desert stretches. Before his travel had ended, he had crossed the desert sixteen times.

He took a job at a dollar a day driving a six-mule team to and from California. In these six mules lined up on the road before him every day he saw a winning picture of potency for getting things done, and when he reached California he bought two mules for himself adding them to the team. Then in exchange for part of his load he had to take two more mules, and he started the return trip with a ten-mule team. Fierce weather, shortage of feed, bad roads and worse water tortured his company on their way to Utah and a number of the horses froze to death before they reached Beaver. Not so the mules, they withered up to hairy skeletons, worn bare by the harness wherever it touched, but they lived determinedly, struck the collar squarely every day; and the opening spring found F. M. with a team of his own. Also because of his twenty percent ownership of the team he was able to bring a quantity of merchandise on his own account, which he sold at a profit and felt quite a thrill of prosperity.

Now at the age of twenty-five, with three children in the family, he started out in business for himself, resolved to get far enough ahead so that necessity would not be treading his heels at every turn. At the same time he resolved not to compromise in any way his supreme ambition, nor to scorn hard work because of his little success in merchandising.

Being large in stature and mighty in physical strength, he rigged up a cradle for cradling wheat, and began cutting grain for a bushel an acre. With his powerful limbs and great endurance he made three bushels a day, and wisely laid it up in the mill for grinding as long as the harvest-time lasted.

In the midst of his profitable operations a call came for him to meet President Brigham Young in Sanpete, bringing his wife with him. Such a trip would be at a great sacrifice of his time during the profitable summer and fall, and put him at once to expense. What was more, the Black Hawk War was raging, Robert Gillispie had recently been killed, and travel on the road was hazardous. He considered his first ambition and made none of these things an excuse for staying home; this call had been providentially timed to curb any undue ambition for wealth which he might be evolving, and his prompt response had a very profitable echo years later.

He ran his sorgum again to advantage; he was prosperous, not only because of his cheerful response to the whip of adversity, but because, like Joseph of old, he was favored of the Lord for the much good he was to do. As he received money above the need of his living expenses, he headed for his old preference, the cattle business, not by borrowing a huge sum and buying a numerous herd, but by buying a calf with every ten dollars he could spare and trading his old cows for heifers.

His gameness for any kind of hard work and his wisdom in his own business brought him into demand, and in March, 1866, he became Assistant Assessor for Millard County at eight dollars a day. He had graduated from the grain-cradle and from the ten-mule team. With his increased earnings he bought more cattle whenever he could pay for them. He bought a mower and did a good business cutting meadow grass where he had tortured his bad finger swinging the scythe; he took a third interest in a water-power grist mill with his father and Benjamin Robison, engaging in the flour and grain business.

Millard County showed its appreciation for his services by electing him in 1867 to be prosecuting attorney, county clerk and recorder, and still more by sending him to the Territorial Legislature. It became necessary for him to get somewhat of a knowledge of law, and besides using it in county affairs, he developed a little



law practice of his own. The town and the county recognized and employed his ability, and then the Territory of Utah, through Governor Durkee, showed its appreciation of his power to serve by appointing him Lieutenant Colonel of the First Regiment of Militia in Pahvant Valley District.

Destiny was calling to him, not only by the voice of Truth which enlightens the minds of all men, but by the demands of necessity around him. For every willing answer he made, the call came more loud and clear. The call to greatness comes to all men, but in too many cases their response is feeble and the voice dies away.

In 1868 he became ward clerk and accepted other added responsibilities in Fillmore Ward. He went again to the legislature, made important improvements in his home and surroundings, and devoted all his spare time to enlarging his understanding and increasing his ability to serve.

From the time of his masterful victory over that enemy that had come unaware and taken him captive in his childhood, he was an earnest believer and teacher of the word of wisdom. He held it up as a great principle of liberty, an essential for strong bodies and strong minds, a thing indispensable to the work men are sent on earth to do. With his own perfect health and great strength he was champion stick-puller all over the west, a distinction he maintained for the sake of the word of wisdom more than for his own pride.

When he came home from the legislature in 1869 he was sustained as a member of the Stake High Council, and to his office of Prosecuting Attorney was added that of County Superintendent of Schools. The responsibility of County Clerk and County Recorder were in his hands and most of the land entries of that time were made by him and Edward Partridge. He was also Secretary and Treasurer for a number of county co-operative associations, and really, he was the free horse about to be ridden to death.

The grip of all these activities did not estrange



him in the least from his cherished purpose; neither did the lure of more easy money, nor the glamour of popularity crowd from his mind the sacred resolution he had made as a missionary in London and Kent. He knew there was another important step he must take, a step which would impose solemn obligations to higher standards than he had required of himself thus far. It was something for which he might be exiled, imprisoned or otherwise be made to suffer. It was an obligation which certain strong men had failed to carry successfully, and by which they had made ship-wreck of their lives. In Marion's own words it was "the crowning trial of Saints," yet it was plainly in the path he had earnestly resolved to follow, he could not miss it without turning back.

It taxed his courage and caused him much serious reflection, but he could not find it in his soul to turn back, however many plausible excuses he might find. The law of plural marriage, as revealed to and taught by the Prophet Joseph Smith, was binding on all who were to achieve the perfection necessary to reaching the great goal.

The romance of Marion Lyman's courtship with Clara Callister is not a matter of public record. It is a romance of first magnitude, but not the kind that is rehashed under different names for the amusement of unthinking people who regard the sacred bond of marriage as of temporal importance only, people who have been traditionated to believe they will be content to see the tie broken with the change of death. This was not a romance wherein two persons were all a-flutter in planning a union to terminate abruptly at some indefinite and bitter moment, but it was the wisdom and the amplified understanding of three, envisaging an everlasting accord. And this was with the love and the comprehension which gazes calmly beyond the narrow strait of death to the boundless glories of immortality.

This kind of understanding and devotion was as much ahead of the popular ephemeral love as its plan was greater in scope than the plan which ventures nothing



beyond the grave. These ideals, so clearly focused and positive in mind as to disregard the fixed precedent of the whole world, deserve rather to be carefully considered instead of being dismissed with cheap ridicule.

In F. M. Lyman's careful study of the restored gospel, this matter had become unmistakably clear, "as patent as anything in the world," and let the step bring upon him the contumeley of men, persecution, imprisonment or whatever it would, he meant to go unfalteringly ahead. He therefore entered resolutely on a new and more difficult stage of his supreme undertaking by uniting with Clara Caroline Callister as a second wife. The ceremony was performed October 4th, 1869, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City; the same sacred shrine to which he had taken his first wife when he brought her from California.

This latest daring bid for the goal of his ambitions called for the building of another home, the doubling of his financial responsibilities. His work for the county and the territory did not by any means occupy all his time, nor did the revenue from it suffice for his needs. But the dignity of these offices, and the liberal returns per hour for his services in them, had not spoiled him for all the hard and grinding work necessary to gaining his chosen objective. The prize of his supreme ambition towered high above the most honorable office and the most extravagant salary the world had to offer.

He rigged up his mules, his rough-locks, his chains and axes and hauled house-logs from the canyon. He hauled poles and posts and made good fences on his two places. He rode after his livestock whenever there was a "drive", yet his stock called for only a part of his time and yielded, so far, but a fraction of his living, so he became a stockholder in the Fillmore Co-op, a branch of Z. C. M. I. and for them he hauled freight from Salt Lake City. He and his father ordered some heavy machinery from the east for their grist mill, and he brought it by team from Ogden.

To the double demands of these years he made

energetic response and met them even more successfully than before. He took active part in organizing the big Co-op herds of cattle and horses, including most of the livestock interests of Millard County, and as Lieutenant of the Pauvant Valley Militia he spent much time in drilling them to be ready for immediate action, the tragedies of the Black Hawk War having made clear the necessity of being prepared for immediate action.

In 1871 he finished two log rooms for "Aunt" Clara, and the year following he built a thirteen-hundred-dollar barn besides buying his father's interest in the grist mill, thus becoming half owner with Benjamin Robison. Millard County sent him as its representative to the Constitutional Convention of the territory, and made him director of the big "drives" on the range. In this latter capacity he was responsible for the delivery of thirty fat beef each month to a butcher shop in Pioche, a business which called him often and on short notice to that point in Nevada.

He built a granary, the most spacious that had been built up to that time in Fillmore, and he built coops and sheds, setting quite a new pace for improvements. He sent \$1,043 by Gilbert Webb to Texas for a hundred heifers and forty-nine young steers to be paid for and delivered at \$7 a head.

"Up to this time of my life," he relates, "I had never borrowed money nor bought on time; I loaned money and took interest; my credit was good as a bank and my word as good as my bond wherever I was known. No auditor went over my accounts, and the money entrusted to me was there on demand."

It was becoming a tremendously interesting game, the kind that holds men entranced in its grip. Prosperity was smiling sweetly in answer to his diligence; prospects of gain, comfort, independence beckoned him to hurry on after them. Yet all this, viewed from the vantage point of seventy years in the future was not preliminary to what it seemed to be, but the splendid preparation for a test of his constancy to the holy ambition he had cherished in England eleven years before. The



test came as a sudden call might come to a watchman in the dark, still hours of the night to determine whether he was maintaining his vigil or had fallen to sleep.

F. M. was attending the general conference of the Church in Salt Lake City on the 4th of October, 1873, when a call came to him from President Brigham Young to drop everything and be ready in ten days to start on a mission to England.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ten days in which to wring his fingers free from all the business in which they had become entangled! Could that be done? Was it a fair requirement? What about his many business interests more promising now than ever before? Wouldn't it be wiser to send some other man and save his good prospects? And what about his family and his children so much in need of a father's guiding hand?

It is not on record that F. M. considered any of these questions. He was familiar with the revelations of the Lord to the Prophet Joseph Smith and the declaration, "Whether I speak by My own voice or by the voice of My servants it is the same." He knew that President Young was the Lord's duly appointed servant, and he knew that this call had everything to do with his most precious hope of the future.

Without waiting to attend the rest of the conference he hurried over the long road to Fillmore, arriving there on the eighth, to whip his affairs around into some kind of shape, to put them in the hands of reliable men, to relinquish the positions where his personal attention had been a means of revenue. There was little time for details; his controlling interest in the store at Kanosh, he put in the hands of its directors, he had Daniel Thompson appointed to receive his herd from Texas, and the main part of his affairs he left to a committee of three: Thomas C. Callister, Edward Partridge and Joseph S. Giles. Some of his property he turned over to the Fillmore Co-op, and some of it he entrusted to individuals.

The time limit for all this transformation was not the most difficult feature of the task; it called for very firm purpose and courage to do it at all and to drop these pleasant and gainful activities from his hands after having toiled and planned to reach them. This, however, was nothing beside the ordeal of parting with the two mothers and the little folks; they were a vital part of his life and thought, his arms and his heart-strings had been around



them; the patter of little feet on the floor had echoed sweetly through his soul whenever he was away, urging him as with the magic pull of tiny hands to come home.

He blessed each one individually, commending them to the care of the Lord, for he was resolved to put his whole heart in his mission, instead of dividing it with futile worry over matters at home. Leaving his blessing and his kiss upon them he hurried away, reaching Salt Lake on the sixteenth, and arriving at Liverpool on the twelfth of November.

He was placed at once over the Nottingham Conference and true to his resolution he squandered no time nor energy dreaming of the folks in far-away Fillmore, but looked for and found the activity and inspiration of his labors there eleven years before. It is not to be supposed there was anything callous or unnatural in his attitude towards matters at home, he was still very human if measured by heart-throbs, and at Christmas time when a letter came from his little girl, he poured out his human tears as he read it, and he permitted himself to read it again before offering his prayer of thanks for these loved ones and asking the Lord to care for them and to give him comfort and assurance that he might put his whole heart in his work.

The big moment in this second mission to England is not Marion's travels into every part of the British Isles, nor yet the glorious trip which he made with his Mission President, Joseph F. Smith to the Continent from Norway to Switzerland, but it is his intensified continuation of that spiritual awakening which filled his soul with hope in London and Kent eleven years before. He knew he had found the most precious thing to be discovered in this or any other world: the supreme purpose of man's existence, the one and only way to accomplish that purpose, and the unmistakable knowledge that it was just what it purported to be, "The power of God unto salvation." It unfolded with wondrous clearness to his understanding, and again he pledged his time, his fortunes and everything within his power to give.

His claim to the loved ones at home was for time only unless he conformed to the standards by which men attain eternal maturity. Otherwise he may have them only till the uncertain hour of death, and then the tie is severed. His property was at best but temporary in its value, and that value was entrusted to his hand, not to hoard, but to be faithfully applied to the important business for which he had come to spend a few fleeting years on earth. Even if he kept it in his grasp till the life went out of his fingers, that would not be long, and what would he have to show for having had it? And why should he lose his family by allowing them to stand in the way of his doing the only thing that would perpetuate his claim to them? "He that would save his life shall lose it."

His folks wrote him that Millard Stake was instituting the United Order among its people, an order, wherein the property of rich and poor is turned into the Church to become stake and ward companies in which all classes share alike. According to the letters of some of his conservative friends at home, if Marion's property went into it, his hard earnings would melt away before the avarice of his shiftless neighbors who had no heart for such work as he had done to lay his foundation, by driving freight-teams across the desert at a dollar a day, and cradling grain at a bushel an acre. When he returned from his mission he would have to start on a par with men who were habitually in poverty and debt. This was what it would mean to him.

He wrote back at once to his folks telling them to be sure that every bit of his property, unless it were tied up in some company or partnership, was turned over promptly to the Church. He told them, "I felt to say Amen to all that was done, and God bless those who would take hold of it with sincere hearts and desires to build up the kingdom of God on earth. I felt that myself and my family, my ability, my time, talents, houses, lands, mills, merchandise, cash and everything unmentioned upon which I have any claim, are all ready at this moment to meet that holy order, and my means will go



into it with as much freedom as I would feed my children when they are hungry. \* \* \* I want you to enter the order and you shall have my blessing."

A month later he wrote home, "I want you to turn my stock, horses cows and everything in to the United Order. \* \* \* Every kind and description, withhold nothing, \* \* \* I own nothing that is too good to be turned in to the kingdom of God."

His waking hours were vigorous; he lived much; it was not a matter of the minute hand passing figures on a dial. If he was not on the road or visiting with or preaching to the Saints, he was engrossed in study, in writing or visiting some place of interest. He began collecting and reading the back numbers of the Millennial Star and started building a library, a project destined to claim part of his attention the next forty years and result in a splendid collection which he prayed from the first, would be preserved to enlighten his posterity.

Joyfully conscious of his abundant life and what it was given for, he wrote, "My health is buoyant; never felt better, \* \* \* I feel as though I could run through a troop and leap over a wall. \* \* \* I desire to preach the gospel and bring many to a knowledge of the truth as restored through the Prophet Joseph Smith."

He wrote freely every day: his activities, his thoughts, his worries. His first concern, frequently expressed, was that he should hold true through the vicissitudes of the years and realize his chief hope. For his family he prayed, often writing his prayer in his journal, but for his property at home he expressed no uneasiness at all.

To one of his friends who wrote him that the United Order would rob him of his holdings he said, "I do not expect the gospel nor any of its institutions of the kingdom of God to be very inviting to the natural man; if they were, all hell would be joining us. We understand from the first the course indicated by the plan of salvation has been that which has brought down upon our heads the ill will and contumely of the world, all of which has been a trial

for the Saints, and I presume it will be the same through all the changes and advancements which lie before us. Hence I see the necessity of us being devoted entirely and with all our souls to the Work. It may seem hard to serve one master, but it is much harder to serve two. I feel more determined than ever before in my life to give my whole soul to the kingdom."

Since the days of Marion's early boyhood in San Bernardino he had seen something taking shape on his horizon, something which appeared vaguely at first when his father wrote him, "Remember, my son, that not only yours alone, but the hopes and interests of your father's house hang upon you and your conduct in the future." It had become fixed in his memory, and at the frequent times after that when his father had repeated it, the shape had come nearer and taken more definite form.

To his intensified susceptibilities while he labored as president of the Nottingham Conference, it came and crystalized before his understanding in a way too clear and forceful to be mistaken. He relates that the well-being of his father's family overshadowed him like a mighty influence, "The Spirit was powerfully upon me for about two hours and at times it was so intense that it brought tears to my eyes; thoughts of Mother, of my brothers, Amasa, Platte, Oscar, Lorenzo---it made a very deep impression."

This was vividly recalled a short time later when he saw in a newspaper, for the first time, a report that his brother, Oscar, had been blown to pieces in a steam engine explosion.

F. M. accepted without question the obligation which this unusual experience imposed. The burden of it was to rest with increasing weight on his shoulders as long as he lived, to reach with its blessing, its guiding hand and its cheering word to hundreds of the posterity of Amasa M. Lyman, to register its final call in a granite monument to the movement and calling attention of the Lymans to this older brother's effort for their salvation.

This obligation was to include not only numberless



letters, visits and occasions of thoughtful assistance, but great comprehensive records of the family in the past and plans for carrying this record on and on to the future. He wrote to his father in Fillmore and arranged for beginning the records, and he wrote to his brothers and other kinsmen, holding up before them the great necessity of finding out and attending to the all-important things for which this earth-life was intended.

To one of his skeptical brothers who had drifted away from the light of the gospel, and asked how Marion could know for sure without the visit of a heavenly messenger, he wrote, "If I had seen Jesus Christ face to face, or if I had seen an angel of God and had been told by him that this work is true, I could not know it from that, more than you can know it when I tell it to you. You might believe it, and I might believe it if an angel told me, but neither you nor I nor any other man can know that it is the truth from heaven only by the revelations which come from the Holy Ghost as it came to Peter who testified, 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God.' You would think Peter should know by His miracles, His healings the sick and raising the dead that He was the Christ, but it is clear that such was not the case, and Christ told him, 'Flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven'. \* \* \* \* \* My faith is increasing day by day; the inspiration of the Almighty comes to my soul like the distilling dews from heaven, filling my whole being with joy. \* \* \* It is the kingdom of God or nothing with me; how can I turn my back on the truth which God has given me?"

On his thirty-fifth birthday, January 12th, 1875 he saw, in a hallowed ecstasy of thought, how his life had been directed in the channels of salvation, and he wrote, "I thank heaven I am in full fellowship with the Saints and I pray that I may ever be true to the gospel." Among other fervent expressions of prayer he hoped that the ink with which he wrote his testimony would not dim on the paper but would remain to strengthen the faith of his children in the years to come.

He cherished great love and respect for the Mission President, Joseph F. Smith, with whom he traveled a month on the continent, and for President Brigham Young and all the leading brethren of the Church he had a very tender regard. When he heard of the fine and imprisonment of President Young he wrote, "The blood boils in the veins of every true Latter-day Saint when such insults are heaped upon our devoted leaders, and we appeal to the great Judge of the quick and the dead to mete out to us and our persecutors evenhanded justice."

He was released in September, 1875, and sailed for home on the fifteenth in company with President Joseph F. Smith, reaching Salt Lake October first. Their meeting with President Young was a moment long to be remembered: taking the hands of Joseph F. and F. M. at the same time, the president said, "Peace be with you both, you are wide awake and ready for anything."

When they met Wilford Woodruff, he embraced and kissed them as if they were his own sons.

In Fillmore with his loved ones again after two years absence, F. M. took prompt hold of his affairs to gather up the loose ends, for he figured that a man should surround himself with neatness and system which would inspire hope instead of despair. He became known for the saying, "I consider it bad to have people owing me, but deliver me from owing anyone: Out of debt, out of danger. The debtor is a slave."

His knowledge of law and the affairs of the county brought his services into ready demand as before, and he found plenty to do for the public, for the Church and for himself. The "Order" had not materialized in Fillmore to a point of taking over much, and possibly not any of his property, and this too claimed his attention.

The big movement for "all things in common" had gripped his attention since he heard of it first, and he sat up till four o'clock in the morning talking about it with his friend Daniel Thompson, of Scipio, where the system was running with a degree of success. If the



movement had meant to all members of the Church what it meant to Francis M. Lyman, it would have become the fixed rule, but already it was meeting indifference and unbelief, and was destined to wait till some future time for adoption.

Millard County had elected Marion to the Territorial Legislature, even before his return from England, and early in 1876 he took his seat in that body where the strained relations between the Church and its enemies were focusing with bitterness on vital issues. It was a crisis in which men had to show their colors, if they had any, and when F. M. stood up boldly for the Saints and their rights, the Liberal Party attacked him through their paper, calling him a hypocrite and accusing him of having been bribed to pretend an interest which he did not feel for the Church.

The absolute fraud of this charge is clear to all who look into his open heart through the frank account of his daily thoughts and actions. In answer to this rank fraud wherein his name was emblazoned with dishonor to the country in general, he wrote in his journal, "This is my thirty-sixth birthday, and I thank the Lord I am still in the faith, and have but to confirm my testimony of a year ago. I wish this testimony to remain forever without being destroyed or growing dim."

The maze of business howling for attention on the Missionary's return, did not supercede that family record and the kindred obligations placed at the same time upon him. He took them up with the kind of resolution which was to carry aggressively forward to the very last. Co-operating with his father for the salvage of precious data never before written, his work in this line began to take definite and splendid form.

As Amasa was dying, his son F. M. bent tenderly over him, having occupied that vigil a long time.

"Don't go away," said the father feebly, "I want you to be near me."

"How long?" asked F. M., thinking of obligations calling urgently for his attention.

"Forever," whispered Amasa Lyman, raising his tired eyes to the son whom he had been inspired to see as his chief stay and the saviour of his household.

The venerable bearded face of the dying man showed that he would have said more, but speech had failed him. His face reflected appealingly and soulfully the thing he had said and repeated since the days of San Bernardino: "The hopes and interests of your father's house hang upon you and your conduct in the future." It was this earnest message which Amasa M. Lyman had been offering through more than twenty changing years, and it was repeated most forcefully of all at the last moment.

Marion wrote at the time, "I feel that the weight of looking after the family spiritually rests on me to a considerable extent." A life labor, a sacred trust had been assigned him, and members from every branch of his father's numerous family, scattered all over the west, are eager to testify of the fidelity with which he honored that responsibility.

The willingness, the almost-eagerness of Francis M. to see his interests taken over by the Church when he was in England, did not spring from any lack of appreciation for the value of those interests, nor from the hope of dodging the responsibility of handling them. On his return home he set about to repair the loss they had suffered from his absence, and as a man of spirit to overcome difficulty and make gainful progress, he found it an intensely gripping game. Stock in Fillmore Co-op had dropped to fifty percent of its face, and that was one of the first things he took firmly in hand to bring back to par. As superintendent of the institution he began steering it steadily back to its old mark.

In addition to his work for the county and the Church, there was his store at Kanosh, his farm, his interest in the grist mill, his range cattle, his horses--the web of business reached for and wrapped around his fingers. President Young advised the people of Millard Stake to return him to the legislature, and he was



elected without opposition. In the midst of all this, if for nothing else than to preserve his individual preferences from being obliterated, he took time to break several broncho colts. Some persistent passion for the wild-horse phases of life in San Bernardino, the cavalry charge for the swimming hole, the joy of contact with wild creatures and the welcome feel of the lariat in his hands impelled him in the midst of all this rush to take time for working with these snorting young animals regardless of how small the monetary returns from this project as compared with his activities along other lines.

However, it was not only to express a cherished preference, but a desire to save time and expedite business that prompted F. M. to equip again with a team of mules. They could "hit the road" for distance and get him places with satisfying dispatch. He had them trained to respond instantly to the musical jingle of a stay-chain, and they answered his notion of meeting appointments instead of missing them in dull travel on the road. Too bad the mulomobile was destined to be supplanted by the automobile; the persistent old roachtail might have prevailed over the T model, but the big speedsters boohed him forever off the highway. In 1876, however, the mule had no rival but the locomotive, and Francis M. took a justifiable pride in the speed with which he went to the October conference in Salt Lake.

The spring of 1877 found F. M. occupied early and late getting the Fillmore Co-op and some other businesses "over the hump" to full recovery from what they had suffered in his absence, and a call came for him to attend the dedication services of the temple in St. George. He dropped everything and started, but the clink of the stay-chain failed to shift the mules into high gear and send them spinning down the road like a comet with a long tail of dust drifting behind; instead they strained in the collar and wallowed toilsomely through mud and slush. The road proved to be long and wearisome, yet feeling himself on the sure pathway to his most cherished hope, he writes of the journey, "My heart was filled with joy."

In the midst of the wonderful dedicatory services, President Brigham Young told him to be ready in his mind for a call to leave Fillmore and preside over the Davis or over the Tooele Stake. However willing he was to answer that or any other call, it was disturbing, it would upset the arrangements he had been laboring to make and leave him to devise ways for order in confusion. Also, because the time of this call was indefinite ---weeks, months or maybe much farther in the future, he was the more in uncertainty.

Returning from St. George he pitched into his affairs hoping at least to get them back to normalcy before selling them or turning them over again to someone else. He worked eagerly through the rest of April, through May and into latter June before a call came from President Young for him to be at a meeting in Tooele the following Sunday. He answered at once that he would be there, and by the help of the invincible mules he reported at the time and place appointed.

To be the President of Tooele Stake was not to hold a "ministerial" position, as it is popularly known, a white-collar job of preaching and praying, a neat salary, a parsonage, a much-sought place of ease and advantage. In 1877, and for many years after that time, the main body of the Latter-day Saints dug their living from the soil or went hungry. They tanned leather, made shoes, wove cloth, raised their own wool, spun it into yarn and made it into clothing. They raised their bread, their meat, their vegetables and stood independently on their own feet. Salvation to them was not a matter of deliverance in some future world only, but relief from the hunger the cold and the storms of today; escape from all the adversaries that menaced their existence.

While the many-sided problem of wresting a living from the soil occupied their attention, unscrupulous men among them, or transients "seeking whoever they might devour," contrived to get into places of trust and authority where they could rob the county treasuries and



oppress the people for their own gain and glory. Once in these positions they made fraudulent use of their advantage and authority to stay there indefinitely. Some of the wards and stakes of the Church, distressed by poverty and misfortune, had been taken into bondage by these pirates and carpetbaggers, and the matter of getting their rights and their freedom again had become a distressing problem.

A tide of angry persecution was rising against the Latter-day Saints; fomenting in the territorial capitols it extended wherever it could into the counties and towns of Utah, Idaho and Arizona. Tooele County was sorely distressed with a persistent clique of carpetbaggers who, having captured the election had emptied the treasury, run the county in debt, raised the taxes and became a burden not easily shaken off. When President Young called F. M. to take charge there, he asked him not only to lead the people in temporal and spiritual matters, but to see that they had their rights as citizens and tax-payers, and toilers who eat their bread by the honest sweat of their face.

This latter part of his assignment as stake president looked most difficult of all. It called for faith, for courage, and for that rare kind of wisdom known as diplomacy. Someone had to coach the people in playing their essential game of politics, a game in which they had been shamefully swindled. It would be a bitter fight, a battle calling for more bulldog persistence than any in which F. M. had ever engaged with a wild steer or a broncho mule. It was imperative that he get on the ground without delay, yet all his interests were in Fillmore, nothing in Tooele; to sell at once would be for a minimum price, and to buy at once would be at the maximum. He operated in Tooele and in Fillmore till early in the fall, keeping the road hot between them with his mulomobile till he sold one of his homes and bought another. He called the mules "the most valuable of all my teams."

All during the summer and fall the feeling between the People's Party and the Liberal Party became more intense. The election was not to come off till the fifth of

August, 1878, but each side was determined to win, and it promised to be a sharp contest. The People's Party, the Mormons, were fasting and praying and being re-baptized to win the Lord's favor in their effort for freedom. F. M. was re-baptized for the fourth time, and he urged the people not only to live righteous lives, observing the word of wisdom and honoring the Sabbath day, but to be properly registered, and to conform to all the laws governing elections. He traveled to every remote hamlet of Tooele County, instructing the people how to hold their primaries, how to frame their tickets, and how otherwise to be safe by proceeding according to law.

In the midst of this commotion with the Saints in prayer and sorrow for what they had to endure, and worse things threatened for the future, came the death of their beloved President, Brigham Young. It was a time of great trial. Viewing things from Marion's daily record is like seeing them from within his mind instead of from without, and to look from this angle at the death of President Young is to be left in no doubt of his deep love and sorrow for the Lord's appointed leader. He was at the funeral with swelling heart. "All Israel mourns," he said, contemplating in solemn thought what the Saints had gone through and what seemed to await them in the future. He thanked the Lord that their enemies had been foiled in their vindictive plot to arrest President Young and hold him without trial in prison till the people rose up and delivered him by force, thus giving them excuse for the violence they had wanted to employ.

Having been elected to represent Millard County in the legislature, F. M. in his attendance there came face to face with the opposition, for it focused there as a vantage point, and he was kept alive to its thrusts and made aware of its plans and intentions. He gave the Tooele people advantage of all this enlightenment, urging them to select good men for office and make sure of their election.

Among the industries struggling for existence in Tooele, was a tannery, a grist mill, a shoe shop, a co-op



store, and a school supported by the Church; the success of these things became Marion's responsibility, and in some of them he took stock, and on all of them he found it necessary to spend considerable time. He was occupied also with the adjustment of water quarrels, land disputes and old troubles hard to settle. These responsibilities fastened themselves upon him while part of his family was still in Fillmore, and he was still entangled with much of the business that had held him there.

His thoroughness of preparation for the coming election, and the number of voters getting ready to take part, set the carpetbaggers to thinking, for though they had framed their ticket and lined themselves up for continuation in office, they were outnumbered and would be defeated unless they devised some dodge to avoid it. With the county machinery in their hands, authority to appoint judges of election, to count the ballots and declare the results, they appointed the majority of these judges from among their own minority, and feelings became more intense as the fifth of August approached.

This persistent minority had pledged sympathizers among leading officials of the territory, and on these they relied to help put the trick over, and then smooth out any threatening reaction that tried to follow. They demonstrated the potency of the force behind them by having it give to one of their number a third of one of the streams supplying Tooele with water, and they made little effort to conceal their feelings or their intentions. The people had no alternative but to wait and hope for a better government.

On August fifth the people turned out hopefully and in force not only to vote but to watch the proceedings carefully, and they felt sure in the evening that they had outnumbered their opponents. Yet these judges of election, appointed for the purpose, counted the votes of the smaller precincts where they knew they were in the majority, and pretended to find technical cause for throwing out the votes of the main places in the county. On this basis they gave the election to their own party.

Disappointment and indignation filled the minds of the people as they saw these usurpers holding their place, continuing to draw their salary and contemplating a new tax levy to sustain their prodigal operations. Francis M. and his associates in the presidency were determined to fight for their rights, and they employed Attorneys Sheeks and Rawlins to take the matter up in court. The people had no choice but to bide their time, enduring injustice while they awaited the slow and uncertain action of the law.

This case for the voters of Tooele County had slow hard sledding; if it were not held up by an adjournment of court, then it was postponed. It was snagged on one technicality and then another till it looked like a lost cause, another paragraph in the history of a successful ring of schemers. Yet F. M. in his frequent written reference to it, showed no trace of discouragement nor the least intention of giving up the fight.

Through all its aggravating angles he maintained the splendid poise of a man with his eye on some great objective ahead towards which this was but a preliminary step. This supreme goal ahead was as the heavy ballast in a ship which holds its keel steady in the ocean. He betrayed no feeling of vindictiveness towards his adversaries, yet in some way he seemed to relish and thrive on his struggle with them, and to take as a matter of course all the inconvenience and hardship the struggle entailed upon him. He got the maximum of satisfaction out of every crisis and out of every day. "This has been a very profitable day," he was wont to write, or, "One of the most enjoyable days I ever spent."

When it is considered what these "enjoyable and profitable" days had to offer, riding in an open rig through the dust and heat, or through the storm and the cold between settlements as far away as Deep Creek, it is difficult to see where the enjoyable part should come in. He stayed from one to three days in a place, instructing, organizing and blessing the people. He would go a long way to lay hands on and bless some sick or aged person, and nothing could be more apparent than his joy was in antici-



pation of something future.

The tannery, the grist mill, the shoe shop, the store---it was more difficult to steer them along the road to success than to drive a four-horse team of broncho mules. He hunted markets for the leather and the harnesses, markets for the flour, places to buy, places to sell; he worked for the peculiar interests of communities and of individuals endless in number and variety. Yet he carried on gamely and cheerfully. He represented Tooele in the legislature and urged Sheeks and Rawlins to push the case for their rights in the election. From days of futile effort and occasions for righteous indignation he concludes his written report with prayers for the success of the church and his cherished hope of salvation.

When he bought the house for "Aunt" Rhoda and later for "Aunt" Clara in Tooele, he appointed a special occasion to dedicate them as homes of peace and comfort for his family, of which his aged mother was one of the most venerable members. But there remained still an important matter to be attended in Fillmore: His father's grave would become somewhat of a Mecca for the scattered members of the family, and Marion's obligation impelled him to make that Mecca bespeak the sacred matter his father had laid upon him. Taking it up through the mail with his brothers and sisters, he erected at his father's grave a marble monument, a preliminary to a much greater memorial he would yet raise to perpetuate this important cause.

During all these months of delay the people of Tooele County listened eagerly for any decision from the court, and when an order was issued for the returns of that 1878 election to be duly canvassed according to law, it caused a joyful wave of exultation. The carpetbaggers, however, had cards in their sleeves for every emergency, and they felt no alarm. They had no intention of giving up their easy income, no matter what the people or the court might demand.

Pretending to obey the order, they threw out all

the women's votes, even though they had been made legal, and on one pretext or another they disqualified enough more votes to discount the 300 majority which had been cast against them, and as before declared the election won by their own party. They regulated the county's affairs and disposed of its funds in their own way in defiance of any majority. It was exasperating.

Francis M. succeeded through the attorneys in getting a writ of mandamus from the court ordering the county officials to canvass the returns of the election. The matter was to be taken up at ten a. m. on the 29th of March, 1879, and to be done where representatives of the people could watch the proceedings. F. M. was one of these representatives at the county court house at the appointed hour, but the officials came late, and then delayed on flimsy pretexts till the representatives demanded that the count be made.

The count compelled them to recognize that the People's candidates had been elected, but they refused, until they were sharply threatened with the law to declare them elected. Even then they figured they could throw a wrench in the machinery and go on with their salaries by refusing the candidates the necessary certificates of election. F. M. had reached the point where he knew perfectly what kind of "stuff" he was dealing with, and his resolution had mounted with occasion. He told them in unmistakable tones that unless they issued the certificates without delay he would have them arrested and brought at once before the Justice of the Peace.

Very reluctantly they issued the certificates, but feeling their positions slipping from under them, they refused to attach the county seal till they saw prompt and vigorous prosecution ready to act against them, and even then, as a last hope, the clerk refused the necessary approval of the bonds, and was about to lock the vault and go away with the key. The righteous indignation of Tooele's stake president towered over him with uncompromising demands for the rights of the people. He approved the bonds, surrendered the keys and went home, promising



after lunch to return and show them the records and the combination of the lock.

He never returned. The combination had to be discovered by a lock expert, and the county records had to tell their own story, the nature of which made it clear why the makers of the records preferred to be away.

Having been dislodged like pirates from a stolen ship, these ex-officials hurried to Salt Lake and published a story of how they had been illegally ousted, and how they were going to return with reinforcements and recover their rights. They did return, not many in number but with great demonstration, and proceeded towards the court house. There in the doorway stood three hundred pounds of resolution in the person of F. M. Lyman eyeing them calmly and appraisingly.

They went right on by, and after announcing with outraged authority that they would hold court in Stockton, their stronghold, they carried their bluff to the point of really trying to hold court. This farce broke the last bubble of their hot air, and they began leaving the country. The decision against them had called for the refund of certain amounts of money, very little of which was ever recovered. The people had to bear this loss, but they celebrated the occasion, and F. M. wrote in his diary, "The Lord has helped us in this thing, and my heart is full of praise for His goodness."

\* \* \* \* \*

The fight to dislodge that nest of impostors from the head of the Tooele County government was by no means the last in which F. M. was to engage for the county and its communities, although his responsibilities were soon to be extended to a much wider field. That fight was but the first of a series of hard-fought improvements in which he was to untangle bitter old water quarrels, expose and punish cases of fraud, embezzlement and transgression, involving civil trials, high council trials, arbitration committees and many visits of earnest pleading and persuasion. He represented the county year after year in the legislature where he became speaker of the house, praying and fighting determinedly for the right, and thanking the Lord with all his heart when he gained the victory. It was a long hard road to travel, this road he had resolved to follow towards an immortal goal.

He maintained a splendid optimism, though what his chosen pathway had led to so far was easy compared to what lay ahead. If the curtain had been lifted, revealing future events to his view, fixed though he was in purpose, he would have staggered at the prospect.

His faith and integrity had established him firmly in the confidence of the leaders of the Church, yet he was surprised with each promotion. On the tenth of April, 1880, when he was appointed to be one of a special council of fifty, an order of things set up by the Prophet Joseph Smith, he wrote, "This appears to be one of the greatest steps in my life."

Soon after this he was asked to accompany Elders Erastus Snow, of the Quorum of the Twelve, on a long trip through south-eastern Utah, New Mexico and Arizona. He was not to start till after the August election, where the capetbag element was trying to stage a comeback, but when they were safely snowed under as proved by an honest count of the votes, he started with his team on the trip which was to last seventy-one days and cover 1,700 miles. The company included eleven men, six vehicles and a number of saddlehorses.



They passed safely through San Juan county at a time when indians were on the war path, they visited the new towns of Bluff and Montezuma, they stopped at Mormon settlements and at indian villages in New Mexico and Arizona, moving slowly over mountains and deserts on frontier roads, and waiting often for swollen streams to subside so they could cross.

Traveling northward through Utah in the middle of October, at Kanosh one of Marion's friends handed him a copy of the Deseret News with reports of the recent conference in which he, F. M., had been sustained as one of the members of the Quorum of Apostles. That was the first he had heard of it. This had been promised to him by a patriarch a number of years before, but he had not kept it in mind, was not expecting it, and was startled and surprised by that printed account. Confiding his reactions to his journal he wrote, "I feel that I am too weak for so great a calling, but if the Lord will deign to bless me with His Spirit, and with power and humility and wisdom and faith, I will do what I can in connection with my brethren to build up the kingdom of God on earth."

His ordination to the new position was most impressive. The First Presidency and the members of the Quorum laid hands on his head, and he felt a glorious and unmistakable influence of holiness. "They told me," he said, "that Father's robes had fallen on me, and their words so overcame me that I wept."

Like sacred memories recalled by some dear old song, this divine moment brought forcibly back to him the earnest words of a solicitous father, words that the father had repeated by tongue and pen through a long period of years, words that he repeated still with his pleading looks after speech had gone from him, "Remember the toils and trials of your father in the observance of these principles by which he has attained to his present position. \* \* \* Remember that under the weight of toil and care your father must sooner or later yield and retire from the field of labor in this sphere. And then, who should follow him so properly as his son? Let the thought of this keep

you ever in mind of your duty."

Francis M. was succeeded in the presidency of Tooele Stake by Elder Heber J. Grant, but his home was still to be in Tooele for years, and he was to make for Tooele City at least one more fight as important as any he had made in the past.

His new responsibility sent him at once on a long trip through Goose Creek Valley in Idaho, the kind of a trip he was to be making most of the time for the next thirty-six years. The worldly glory of this new position was a poor and inadequate reward for the labors and hardships it entailed. The duty that had occupied his time before, was a life of ease compared to this. As a minute man who reverses his gears at a signal, he received messages from his presiding officers saying, "Come at once," or "Be here tomorrow," "Meet us there Friday."

As stake president he had found the time and enjoyed the privilege of study, but as one of the Twelve, "When one is moved about so suddenly and so unexpectedly, it disconcerts the mind so that study is out of the question." His travels for the Church took him from places far in Canada to places in Mexico, and he wrote one day, "I succeeded in spending two hours at home." To a friend he wrote, "I am never at home but as a visitor," and at another time, "How pleasant to spend a quiet hour at home."

His growing family called ever for more revenue, and he was loaded with increasing responsibility. Even all this would appear easy compared with the straits awaiting in the future; he was still prospering in his affairs, still had his unimpaired health and freedom from exile. Up to now he was thankful for all things present and cherishing bright hopes and great anticipations for the outcome.

Let it be remembered, however, that this immortal goal to which he had aspired, and this pathway by which he had resolved to reach it, has always been the pathway of tribulation. "True Saints are to be tried in all things, and every branch that bringeth forth fruit, the Master purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit." If Francis



M. could preserve his unfaltering faith and optimism to the last panting stretch of the stony path, he would be one in ten thousand.

That fight which was made by a minority of voters to capture the government of Utah and its counties, resulted in a move intended to disfranchise the people of the Church, and foist on them a government in which they had no voice and no representation. Its first thought was to strike at the men having more than one wife, since they were the leading men, and then to discriminate by test-oath against every one believing in the principle, penalizing them with disfranchisement. The movement appeared at first as a cloud the size of a man's hand over the nation's capitol, but it grew in size, and the people of the Church watched it with dread.

The Presidency and the Twelve met with as much regularity as their labors and their travels would permit. It was generally an occasion for fasting, but always for humble prayer as they counseled on ways safeguarding the welfare of the half-million Latter-day Saints who had fled from their enemies to the mountains for safety, and now had enemies in their midst trying to inflame the government against them. In spite of the distressing problems with which these meetings had to deal, the brotherly good will and fellowship prevailing made them times of joy, and F. M. was wont to say of them, "It was good to be there," or, "a sweet spirit prevailed."

But the sweet things of life are balanced by their unfailing cost, even as the bitter things have their just compensations; F. M. found great joy in his labors, and in the wonderful meetings with his Quorum---all this promised realization of his dearest hope. Yet it took him from his family whom he so much loved, from the children with whom he delighted to sing, and to whom he told stories. While he traveled in the stakes from Canada to Mexico preaching the gospel and becoming known as a great peace-maker, startling messages called him to grieving loved ones at home. In less than a year he received three of these messages, the first one calling him

to the funeral of his married daughter, Ellen Hanks, and the other two bringing him to see the death of his little daughter Alta, and then his little daughter Hila. Each time the long trip home was a sorrowful journey, but leaving the bereaved family again was more difficult still.

In 1882 that hand-sized cloud in the east assumed alarming proportions, and President John Taylor sent George Q. Cannon and John Henry Smith to Washington to plead the rights of the Mormon people as citizens. Notwithstanding all their pleadings, the first Edmunds Law was passed on the twenty-third of March, making it unlawful for men with more than one wife to hold office under the government or to vote. This would remove valuable and much-needed men from important positions leaving vacancies which the opposition would try to fill with men of their own party.

To forestall the evils and injustice threatened by this move, the Quorum and the Presidency decided that the people should seek out and elect as soon as possible, good men whose marriage relations would not bar them from office. F. M. was to carry this message with him to the stakes north and south. The ballot had been given to women, and although in some cases they had to resort to law to be recognized as legal voters, it gave the Saints valuable leverage, and Francis M. urged them to avail themselves of every right as citizens which the Lord had left within their reach.

This hope of the people to retain their inheritance in the government was blasted by another surprise move of their enemies. The governor was empowered to appoint judges and other officers who up to this time had been elected by the people. They could mistake this for nothing but a design to rob them of their inherent right to govern themselves, a sacred heritage for which the American Patriots fought Great Britain. It became a matter of grave concern for it meant the introduction of more injustice in affairs great and small.

Having explained this situation in all his travels, F. M. had presented it in all its premeditated unfairness



to his father's family, whom he hunted up and encouraged wherever he could find them, and when an appointment as judge came to Marion's brother, Lorenzo S. Lyman, Lorenzo promptly and indignantly refused it, protesting that the appointment was not within the hand of the governor to make, but belonged to the people to be indicated by their vote.

Resenting this unwarranted interference with their rights the people continued to exercise their franchise, and a confused state of affairs resulted of which F. M. wrote, "Between the officers appointed by the governor, and those elected by the people, there is no human wisdom which can determine who is in and who is out."

The storm was rising, the whistling wind would bring the black clouds. Viewing the situation as Marion saw it, the confusion at home was of small consequence compared with what it was to bring: a law had been passed for the purpose of imprisoning many and disfranchising all the members of the Church; that in itself was disturbing to contemplate. Yet, hard as it was to believe, the move envisaged the confiscation of the property belonging to the Church, the funds collected to feed the poor and the needy, the sacred tithes and offerings of toiling men and women, the fast donation representing what could be saved for charity by refraining once a month from two meals a day.

It was hardly thinkable that the Congress of a great generous nation like the United States could be inveigled by deliberate falsehoods to interest itself in a scheme for robbing an exiled people of the sacred funds they had dedicated to their God and the building of His kingdom on earth. All the same, that seemed to be the very thing that was coming, and the Quorum, after praying and deliberating carefully on what course to take, undertook to incorporate in such a way that the hallowed assets of the Church would be secure, even though individuals might be fined and imprisoned. They wanted in particular to protect the temples and other places of worship, as well as the property producing the necessary

revenue for the maintainance of these buildings.

This vexed question was typical of the problems with which they had to deal, and they sensed the grave responsibility of determining the course of the Church through difficulty and danger, and the responsibility of handling values made holy by individual sacrifice. They met in humility and prayer, they sang hymns, they partook of the sacrament, and determined by special testimony and confession whether or not they were in full harmony and accord as brethren. They often met with an embrace, and sometimes with tears. Marion's accounts breathe the spirit that was with them when he says, "It was a wonderful meeting, the Holy Spirit rested richly upon us."

His absolute sincerity, his frankness, his unmistakable love for his companions in tribulation and the uncompromising testimony with which he was ever full to overflowing, is not to be contemplated with indifference. If he did not know really what he was talking about, the phenomena of his mistake is beyond explanation; all the more so because he was extremely practical in his judgment, and his sound advice was in demand in many lines. His was not the case of the eccentric individual--his associates in the Church had the same story to tell, and it is told by thousands of men and women with the same unfaltering emphasis.

To the weight of his many responsibilities in 1882 was added a call to work with and have work done among the indian tribes of Utah, not only preparatory to the time when they would accept the gospel, but to help them in their poverty, teach them better ways of living, and determine whether it would be desirable to have them gather to one place. As president of Tooele Stake he had become acquainted with the indians at Deep Creek near the Nevada line, but now he was to contact the Uintahs, the Piutes, Pahvants, Navajos and other bands at various places.

He accepted the call cheerfully, but he had to do some very careful planning long beforehand in order to



wedge the necessary trips into his crowded program. A sample of those trips began in May, 1883, when he followed a bumpy mountain road into the Uintah country to fill a long-anticipated appointment with the indians of north-eastern Utah. At their meeting place he sat on a low seat while their pow wow went on, and as he made a quick awkward move to catch something that had fallen, something seemed to tear and to give way in his bowels, throwing him at once into terrible pain. They placed him on a blanket and he lay there helpless and in great agony.

It appeared to be a dark prospect indeed; no physician, no telephone, not even anything fit to be called a road over which to send for help; no conveyance more speedy than a team to take him away, even if he could endure the jolt of the iron tires on the rocks. It looked as if he were doomed to die right there before any relief could be given.

To his natural self, distracted with torture, it seemed hard to think that even the exercise of faith could correct the seemingly fatal rupture. He could not endure to be moved, at least not by the most humane way they had of moving him. There was but one possible way to relief, and he asked some of the brethren to administer to him. So nearly as he could tell, something moved in a surprising way from one side of his body to the other, giving him sweet and immediate relief. He was filled with wonder and praise and he wrote, "I could not refrain from shedding tears of joy for my deliverance by the Lord from the deadly pain I had been suffering."

\* \* \* \* \*

With new responsibilities claiming so nearly all of his time, and his increasing family a growing expense, it was easily foreseen that unless he made careful and wise plans for their support they would be dependent on charity. He therefore taxed his spare time and attention with the problem of an adequate income as in the days when his hands were free to attend to his business himself.

His beginning in this line was to buy more land in the Tooele fields, and to turn his livestock interest into sheep. By the end of 1883, he had built up his sheep herd to 3,000 head, having paid for them all in cash. Up until the early "eighties", in spite of the increasing weight upon him, he refused the popular practice of borrowing money, cherishing the resolution that his word must always be as good as his bond. Reviewing his status in 1881 he wrote, "We can reach all things needful to our comfort and we owe no man a cent." At the same time he declared his health was perfect, no break in it as yet, he weighed two hundred and seventy pounds and stood six feet one and a half inches high.

With an omnivorous ambition for any kind of activity that would help mankind in general and build up the Church in particular, he equipped himself with forceps for extracting teeth. He became expert at the operation, and removed offending teeth by the hundred from Canada to Mexico--always gratis, the pleasure of relief being mutual. It transpired, however, that when he had pulled 5,000 teeth, he found it necessary to make a charge of twenty-five cents a tooth, to save enough time for his other business.

If every branch of his abundant life could focus on his cherished ambition, the cumulus of their achievement should insure its realization. In a field of such varied activities and problems ranging from the matter of eternal objectives to the adjusting of old and complicated feuds between brethren, reorganizing stakes and wards, directing farming operations and sheep herds, removing bad teeth for all comers--he must have had, either in his mind or on paper some definite plan in order to carry forward consistently on each separate front.

Yet like other mortal beings he was learning in the great school of experience, and his financial ventures, if they were going to benefit him in the most permanent way, must yet rise up and smite him with the stimulating rod of adversity. It was quite impossible for him to give personal attention to his sheep or to his farms, he must



entrust them to the judgment of other men. Also, in his effort to meet increasing need, he was destined to go into other and more extensive businesses, trusting to the ability and integrity of other operators, and stern situations lay waiting in ambush to impress him with very important lessons.

All this, however, was but the temporal means to an eternal end, conditions which had been wisely arranged to illustrate and amplify indispensable principles of permanent success. He was accepting the lesson-assignments of the great school, preparing them to the best of his ability, and accepting cheerfully the correction of his undisciplined effort. In the limited time he could spare from more important labors, he applied himself to the difficult question of self-support. His first concern was giving all the time required to the building up of the kingdom, and to the labors required by the leaders of the Church for the good of its half-million members. It may be consistently assumed that with all his time and attention free to handle his finances he would have steered clear of some of the things which were to occur in the future.

The Edmonds Bill, framed against Mormon practices and passed by congress in 1882, was followed by other bills more hurtful still. In March 1884, Senator Hoar introduced an anti-Mormon bill which became a law in June, and national sentiment, inflamed by exaggerated and false reports, called for prosecution under the Edmonds Law. Elder Rudger Clawson was arrested in April and placed under very heavy bonds to appear for a trial in October.

F. M. Lyman's reaction to the perils of this situation was positive and uncompromising. "I am determined to keep the commandments of the Lord as fast as I can learn them," he wrote, and since he considered "plural marriage the crowning trial of our lives," the most difficult to obey, and therefore the first one to be considered by a man who had affirmed, "With me it is the kingdom or nothing", Francis M. stated, and he was determined

to live it more fully than he had lived it before.

Thus in the days when Rudger Clawson was waiting under bonds to answer an angry court for plural marriage, in the days when Senator Hoar's vengeful bill was passing with "a whoop and a yell" through congress, F. M. was resolutely preparing to marry a third wife. The glorious dedication of the Logan Temple in May had given heart and courage to the Saints to obey the laws of God rather than the conflicting laws of men, and they were reconciled not only to imprisonment, but to death as well if it were necessary.

F. M. was not impelled by the lure of some new and novel experience; if he had ever entertained the notion that plural marriage was gay or festive, or a state to be naturally desired by carnal minds, the stern years had already undeceived him. He knew it was the most difficult of all paths to follow successfully. He had seen splendid men undertake it only to make shipwreck of their faith, and bring irreparable sorrow and separation to their family. He knew also what the law had already done to other men and their families, and he had every reason to expect it to strike in fury against the battlements of his own home, driving them into exile or fine and imprisonment, and failing in no case to hold them up to the scorn and contumely of the world. And yet, if he could have seen a moving picture of his own future with all its disturbing realities, he would still have poised himself squarely on the sacred principle as he did by cherishing his two wives and marrying a third.

The law of the gospel as interpreted by the leading brethren and President Taylor in particular, declared uncompromisingly that this difficult law was essential to the highest standard of exaltation, and when it came to exaltation, F. M. was compromising nothing.

Without making bold to invade the sacred precincts of a love story which concerned four instead of two, a love union in which they cherished as immortal instead of just a mortal objective, we take note that on the 9th of October, 1884, when Rudger Clawson was facing a hostile court for



plural marriage, Francis M. Lyman was married in the endowment house in Salt Lake City to Susan Callister, a sister of his second wife, Clara.

Wherever stubborn prejudice can open its eyes to see and give due credit to motives and virtues for what they really are, it cannot fail to admire the splendid courage and faith of these three women, facing the scorn of the world and hazarding whatever torment its fury might heap upon them. They had not anticipated anything easy, and the bitter things ahead were not to come upon them as a surprise.

The hope of this man and his three faithful companions rested on no vague promise of uncertain joy in this temporal world whose comforts and advantages might at any moment be distracted with disaster or death. They accepted the world and its tribulations only as a means of securing that peace and glory which endures forever. With unfaltering faith and resolution they took up the path preferred by the most thoughtful men and women of the ages--saints, martyrs, and those who left the world better for having been in it. They had firmly resolved not to be estranged from one another because of poverty sickness and hardship, and not to be dismayed by the injustice of persecution. One of them was to die in exile, one of them was to be a sojourner without a home of her own for fifteen years; and a dear little grave, hallowed by the tears of a weeping mother, was to be denied the real name of the little sleeper beneath the board marking the place.

Hereafter we shall know these three saints, as "Aunt" Rhoda, "Aunt" Clara and "Aunt" Susan; and though their names may not be frequently mentioned, they deserve much credit for every good work and worthy achievement of Francis M. Lyman.

\* \* \* \* \*

In 1884, in a remote little village of Piute County, Utah, Ebenezer Hanks died and was buried, and when

word of it reached Francis M., he paused solemnly in his busy activities and recalled how this man, by a wise word of warning at the critical time, had saved him from steps which might have meant disaster. With an intensified sense of gratitude, appreciating now as never before what Brother Hanks had done for him, F. M. resolved to do some fitting thing in return, if for nothing else than to pacify his own sense of obligation.

He resolved therefore to erect a tombstone. This project was destined to meet with hindrance and delay, and to drag through eleven eventful years before it was accomplished. But the resolution was forged of such durable stuff it was bound to place a seventy five dollar stone at the remote grave, even though it had to be done at a time when Marion's finances were more distressed than he had known them to be before.

\* \* \* \* \*

With the conviction of Rudger Clawson on a charge of polygamy, and the imposition of an eight hundred dollar fine and four years imprisonment, the "raid", as it was to be known, broke forth in fury. "The hiding and scattering of polygamists amounted almost to a panic," according to Marion's diary. While the trial still hung fire, the court so determined to convict that it discharged one jury and got another, F. M. and others of the Quorum and Presidency, started for Old Mexico looking for a "City of Refuge," that is, a place or region where they could prepare a city or towns in which to find safety from the laws framed and framing against them.

F. M. and Brigham Young Jr. found the persecutors of the Saints in Arizona as aggressive as in Utah, and in the region of St. John, on the Little Colorado, the popular paper of the county boldly advocated hanging the leading men of the Mormon communities, and compelling the rest to leave the country. In sorrow the saints came with their troubles to the two brethren from Utah, and after talking it over they called a special fast, and prayed



Francis

Marion

Lyman

age 35

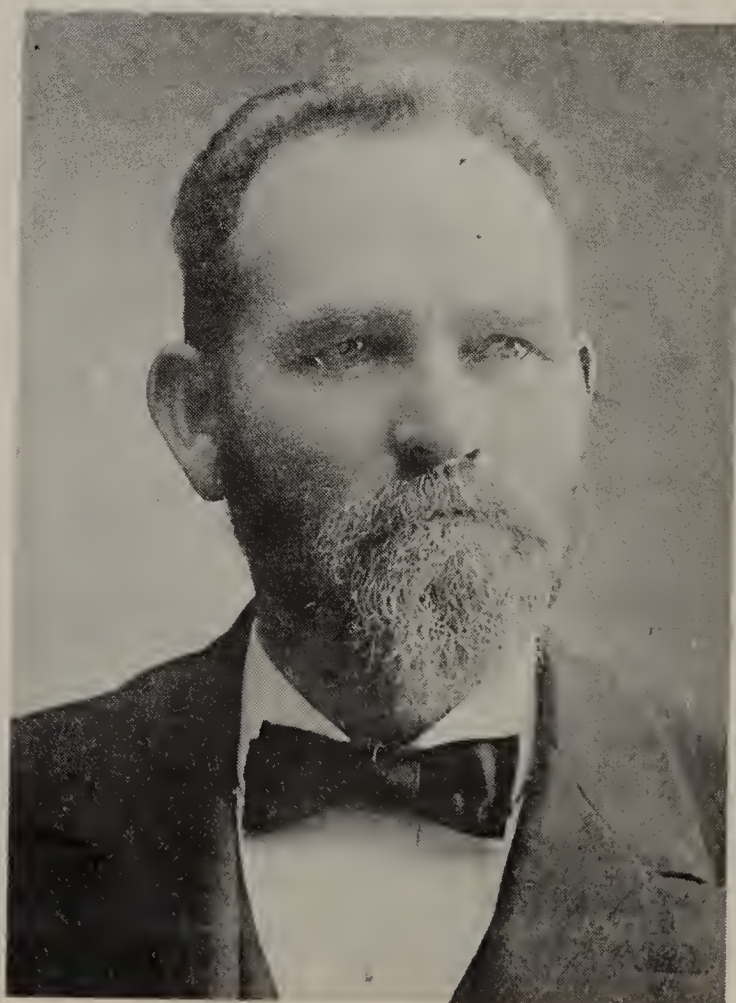


Francis

Marion

Lyman

age about 45









Maria Tanner Lyman and her children. (Taken about 1903)

Matilda L. Carter

Lelia D. Bartholimew

Francis M. Lyman

L. Josephine Coombs

Amasa M. Lyman, Jr.







Francis M. Lyman, his wife, Rhoda, and their children. (Taken about 1900)

Annie Lyman King

F. M. Lyman, Jr.

Edna Lyman Houtz

Rhoda Ann Taylor Lyman

Francis M. Lyman

Rhoda Alice Lyman McBride

Lois V. Lyman Dunyon

Mary Lyman Gowans







Francis M. Lyman, his wife, Clara, and their children. (Taken about 1906)

|                     |                   |                  |                |               |
|---------------------|-------------------|------------------|----------------|---------------|
| George Albert Lyman | Lucy L. Partridge | Richard R. Lyman | Ida Lyman      | Anderson      |
| Amy Lyman           | Merrill           | Francis M. Lyman | Clara C. Lyman | John C. Lyman |







Francis M. Lyman, his wife, Susan, their children and her mother. (Taken 1906)

Grant H. Lyman

Waldo W. Lyman

Helen Mar Callister

Francis M. Lyman

Susan D. Lyman

Florence L. Christensen

Helen Lyman Morr

Rudger Clawson Lyman

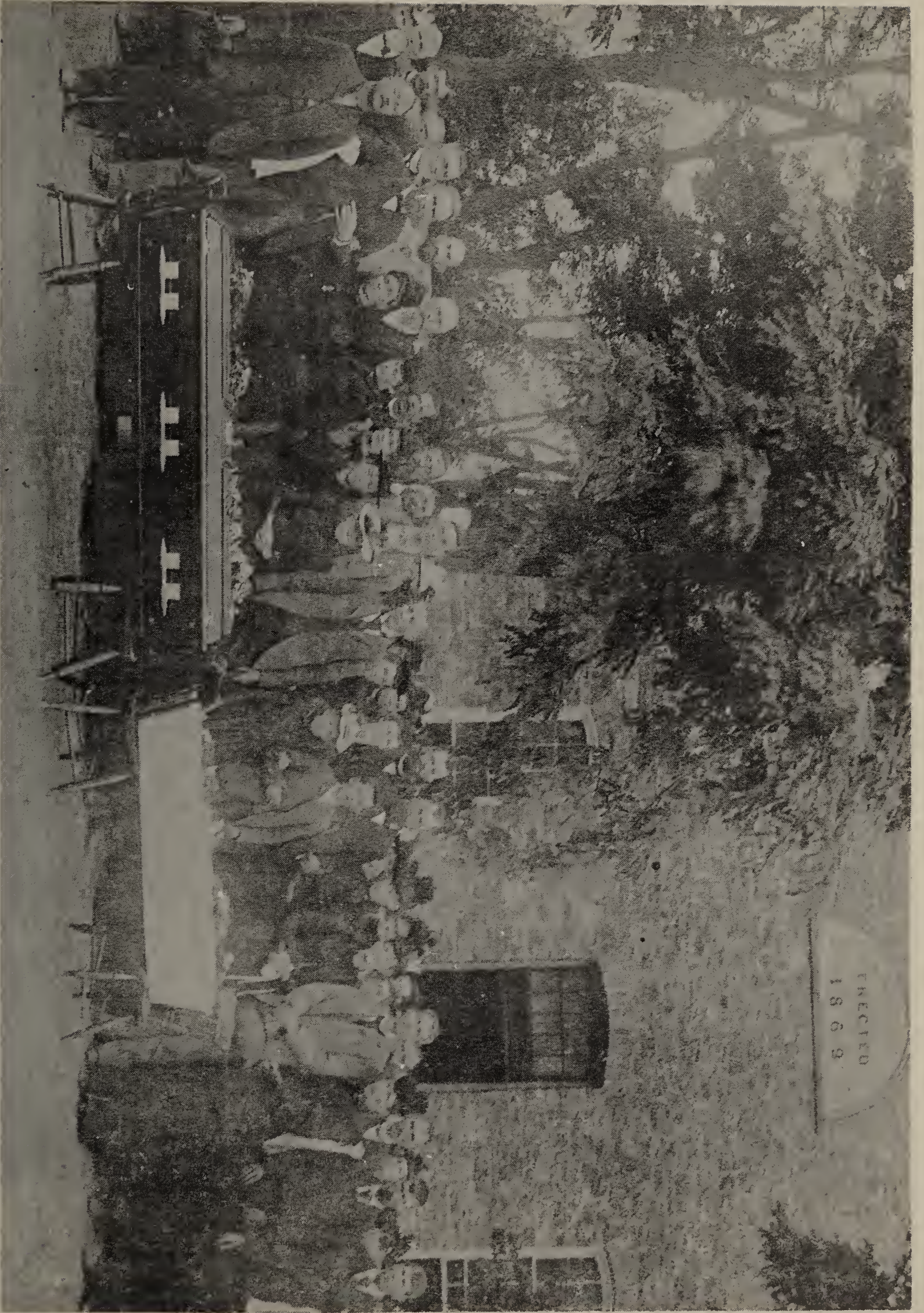


## Funeral picture of Clara Callister Lyman and her son, Don

Numbering the people on or near the front row are the following:

- 1 Lysander Gee, with a white beard
- 2 John Gordon, City Marshall, front row
- 3 Francis Marion Lyman, front row
- 4 Heber J. Grant, a dark beard, second row
- 5 Rhoda A. Lyman (Mrs. Francis M.) front row
- 6 John Henry Smith, white beard, second row
- 7 Mary Lyman Gowans (Mrs. Ephraim G.) front row
- 8 Amy Brown Lyman (Mrs. Richard R.) second row
- 9 Mary Callister Lyman (Mrs. Edward L.) front row
- 10 Richard R. Lyman, second row
- 11 Ida Lyman Anderson (Mrs. Eric H.) front row
- 12 George A. Lyman, front row
- 13 Lois Lyman Dunyon (Mrs. Phares W.) second row
- 14 Amy Lyman Merrill (Mrs. Melvin C.) front row
- 15 Mrs. William H. King (Annie Lyman) second row
- 16 John C. Lyman, front row
- 17 Thomas C. Callister, second row
- 18 Susan Callister Lyman (Mrs. Francis M.) front row
- 19 Edna Lyman Houtz (Mrs. D. D.) front row
- 20 Francis M. Lyman, Jr., in door way, front row
- 21 Alice Lyman McBride (Mrs. Charles R.) front row



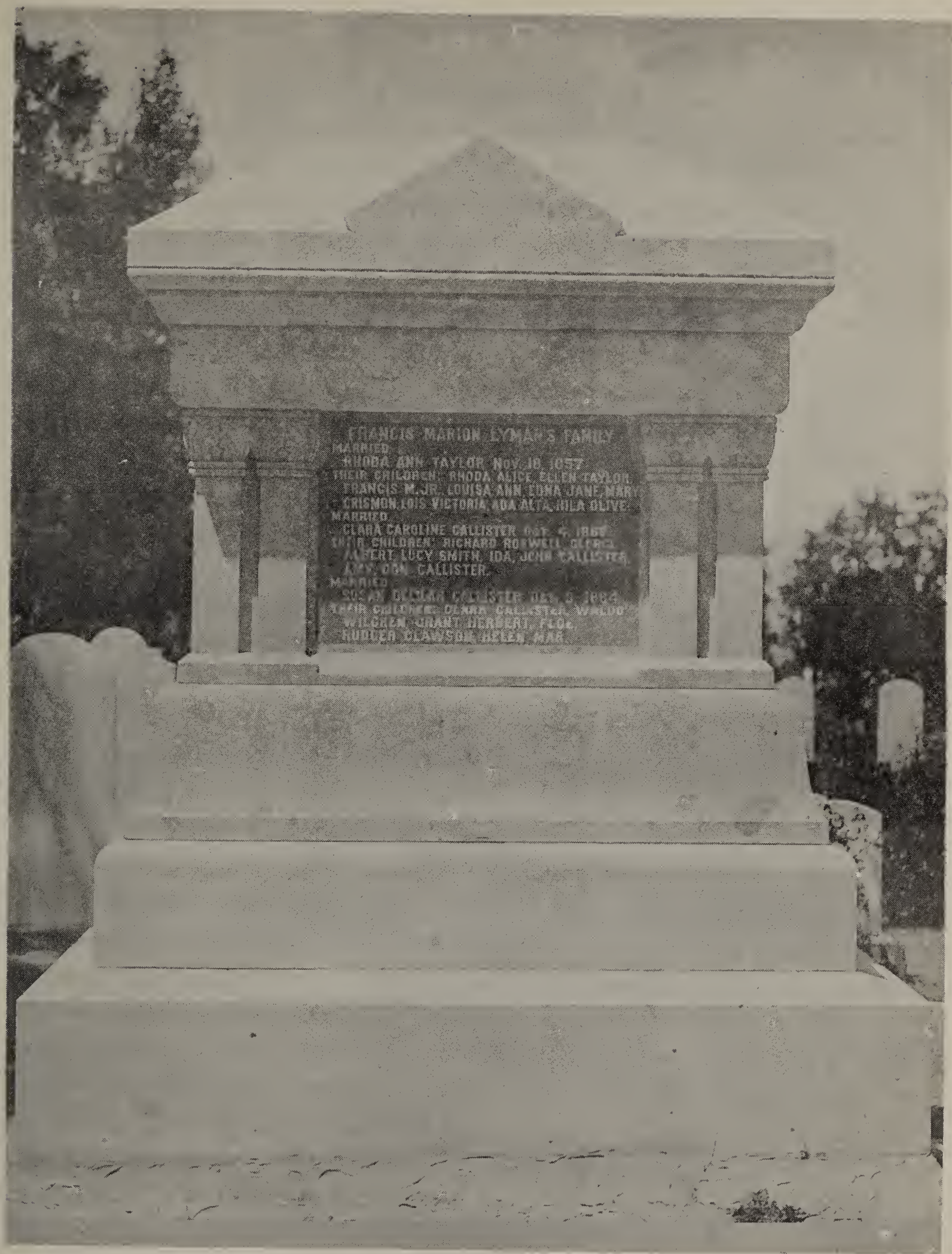


THE CHURCH  
1869









Francis Marion Lyman's Tombstone





the Lord to soften the hearts of their enemies towards them.

What happened there in the next two months was a forcible reminder that "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform," for a deadly feud broke out among the leaders of this anti-Mormon party, and when five of them had suffered violent death, conditions became more bearable.

Traveling on from St. John among the scattered Mormon settlements, Elders Young and Lyman visited the prison at Yuma where two of the Arizona brethren were serving prison terms for plural marriage. One of these brethren was William Flake, Marion's beloved friend and foster-brother of childhood days in San Bernardino. Their meeting there in prison, their embrace, their renewal of cherished friendship and soulful exchange of love and testimony, was a strangely sweet contrast to the hard walls and iron bars around them; yet it was the duress of these barriers and the ignominy for which they stood which enriched the meeting of these friends as it could not have been enriched under less trying circumstances.

From Yuma F. M. and his companion went on into Mexico to examine a tract of land offered to the Church for \$15,000, but the trip, though an interesting log of scenes and events, discovered no place for a retreat. They had a date for meeting with President Taylor and others of the leaders in San Francisco in latter January, and there it was made known to them that warrants had been issued for their arrest, and the officers waited eagerly for their appearance.

A grave situation confronted them--they might escape imprisonment by going into exile, but their first consideration was the welfare of the Church, whatever penalty that policy might bring upon them. After prayerful deliberation, Joseph F. Smith of the First Presidency sailed for Hawaii, Charles W. Penrose went under the name of Williams to England, others of the brethren to other places, but President Taylor, F. M. and the main

body of the Council returned to Utah.

Behind closed shutters in their car in Ogden they prayed for wisdom to evade their enemies while they stayed near enough to the body of the Church to care for and direct it in this perilous time. Though F. M. had been many weeks away, it was quite out of the question for him to think of visiting his folks in Tooele; spotters and spies lay in waiting for him there and along the road, so he took up his abode in an attic chamber of the old Historian's Office on East South Temple Street, a place of discomfort in which he was destined to spend many a weary day and troubled night.

One of the first items of mail to reach him on his return to Utah, was a letter from his son, F. M. Junior, in Germany on a mission, and it related that he had been banished from that country. In commenting on it Marion said, "Mormonism is neither welcome nor safe in the world."

A majority of the Presidency and Quorum had found shelter in and around Salt Lake, and they met by appointment on the "underground", sometimes in the Guardo House, sometimes at the Cannon Farm down on the Jordan and had "wonderful meetings with rich outpourings of the Spirit". Their good will and gratitude to the Lord is reflected in Marion's account where he declares he can never forget their joy of meeting there in exile, and says his heart is overflowing with thanksgiving for the privilege of suffering and working with them for the building up of the kingdom.

He contrived to attend conference in Sanpete and Millard and to visit his Indian mission at Deep Creek. His invincible mules had made their exit from the scene, but he had a team of tough buckskin horses able to travel in high gear for long periods at a stretch, and they dove-tailed admirably into his hurry-up trips between dusk and dawn when it was not advisable for him to be in one place very long at a time.

He kept in close touch with President Taylor and in latter February he wrote, "I am keeping out of the way,



and my heart is bubbling over with joy and gratitude to the Lord for His very remarkable kindness. I will work for the kingdom all I possibly can."

Even under these difficulties he was watching his business and his investments as closely as his limits would permit, resolved, if possible, to prevent poverty from being added to his list of torments. No, poverty must not come just now, "The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and the wind for the present was quite strong enough for F. M. to bear. Driven by the strain, and to make sure he was ready with means for any emergency, "I began," he says, "to follow the example of some of my brethren and borrow money for investing." This step in course of time was to have a most unpleasant reaction, but for the present he had problems aplenty, even though all his business ventures seemed to prosper like a charm.

When it became known he was traveling on the road behind his buckskins, with headquarters at home, he had to retire again to his upper chamber in the Historian's Office, and from here he went at midnight through pitch darkness and driving rain to meet President Taylor and others at the Cannon farm down on the Jordan. There they considered the urgent need for a "City of Refuge," and weighed the reasons for and against trying to establish such a place in Mexico. It was their decision that Marion should venture on a two-weeks trip among the settlements of Southern Utah and then, if nothing had happened to prevent it, he was to explore certain areas in Chihuahua which had been offered at a seemingly attractive price.

Returning safely from the south, and guarding every move like a fugitive from justice, he got by stealth to Tooele where "Aunt" Rhoda and "Aunt" Clara lay sick with overwork and anxiety. This was a rather steep and rocky hill on the trail of his chosen ambition, but he blessed them and kissed them and the children goodbye and turned with firm step towards the distant place of his latest assignment. "Aunt" Susan, at this time was living

very quietly with friends in Salt Lake.

Again under cover of night Francis M. visited President Taylor in his hiding place, and stayed with him till after midnight. "The President blessed me abundantly," he says, "and told me to take the lead in the exploration."

Leaving his beloved leader, F. M. spent the rest of the night copying important documents he had to take with him, and peering from behind his shutters at dawn he saw flags hanging at half-mast, marking it as a day of mourning for the Saints whose leaders had gone or were going into exile. He notes also as the morning advanced, the enemies of the people compelled many of them to raise their flags; and he says too, that John Henry Smith, one of the Quorum, with the officers hot on his trail, was being urged by his family to get out of the way before he was arrested.

It was only by the most careful strategem that Marion got out of the territory without being apprehended, and at El Paso he met George Teasdale, of the Quorum, with the report that the governor of Chihuahua had issued an expelling order to the Mormons in his state. Of the hundred that had been living there, fifty had come out and the others were being robbed and imposed on.

In spite of this, Mexico offered some necessary advantages which were denied in the United States, and in company with Brother Teasdale and others, F. M. made a long and thrilling journey into the wild mountain country of Chihuahua, and then went to the City of Mexico where he met, by appointment, a Señor Campo, and listened several weeks in vain for a clear and dependable statement of terms on a tract of land which Campo pretended to own and wanted to sell.

When it appeared that the Señor was a fraud, F. M. started in disgust for Utah, traveling openly as George Benson as far as Provo, contriving to go from there on the "underground" to Salt Lake. But neither on the "underground" nor any other way did he think it wise to visit his folks, but he sent word to them that if they were brought



to testify in court, to tell the truth in every matter. As for himself, he would keep out of the way if he could, and if arrested, he would not dissemble nor compromise in the least.

Moving in the night time as before, he visited President Taylor, who was sick and in close hiding. He blessed the venerable white-haired prophet and was blessed by him in return. The anti-Mormon law had been interpreted to have much more dreadful penalties than at first, and to fall into its clutches was to hazard a sentence of undetermined severity. It was not enough that the law should reach back with ex-post-facto tentacles to matters that were legal before its passage, but every year over which the tentacle had to stretch to the time of the act, could be made a separate offense. Marion saw no reason why the same logic could not make every week an offense, or every day. "This is simply diabolical," he wrote, "but I suppose the more unreasonable and outrageous their practices, the sooner they will fill the cup of their iniquity."

Writing of one of his brethren who had compromised his position when brought to trial and had promised to obey the law, he wrote, "How we are to be pitied when we cannot face bonds and imprisonment, persecution or death for our holy religion. Latter-day Saints must be made of better stuff. O that the Lord will let me die before I cower like a whipped cur and yield to the infernal lash. I would a hundred times rather hear of a good man's death than to hear that he has yielded any principle of the gospel."

His resolution to face the music if he were captured was supplemented by a lesser resolution not to be captured as long as it could honorably be avoided.

\* \* \* \* \*

The need was still very great for some place or city of refuge from unbearable laws, and F. M. was asked to go again to Mexico and see what he could find. Yet, the need of his services at home was such that he could hardly be spared, and they wanted him to delay his time of starting. It would soon be time for the October Conference. President Taylor, prostrate in his exile with hardship and anxiety, could not attend, and President Lorenzo Snow would be detained in his retreat for the same reason. Furthermore, the conference could not be held in its usual place, Salt Lake City, because of the persecutors of the Saints, but was to be held in Logan.

Guards had been placed on the roads and the bridges between Salt Lake and Logan to surprise and apprehend men from the "underground" who expected to attend conference in safety because of the change of place. Traveling by train was quite out of the question for F. M., so he started at nine in a closed buggy for the north, fully aware of men patrolling the road with warrants for his arrest. He felt that under the circumstances his attendance at the conference was imperative, and he cherished a comforting assurance that he would go without being molested. Just how that kind of a trip was accomplished he did not know, though to his harking susceptibilities there came in the dark stillness of the night an urge to detour from the main road at a certain point, and at another place to wait a while before going on.

Having attended the conference successfully, and still enjoying pleasant assurance of immunity from immediate arrest, although officers had been present at the conference meetings waiting to contact him, it was decided he should delay his departure yet long enough to attend conference at Juab and Millard for the sake of business long neglected. To reach these places he made bold to ride on the train where he not only saw the deputy marshals, but he sat with them and talked in a friendly way, and they made no offer to detain him when they parted.



This temporary immunity was received with soulful gratitude and he wrote, "The Lord has sanctified to us our distresses."

He was ready now to start for Mexico but he felt no liberty to travel openly and went by stealth under the name of George Benson. After visiting among the stakes and wards of Arizona he went exploring again in the mountains of Chihuahua and returned to Utah late in December.

Matters had grown worse while he was away, and his keen intuitions told him that he could escape arrest only by the most careful vigilance. He had reached Salt Lake without being seen by any but his immediate friends. His enemies thought him still in Mexico, and the longer they could be kept to think that way, the better.

Traveling in the night time he went to Tooele and housed up in one of his upper rooms. His presence there was not known even to his younger children---he even denied himself the pleasure of sitting at the table with the family at the New Years dinner, but had his wife bring his portion on a tray to his room. When one of his little girls had to have a tooth removed, they blindfolded her and took her to the dentist, and she had no idea that the dentist was her father.

Marion's business affairs were still prospering, his sheep and other investments doing fine, and he began at once to devour some of the treasured volumes from which duty had called him away. While he studied and saw no better way to spend the time, his enemies became more bold and vociferous every day. On the nineteenth of January a grand jury indicted him on five counts and ordered that his family be subpoenaed to appear against him; they found President Lorenzo Snow and sent him to prison; they searched the Guardo House, the Tithing Office and the Church Historian's Office where F. M. had been wont to hide.

And then, right into the Lyman home in Tooele came the officers, no fireside shrine too sacred for their invading feet, but it never once entered the ragged fringe

of their imagination that Francis M. Lyman, himself sat in the adjoining room listening to all they had to say. They subpoenaed the family to appear as witnesses against their husband and father when needed, and went away without casting one suspicious glance at the door which would have disclosed the chief prize of their hunt.

When the deputies had gone, F. M. came out to wield the magic of his perfect composure on the disturbed feelings of his household, especially to soothe his aged mother who was much upset by the bold intrusion. He was noted for the saying, "Great men never get mad," and he cherished some such sentiment about any undue fear or excitement.

Following his impressions after this close call, Francis M. accepted the invitation of his close friend, Heber J. Grant and took up his abode for a while with Brother H. A. Wooley, in Salt Lake. From the natural point of view, the outlook for the Church was dark indeed as President Taylor met in exile with a few of the leaders to deliberate on what course to take. Some of their number were in prison, some in distant countries, and the responsibility of meeting the big problems devolved on the few who had succeeded in remaining near home.

The most disturbing thing claiming their attention was the ugly threat of the latest Edmunds Bill proposing to repeal the charter of the Church and confiscate the tithes and offerings of its worshippers. The bill had already passed the senate, but it was so unquestionably contrary to the Constitution that the brethren had hopes it would fail to pass, and they prayed fervently that it would not become a law. Some of the leading statesmen of the nation had declared against the bill as not in keeping with the nation's fundamental charter, but the prevailing sentiment was too strong to be checked; the bill became law, and agents came to take over the property of the Church.

These receiving agents failed to seize at once all the holdings of the Church as its enemies had eagerly anticipated. One reason for the delay was that the process



called for patience and skill to ferret out the property and determine whether and how much it was subject to the order of seizure. Another reason for the delay was that it called for unusual callous of heart to take the sacred shrines and appropriate the consecrated offerings of hundreds of hard-toiling communities. Some men recoiled from putting their hands to any such unholy business, and it was generously (?) proposed that certain values be retained for the relief of the poor and, to screen the blush of shame a little more, it was proposed that the values taken be used to endow schools and colleges.

In spite of all this generosity, the Church was robbed of its hard-earned and much needed revenue, and the people mourned. "The enemy is crowding upon us as hard as it possibly can," Marion wrote in his journal, "and inventing all the time more ways of making trouble. The clouds seem to thicken around the Latter-day Saints, yet we are firm in our convictions."

When he was told that his enemies had charges against him that would cost him two and a half years in prison and \$1,500 fine, he answered, "That is enough to pay me to keep out of the way," and he renewed his resolution not to be found.

The deputies made a surprise raid on the homes of six leading men in one night, determined to find President Taylor and his counselor, George Q. Cannon, but succeeded in finding only the Cannon family whom they subpoenaed to appear when needed. After the disappointment of this effort, they exulted loudly when they arrested President Cannon somewhere in Nevada, and as Marion related, "brought him in under a guard of U. S. troops, a bold outrage!"

In later February Marion's near and beloved neighbors, Brothers Gowans and Lee were arrested, fined \$300 each and sent to prison. The danger was coming near, it was a trying moment, not so much for the increased perils to him, but it had struck these dear friends, both of them hardworking men with very limited resources. And a few days later word came that the govern-

ment had refused to pay the expenses of the territorial legislature. "This is one more step in the program of crushing out Mormonism," wrote F. M. in his account of it.

He hid ten weeks in Salt Lake, sometimes watching his pursuers from a dark window, and on the first of April he started under cover of night in a horse-drawn conveyance for Tooele, thirty miles away. It turned out to be an experience he could never forget: snow and wind and pitch darkness in which he and his faithful son-in-law, Charles McBride, lost their way a number of times, and felt chilled to the bone when loved ones welcomed him quietly back in the early morning to his self-appointed prison.

No other man in Tooele but McBride knew of the exile's return, and settling down with gratitude for the opportunity to study, he spent five months on volumes of science, history, religion, law and literature. "I do not know how to be thankful enough to the Lord for His goodness to me," he wrote, "I quite enjoy my labors and am not at all homesick nor lonesome."

When the officers arrested his three neighbors: Warburten, Lindberg and Dunn, he watched them from his window as they drove away with their captives for Salt Lake. Later they arrested Brother Tate, whom they handcuffed and otherwise treated with undue severity as if he were a bad man instead of the mild inoffensive person he was known to be. This was the disappointed expression of their wrath which had been kept warm for men like F. M. Lyman and others not reachable, and apparently hiding in Mexico or elsewhere far away.

F. M. determined to keep them thinking he was in Mexico, and he allowed himself no permission to put his foot outside the door in the day time, nor to venture from his room without definite signal that the coast was clear. When his son Junior returned from a three-years mission in Germany, he gave himself no latitude to take any part in the reception ceremonies; and when "Aunt" Clara's son Don was born, at his other home in Tooele, he sent the



mother his blessings but remained faithfully in his cell.

He had been home four months without the children knowing he was in the house, and then, when "Aunt" Rhoda relaxed her vigilance in a busy moment, two of the little girls dashed through an open door to a great surprise and delightful thrill at finding their father. He too was surprised, but he suspended his prison discipline and gathered them in his arms, kissing them as he had longed to do while listening these many months without freedom to speak, and they kept the fact of his presence there a sacred trust as long as he stayed. Quiet reigned in the closed chamber of his study, and prosperity prevailed as yet in his business. "We are a happy family," he wrote, "we have our unpleasant experiences, but on the whole we have more than most families to be thankful for, and my heart is full of joy and gratitude to the Lord."

About the last of August he was called to do what he could for the persecuted Saints in Idaho, to investigate and advise them in their political perplexities that they might retain their rights if possible. Night travel had become so much the rule with "underground" people that it was sometimes less safe than broad light of day, and the trip to the north abounded with many thrills and hazards. Every day brought its difficulties to be overcome and its deliverances for which to be thankful.

Keeping under cover in northern Utah and southern Idaho, F. M. did what he could under tremendous handicaps, being compelled often to "lie low" a long time in waiting, or to get hurriedly to other shelter, and he returned on the first of November to Salt Lake where, though many Church matters called loudly for attention, it was quite impossible to attend them without taking unwise risks, and after two weeks the president advised him to return home.

Again the trip over the thirty miles was in midnight and storm, wandering wearily in darkness, retracing the buggy-tracks through the drifts while his dutiful son-in-law waded ahead in the snow to find the way. Reaching home before dawn, he chilled for hours before

getting warm, but he settled down again to study in close confinement, ordered a full encyclopedia nailing the benefits of his opportunity. Reviewing the year '86, he called it the best year of his life, more in particular because of his chance to study and to be with his family.

\* \* \* \* \*

What had become of Brother Francis M. Lyman? In the wards and stakes where he had been wont to visit frequently, he had not been seen nor definitely heard from for a long time. Some evil genius with the passion to answer such questions, declared that F. M. Lyman had been found guilty of drunkenness and adultery and had apostatized. When some one brought this report to Wilford Woodruff he answered, "I might believe the report of a general earthquake, but the report that Francis M. Lyman is guilty of drunkenness and adultery, never, no never! That is something that can never be truthfully reported in heaven, on earth, or in hell."

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As already pointed out, it was the "segregation of cohabitation cases", that is, the stretching of the law to make an offense of each separate year, that impelled F. M. Lyman to take no unnecessary chances of being caught, and he was therefore much interested in the report that the Supreme Court had reversed the decision of the Territorial Court on this point. "That," he wrote, "relieves me of at least two years imprisonment, at least \$1,200 fine and \$400 in costs."

With a more reasonable limit set to what he might have to meet in case of being caught, he resolved at once, for the crying need of the Church, to travel again among the stakes even though it involved some risk. Venturing out on the first of April, 1887, he went to Idaho and then south. On May 29th, in St. George, he wrote, "This is the first time I have attended a meeting and spoken and



partaken of the sacrament since December, 1884 in St. David, Arizona, two and a half years in exile."

He went on into Arizona and New Mexico. It was spring time and glorious to be free in the big out-doors of fresh air and sunshine. All through the month of June and nearly to the end of July he traveled among the scattered settlements, but while he and his co-laborers enjoyed this respite from confinement, President Taylor, still in hiding, lay prostrate and helpless from overstrain and anxiety.

Near the end of July a telegram from Wilford Woodruff said, "Come at once," adding that the president was very low. At this time Marion's companion was John Henry Smith, of the Quorum, and though they had not ventured to ride openly on the train, they now shaved their beards, each one retaining a mustache and a goatee, dressed in jumper and overalls as engineers, and made the trip by rail through New Mexico and Colorado to Utah. They were taken for twin brothers and had pleasant meetings with interesting people, but no one recognized them nor suspected them of being Apostles of the Mormon Church.

Before reaching Utah they read of the President's death, but tried still to be in time for the funeral. At Spanish Fork they left the station on a load of posts, and helpful friends got them to Salt Lake City by August first, four days too late for the funeral of the beloved leader. The attitude and activities of the enemies of the Church still made it a distressed situation, in spite of the modifying influence of the Supreme Court ruling.

Joseph F. Smith, the third member of the First Presidency, had returned from Hawaii, Lorenzo Snow had been released from prison, and with other members having returned from abroad, the meeting of these laborers in affliction was sweet with mutual sympathy and thanksgiving. They deliberated on what to do for the relief of the Church with much of its already-inadequate property confiscated, but a matter still more perplexing held their attention: the recent passage of the Edmunds-Tucker Bill. With this new leverage of torment in their

eager hands the enemies of the Church had become bold and exultant with plans for new and alarming depredation. The new law threatened to result in the seizure of all Church buildings and offices.

F. M. succeeded in visiting Sanpete to audit the books of the Manti Temple, and he made other trips north and south, but he had to resist the lure of home till in September, and then his visit was very short. He held to his chamber over the Historian's Office, considering it unwise to attend the general conference in October.

Being cooped up in his attic, even with his books, was to be endured patiently only when there was no alternative, and having long wished to go east in the interest of genealogical research, this being part of the responsibility of his father's charge, he planned now to make that visit accompanied by his mother, who wished to see dear friends and kinsmen from whom she had been separated fifty years. Besides contacting his kinsmen he would visit places important in early Church history, and stay away till the storm blew over.

Notwithstanding his careful stratagem for dodging safely out of the territory, it was only by a margin of minutes that he escaped waiting officers, and word followed him that the storm instead of blowing over, increased in fury. In latter November, after visiting Kirtland, Cumorah and other points he writes, "I received a letter from W. C. Spence telling me of the operations of the Receiver of Church property, Marshall Dyer. He had taken possession of the president's office, the Guardo House, the Historian's Office, the Tithing Office and everything pertaining to it and had demanded the temple block."

When he returned to Utah in the middle of December, as if making his way past the sentry of a hostile camp, he had his son meet him with a team in Summit County, and with many precautions they proceeded down Weber Canyon to Farmington, and watched their chance to slip unseen into Salt Lake. He laments that on his arrival he found his "people trampled upon by their enemies."



Although the Guardo House had been confiscated it was still used by the Church, and F. M. took refuge there till about Christmas time. He ventured carefully home over the road where he had twice been lost in the night and the storm. Having seen little of home since July, it was a joyful meeting, and his vigilant friends sounded no alarm while he rested there on Christmas Day, but on the twenty-sixth, an officer appeared in town, and F. M. repaired to the home of Brother Cramer, expecting his home to be searched.

His return home from Cramer's was but for a short, uncertain stay, and when he was ready to start for some indefinite hiding place to be gone an indefinite length of time, he wrote, "This is my forty-eighth birthday. My heart is full of gratitude to my Heavenly Father for all His mercies and blessings so abundantly bestowed upon me, in bringing me along in His Church and kingdom to see this day." He thanked the Lord for his family, for his prospects, his standing with his brethren, his opportunity to study so much in the last two years, and for his privilege to build up Zion. "I pray God to deliver me from my enemies, and especially from the power of Satan. \* \* \* I pray for the triumph of righteousness on earth and for the redemption of Zion."

Late in February he succeeded in getting home unseen, but next day a message came from the brethren in Salt Lake urging him to come at once; the Church with its offices in the hands of its enemies, was facing a difficult problem, some intervals of which became very acute. It was not enough that these leading men fasted and prayed at stated times, but they had to exert all their powers of wisdom and judgment, to study it out in their minds until they found the thing of which the Spirit approved.

Hiding twenty-four hours a day became painfully monotonous, and sometimes they had a social party at the Cannon farm down on the Jordan, and once they contrived to attend the theater. "It was a fine play, but we undergrounders in our box could not see it all."

They had to remain in hiding even during confer-

ence time on the sixth of April, appointing certain ones of their number who could to be present. But the law of compensation is very kind, and the hardships of the righteous are sanctified to their comfort; the brethren in hiding held a meeting: "We spent two hours together and President Woodruff announced that the Lord was with us and accepted us as His chosen servants. It was one of the most wonderful meetings I ever attended."

The big problem confronting them now, a problem overshadowing in importance all individual welfare, was a way, in the face of these difficulties and confiscating orders, to dedicate the Manti Temple. It was not only to escape arrest while appearing at the ceremonies, but to keep the holy house from falling into the defiling hands of their enemies.

The date of the dedication, May 16-23, had of course to be made public so the Saints could know and attend, and the deputies would not fail to be there looking for the men who had evaded them since the "raid" began. The officers were there, not in the temple, but scrutinizing the crowds that went in and came out, and attendance was not safe for men of the "underground".

All the same Francis M. attended, and he felt impressed to appear in full sight of the great gathering, enjoying a peculiar assurance that he would not be molested. Of the meetings on the first day of the dedication he says, "This was one of the most joyful days of my life. I thank the Lord for this privilege and trust that I may ever be worthy of His favor. The love of the brethren for each other seemed to be perfect."

He relaxed there from the strain of his exile while he met with dear friends whom he had not seen since the "raid" began. He met there with "Aunt" Susan, whom he had not seen for more than a year.

After telling of the unmistakable spiritual influences felt there by the multitude of worshipers, relating their fervent testimonies, their love, their good will, and the heavenly things they saw and heard, he calls it "the most impressive and the most important since the dedica-



tion of the Kirtland Temple. \* \* \* \* I never before felt so plainly the power of the Holy Ghost. The heart of every Saint was convinced beyond a doubt that the dedication was acceptable to the Lord, that He has placed His name upon it and has sanctified the hill on which it stands, that it may remain a holy hill in Zion. We are abundantly rewarded for all that we have done and suffered in the service of our God. "

His remarkable immunity from arrest did not extend to all the exiles who had come out of hiding for this important event, for many of them were taken into custody, and his friends warned him that the deputies stood in waiting, determined he should not dodge them any longer. They came to the gate in front of the house where he stayed, and walked back and forth while he watched them from the window, but they didn't offer to come in through the gate, and he waited patiently till they went away.

After staying till late in June to help start the work in the holy house, he found his brethren of the Council still wrestling with the vexed problem of keeping the new temple and other sacred places from the reaching tentacles of the confiscation process.

During the latter part of his exile, the complexion of his finances changed rapidly: his sheep herd was melting away, and his heavy interests in certain other enterprises threatened to become liabilities instead of assets. It became a matter of growing concern, but having recognized that the "raid" had left the people of the Church very much as sheep without a shepherd, and having resolved to help them in spite of the risk involved, he held firmly to that resolution.

He preached openly in Grantsville where he had not been seen for three years. He attended conference and did some important reorganizing in Uintah. He appeared first in one stake and then in another while the perplexed officers arrived where he had very recently been, but somehow were always too far behind him to make the intended arrest. By following his impressions and listening to the warnings of his vigilant friends, he

carried on safely among the stakes and wards till the latter end of September, and when to all appearances his exasperated pursuers were about to catch up with him, he was called to attend some business in Canada, and his stay was so long that they lost not only his trail but some of their feverish eagerness to follow it.

His long stay in the north was not in the interest of his own safety, but to adjust certain business affairs into which the Church was quite extensively interested. More important still, he was there to see what the Canadian government would do to the disfranchised and outlawed members of the Church in the United States if they should come to Canada. He went to Winnepeg and on to Ottawa asking certain water and land rights for the Saints in the province of Alberta. When he called attention to the superior quality of the Saints as colonizers and citizens, and asked if their exiles would be welcomed in Canada, he was told that if they would discard their plural wives, as the popular world discards its plural women, and if they would refuse to recognize their polygamous children, they would be welcome, otherwise they could not be offered more than in the United States.

F. M. knew that his return to Utah would be the signal to a string of deputy marshals to compete for his capture, which they would be rather sure to accomplish unless he went into close hiding as he had before. Now that their assumed powers of limitless penalty had been curtailed by the decision of the Supreme Court, if he would add to that advantage the consideration to be gained by giving himself up, he could get through with lesser punishment than any which had faced him since the raid began. With this consideration President Cannon had already surrendered and was doing time in the penitentiary, and every thing considered, this seemed to F. M. the wise course for him to take.

He reached Salt Lake on the 11th of December, and in spite of the protests of his friends, he went next day and gave himself up in court where the indictment against him was read and he was put under \$1,500 bonds to appear



at a later date. "I then went out a free man," he says, "all but my bonds."

With permission now for a few days to go where he pleased in broad daylight, he called on neglected friends, visited in Millard as far south as Kanosh, had a joyful family re-union at Christmas time and celebrated his forty-ninth birthday. The people of Tooele not only joined with him and his family in this celebration, but voted to have it for a town holiday in the future.

On the 14th of January he appeared in court as promised, with his family, where the nature of his charge was reviewed, and as a malefactor he was ordered to stand while sentence was pronounced upon him. In consideration of his having surrendered to the law, his fine was only \$200 and his term of imprisonment, eighty-five days. His family went with him to the penitentiary and bade him good-bye at the big iron gate.

The word penitentiary suggests a place where wrongdoers, confined in their cells, grow thoughtful and penitent as they contemplate the foolish course which has deprived them of their liberty. F. M. took account of the iron bars of his cage, "not enough wood in it all to make a tooth-pick," and to such surroundings, dure and cheerless, he could not fail to have positive and prompt reactions, but not with any regrets or repining. This was just one of the ugly shapes that had loomed up before him during three years of exile. He had lived it in anticipation, and had accepted it as a matter vital to his great purpose. And that purpose was so splendid, so glorious as he looked forward to it, that this prison and worse things still could be but of small moment in comparison, just little rough places in the trail leading to the grand mountain-top.

Writing his first reactions to prison life he said, "Everything was new and strange. I was awkward, and yet I felt as easy as possible. I was assigned to a cell all to myself along side of Brother George Q. Cannon. Warden Pratt kindly allowed me to have a cot, a mattress, sheets, and pillows with two pairs of gray blankets. My

cell, five by seven feet in width and length and seven feet high, was small, but it made me a cozy living room. \* \* \* \* Brother Thomas R. Cutler gave me a candle and matches, and I was locked in my cell at six p. m. and spent two and a half hours studying my little work on punctuation. At eight-thirty I put out my light and for the first time in my life retired to rest on a good bed behind prison bars. "

Besides his beloved senior officer, George Q. Cannon, he met there 265 other men who like himself, were there for conscience sake, and they formed friendships never to be forgotten. He was the five hundred sixty first Latter-day Saint to be brought there for plural marriage.

One of the chief features of prison discipline is to impress men with the fact that they are no longer free, but captives who must conform to arbitrary rules. F. M. admitted it was difficult to adjust to the exacting requirements, yet he wanted to obey all the rules, and when they failed to give him stripes to wear, the same as his two-hundred sixty five brethren, he asked that they be given him. They had no suit big enough, all they could supply was a striped cap which he wore with a relish.

When he entered the prison he was limited, as desperados are supposed to be, to a wooden knife and fork with which to eat his meals, but later, when one of the inmates had a bad tooth which none of the regular force could remove, and F. M. volunteered and removed it with comparative ease, he was allowed from that time on to have his whole dental kit in the cell with him, and to use it frequently to good advantage.

He believed the commandment, "When you are imprisoned for righteousness sake, rejoice and be exceeding glad," and taking this view of it he wrote at the end of the first three weeks, "My health is fine, and I am as happy as a lark." It is not to be supposed this was all spontaneous, no cross to bear, no resolute self-discipline, no trying moments. As a human being he had mental pictures of his property melting away and the humiliating straits to which it might bring him. He had visions of the



children at home with whom he could spend such a little time. When one of his daughters came to the prison to see him and found him wearing that striped cap, she was startled and wept.

But of far greater importance to him than his own distracted affairs, were the affairs of the Church, stripped of its means and facing bankruptcy. The fortunes of the Church were his own fortunes for he had dedicated to it his time, his talents, and his life.

Game as he was to rejoice for everything good that this prison experience imposed, he had not gone in there a day earlier than necessity compelled, and he would not stay an hour after he was free to leave. His eighty five days were finished on the eighth of April, 1889, and he went promptly out to waiting friends, and a reception of welcome given by the town of Tooele.

\* \* \* \* \*

For more about the practice of polygamy and the federal laws concerning it, see Appendix I. A detailed account is given in A Comprehensive History of the Church, Volume VI.

He had terminated three years of exile by serving a term in prison, and he was faced now with the difficult problem of maintaining his freedom without compromising his standards. His finances had suffered a pronounced setback; he had lost \$10,000 in the sheep business, and some of his other investments had slumped alarmingly. He was still more than \$45,000 ahead of his liabilities, according to his survey, but the slump seemed to have set in on his business like certain diseases set in on men, and the breaking point appeared to be but a matter of time.

He might stem this evil tide by giving his affairs his personal attention, but such a thing was not even to be considered. His first concern had been dedicated to the welfare of the Church. The Church, stripped and hated and embarrassed, needed his services now more than at any time since his first call to the ministry, for the wards and stakes, with their leaders in prison or deep in the "underground" were like sheep without a shepherd, long neglected and sorely in need of care.

And what was to be the end of this hateful crusade, instigated as it was to impoverish and cripple the Church? It had already chased down and imprisoned nearly six-hundred of the leading men, and driven still more from their posts of activity. The prospect was of the kind to breed despair in the hearts of the weak and resolution in the minds of the strong. The Saints would be compelled as in the past to make temporary suspension of some of their practices, but they could not forsake any principle even to save their lives.

F. M. resolved to maintain both his honor and his liberty and to devote himself with renewed vigor to the needs of the Church in its distress. He knew that spotters and spies watched him eagerly, and he resolved they should watch in vain. "Aunt" Susan, still with no children, had not attracted the attention of the enemy, but "Aunt" Clara, with her little flock of vigorous individuals, had



been annoyed by the prying gaze of an unfriendly multitude.

To get a home for "Aunt" Clara in some distant state and take her and her children there to live, would be a tremendous undertaking. He would see them even less frequently now, and they would have to fight alone many of the battles with which he now gave his help. All the same, the sternness of the emergency demanded that they move; in no other way could they maintain their standard. After all they were partners with him in his immortal enterprise, and they must be resolute to stand on their own feet and be worthy of sharing in the rewards of his achievements.

"Aunt" Clara's health, already much impaired by strain and anxiety, seemed to inspire her with the presentiment that this long journey would be one of her last contributions to the big objective, and that she would not return. She went none the less cheerfully and faced the exhausting ordeal of getting located in an unfinished home to suffer cold and discomfort before it could be completed, and she was prostrate with over-work and exposure before the walls were made to resist the weather.

At that new home in Manassa, Colorado, F. M. stayed with them as long as he could, and saw the wife and mother recuperating before he departed for his work extending over five states, all to be visited before the end of the year. Matters neglected since the "raid" began, awaited the attention of the Quorum representatives. F. M. and some others had gained freedom for the present by going to prison, but arrests were still being made, the enemies of the Church still plotted, prosecuted, and contrived to get hold of all the property of the wards and stakes while bishops and presidents, driven into hiding had to leave their flocks to the fury of these wolves.

The Quorum and the First Presidency, meeting often in solemn council, appointed the twenty-third of December as a day for the Saints to fast and pray for relief from their persecutors. This petition, to be granted in due time, made no sudden change in distracted state of affairs. With the opening of the new year, the political

machine took on an ugly expression, as the opposing element plotted deeply to steal the election in February, and when the time came, they carried their point in spite of all efforts made to prevent it.

Speaking of it Marion said, "There is no doubt it was gained by the most stupendous fraud." Inspector Robert Bonfield, a detective from Chicago, declared, "The Liberal fraud in Salt Lake City was not just stealing, but highway robbery."

With his liabilities increasing and his assets shrinking every day, F. M. carried forward as before with his work for the kingdom--southward through Sanpete and Sevier to Fredonia, and back by way of Beaver and Millard; eastward to San Louis in Colorado and south to New Mexico, Arizona, Chihuahua, and California. He also had a beaten path northward--Idaho, Wyoming, Montana, and Canada, besides many side trips and frequent calls to places where he had never been before.

In the years while the "raid" kept leading men in exile, differences and quarrels among the Saints grew to be old sores requiring skillful and patient attention for correction. It was not unusual for F. M. and his traveling companions of the Quorum to spend from three days to a week getting one of these unpleasant tangles straightened out. A work requiring not only patience and wise diplomacy, but prayer and faith and love, for the chief problem after all, was to have light prevail over darkness, and bring enemies together as friends. For this work he developed an effective system quite peculiar to himself, which is illustrated in one of his accounts: "We could detect that some of them had been very severe on Brother H---, \* \* \* \* and after half a dozen of them had emptied their stomachs of bile, the Spirit of the Lord took general control, and every one voted freely to sustain the president."

His visits with his folks at Tooele and Manassa were short and infrequent. He called on them when he could, and he took the part of a great, loving older brother with his father's scattered family, hunting them up



and giving them encouragement and good advice whenever it was possible. He made it possible too, by extra efforts and by writing numerous letters, to gather and tabulate a magnificent genealogical record of his father's and his mother's people. With his own property dwindling away since he ventured into the field of borrowing, he made earnest appeal to the Saints to keep out of debt, to live within their means, to pay their tithing and observe the word of wisdom.

\* \* \* \* \*

From the time of his first settlement in Tooele, with its unsanitary supply of culinary water, he had cherished the hope of seeing an iron pipeline installed, and now, in 1890, in spite of other responsibilities and liabilities gathering upon him, he decided the time was ripe to make a move for the system. He expected to encounter a formidable wall of prejudice defended by hardheaded unprogressives, but he looked for no such desperate fight as the one awaiting him, and strange to say, this stiff opposition was put up by the very people whom the system was intended to benefit.

F. M. had at the first but a small minority behind him, and among his opposers, some declared they would clog the pipelines if ever they were laid. It was imperative that the water owners be persuaded to allow the use of the water in the system, and this began to look quite impossible. He began his campaign for the system in January, keeping it alive by correspondence and by visits when they were possible. By July he had the issue focused on a meeting to be held with all the stockholders in the water, where they were to decide the matter by vote.

He dreaded the outcome and went with prayers and fears to the meeting where the opposition boomed loud at first, but gradually became more tolerant and then a little enthusiastic. To put the thing over the big hump, F. M. had taken a third of the stock himself, amounting to eight thousand three hundred thirty three dollars, and he pled

for it with an earnestness and had to forget his own liabilities and how this investment might serve only to hasten his financial ruin.

By midnight "there were five to one in its favor, \* \* \* \* as soon as the vote was declared, I thanked them and told them they would never regret their action, \* \* \* that brought down a thundering applause. \* \* \* \* My heart went up in gratitude to my Heavenly Father for the result of the meeting for I had prayed most fervently and my soul had been troubled lest the people should decide against us. I felt that my prayers were answered, and none but the Lord could change the stubbornness in the hearts of the men who had been won over to favor us. I was so rejoiced that I could sleep but little that night. "

The system jumped quickly from twenty to seventy patrons, and it was conceded to be the most progressive step ever taken in Tooele. It endeared F. M. still more to the people for whom he had made so many fights, and it was to him a source of solid satisfaction every time he came to his home town.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Saints fast and pray for relief, they look diligently about them for some way to combine works with their faith; so far, in spite of all their petitions, their persecutors had become more aggressive against them, arresting and imprisoning at an increasing rate and exercising authority with a high hand. The Presidency and the Quorum met in earnest council to consider what steps could be taken. The people of the Church were being robbed and proscribed collectively, and fined and imprisoned individually; their rights as citizens had been grossly invaded, and they were being impoverished and crushed.

It was a crisis, calling for measures new and extreme. Such measures for the Latter-day Saints would have to come from the head of the Church, and men without faith to follow their leader would follow their own imagination and be lost. In the face of this crisis, new poli-



cies were announced along three lines. The first of these might seem to promise but indirect relief to the emergency, yet it was vital if for no other reason than that it involved the principle of obedience only by which the Church could hope for deliverance. It was the advice of President Woodruff to the Saints to give full support to the sugar industry which was trying to make a beginning in Utah. To Marion's mind the sugar industry was not a safe venture, and he had not been in sympathy with it, but he did understand clearly the principle of obedience, and the safety of following the men appointed of the Lord to lead. Therefore, when it became his duty to preach the sugar industry in his travels, he adhered to principles of safety and urged the people to follow the President's counsel.

The second one of the three measures suggested for meeting the crisis, was something that would try the faith and integrity of the Saints in a new way, and unless they were firmly poised on principles of truth, it would estrange them one from another, embitter them against their leaders, and cause their downfall. This second item was the advice to the Saints to abandon their People's Party and divide on popular political lines. A "Church Party" might have a tendency to antagonize nonmembers to unite in an opposition party and for this and other obvious reasons, the advice was given to divide.

This proved to be a hard thing for many of the people to accept, and more difficult still for them to live successfully. F. M. found himself in full accord with this second proposition, and after making a careful study of the political issues, aligned himself with the party to which he held faithfully ever after, trying by his consistent course to show how it should be done.

The third essential change for the crisis, was the most trying of all, a matter over which some people continued to stumble till they fell. It is known as the Manifesto, being the advice of President Woodruff to the Saints to refrain from contracting any marriage forbidden by the law of the land. F. M. was not present when this announce-

ment was made, and he heard it first from the anti-Mormon Ministerial Association, but he accepted it at once. "It is a statement of conditions as they are," he wrote, having already seen that though the practice was not in violation of any law when the Saints began it, it had now become unlawful by an act of Congress, and the decision had been sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States, placing the Church in an impossible position, since the Church had been commanded by revelation to observe constitutional laws. (See Appendix I, also A Comprehensive History of the Church, Vol. VI)

The Manifesto did not advise nor even suggest that men should repudiate family ties already existing, and Francis M. had no intention, and no thought of clinging less faithfully to his wives and children than he had done before. They were all his own, one wife none the less dear because of the other two, any more than one child was less dear because of the other fifteen. Under tremendous difficulty he clung to them as before, visiting them when he could with the words of counsel and encouragement that his love inspired.

"Aunt" Clara with her children in distant Manassa was relieved to a degree from the curious and accusing stare of her persecutors, but "Aunt" Susan, living still incognito with friends in Salt Lake, had to be a very wise and discreet woman to keep her connection with the family a secret. This was comparatively easy while she had herself only to account for, but the responsibility of motherhood imposed upon her increased conditions of peril. To be helpless and in hiding and give listening spotters and spies nothing to see or hear, required a superior diplomacy. It called also for courage and faith to carry on with poise and fortitude when her infant son died there in the guarded confines of her exile and she was not able to follow the little body to its resting place. Also it left a hurt in her heart to know that the burial was made without any ceremony and with intent to attract no attention, and that the marker over the little grave could not bear the dear name they had given him. Yet this was but one



of the agonized places in the pathway she had chosen to follow with Francis M. Lyman and his companions; their cherished hopes and ideals were dear to her, and she must be firm and unfaltering in all the soul-stirring ordeals they would have to meet.

\* \* \* \* \*

In spite of the poverty of the Church, with much of its property still held from it by the government, the First Presidency and the Quorum felt a sacred and pressing obligation to complete the long-delayed Salt Lake Temple. They hoped now, after having given up their political party and divided on the two popular lines, and after having suspended the solemnizing of further plural marriages, their sorely-needed property would be returned, at least in part, though they had no hope of ever receiving it in full, since it had been melting away since the day of its seizure.

The Presidency and Quorum considered carefully an apparent offer to return \$400,000, but it was a question whether the intention was really to return it, or by a searching and spiteful inquisition to humiliate the leaders of the Church and saddle them with blame for it being retained indefinitely. The opposition figured exultantly that they had wrung the Manifesto from the Church, yet it went no further than to advise against more plural marriages, and that was not enough. They knew that every red-blooded Mormon would cling to his wife and children as to his life, and they wanted to advertise this intention in court and use it as a pretext for further aggression. Their idea was to have every polygamous mother and her children discarded according to the popular style on which the Canadian government told F. M. the Mormons would be welcomed to that country.

Speaking of this proposed inquisition before the Master in Chancery, Marion said, "I would rather let the \$400,000 go entirely than for us to be humiliated to the dust and then not get it." His idea of a big chance

for humiliation and a small chance for the return of the property is not contradicted by the fact that the property continued to melt away two years more before an order was signed by the president of the United States for the \$300,000 to be returned to the Church.

But whether that property was returned soon or never, the Salt Lake Temple was to be completed; its completion had been predicted and nothing would stop it. In the April conference in 1892, President Woodruff proposed to the Saints assembled that they have the sacred building ready to dedicate a year from that time, or just forty years from the laying of the foundation, and the great congregation approved with a thundering, "Aye!"

It meant a staggering outlay of cash, and a tremendous exertion for an impoverished people, but they had what is more than cash, and that is the will to do the job. F. M., free from any cramping memory of his diminishing revenues, headed a subscription list with a promise to deliver \$1,000 in ten days, and answering the call for more means as the strenuous year's work progressed, he gave about that much again. His free giving added force to his appeal for the temple all over the Church, and the big work went forward without hindrance.

To Francis M. Lyman, as to many faithful toilers in the Church, the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple was the joyous consummation of a sacred romance running through forty eventful years. As a boy thirteen years old, he had witnessed the laying of the corner stone in 1853, and having become more and more closely connected with the workings of the Church, and cherishing a deeper concern for its objectives during each one of those forty seasons, he was keyed to a state of keen susceptibility for the long-promised event.

According to Marion's account, and it is borne out by the fervent testimony of thousands, the dedication was a most wonderful occasion. "After the great shout of "Hosanna!" by the congregation, Presidents Woodruff and Cannon and Smith each spoke with very deep feelings of gratitude to God for this blessed day, and for the union



which had been reached by the presiding quorums and the priesthood generally. It was with tremendous effort that the brethren controlled their feelings sufficiently to speak at all. The house was filled with the power and presence of God; and there was not one eye in all the assembly that was not filled more than once with tears. Every heart, that was not stone, was pierced with the witness that God our eternal Father has graciously accepted the temple as His holy house, an offering from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. O the eternal joy of that occasion! It can never be forgotten--a foretaste of heaven!"

Seemingly from an opposite source there was an angry protest to this unusual demonstration for "during our first meeting today, the wind rose to a speed of terror never known before in Utah. Many houses were blown down and much other damage done."

The services lasted nineteen days; people came in throngs from all over Mormondom. Many testified of seeing miraculous things, and some of them recognized beings from the spirit world. F. M. declared that he heard wonderful music, and that he saw a beautiful light cross the building above the chandeliers.

After the forty-sixth meeting, completing a program in which seventy four thousand had attended, he writes, "This seems to us the most glorious and important conference ever held in the Church in this last dispensation, or in any other dispensation, so far as we know. God's servants were never before so softened in their hearts--never were richer or more precious things handed out to the Saints; God's Spirit was felt by all who came into the sacred precincts of the temple. The Father manifested to us unmistakably that He accepted the temple at our hands as a people. I feel determined from this time forward to do the will of the Father as perfectly as He will enable me to do."

If a lone individual tells an unusual story, it may be discounted on the ground that he was deceived, or that he is eccentric, but multitudes of practical, intelligent people are not eccentric, and do not all suffer a halluci-

nation at the same time. Marion's account is that of thousands of other earnest men and women whose word is unimpeachable.

If we judge a tree to be good because it brings forth good fruit, then the great love inspired among the witnesses of these things makes the source good beyond question. In Marion's daily account of his doings, his contacts and feelings, nothing could be more apparent than his ardent love for the Latter-day Saints in general, and especially for the men with whom he labored and suffered; he spoke of them with tenderness and solicitude, even though he knew their weaknesses and limitations.

Their love for him was equally apparent--love and confidence and respect. At a banquet in March, 1893, to which President Woodruff invited the members of the Quorum and the Presidency, he wrote the place-cards with his own hand, and under Marion's plate he found the greeting:

"Francis M. Lyman: Lift up thy voice, O man of God to all nations; the gift of apostleship and priesthood rest upon thy head, the living and the dead will be saved by it."

(Signed) Wilford Woodruff

\* \* \* \* \*

Up to the year 1891, F. M. took pleasure in declaring his health was "superb", that he felt buoyant and fit and vigorous, but in the fall of '91, as he traveled in an open conveyance from Fillmore to Delta, he encountered a snow-storm, was soaked and chilled and caught a bad cold which turned in to lagrippe. With his vigorous tendency previous to that time to put on weight, he had by sheer will power of missing one or two meals a day, starved himself down from 280 to 248 pounds, but now with this lagrippe which confined him to bed ten days, he was reduced in weight to 233 pounds. That marked the first break in his unusual vitality, and in 1892 he wrote, "I have not seen a well day since I got lagrippe last September."



Added to this, new intensities broke into his already-strenuous life, aggravating the doleful echoes of his sickness, and laying foundation for more serious trouble in the seasons to come. A year from the time he got caught in the storm, and as he was returning from a long trip down by Panguitch to Fredonia and back by St. George and Cedar City, he had reached Beaver and had just sat down to an eagerly-anticipated supper, when a telegram was put in his hand: "Aunt" Clara, in her remote "underground" home, was dangerously sick, not expected to live. The call said "Come at once."

With no heart to touch the inviting spread of food, he hurried away by team to the railroad at Milford. At Salt Lake another message told him "Aunt" Clara was dead, and accompanied by "Aunt" Rhoda he hurried on towards Manassa. At Salida, another wire made known the death of "Aunt" Clara's little son, Don.

This courageous woman had met what she seemed to foresee when she left Utah to go into hiding with her family. Now with her mute lips she bore unchallengable testimony to the divinity of the great principle for which her husband and his three companions had chosen the path of tribulation.

The father brought his motherless children and the two caskets back to Utah. Twenty or more wagons, loaded with sympathizing friends met him at the station in Tooele, attesting by their tears and their words of sympathy, their love for these friends whom they had known through years of affliction. President Joseph F. Smith and others of the brethren attended the funeral, not only to attest their warmth of feeling, but to speak by authority and inspiration the comforting assurance of immortality and eternal life. Of the funeral F. M. said, "President Joseph F. Smith spoke an hour, read from the book of Doctrine and Covenants, and delivered as fine a discourse as I ever listened to."

Francis M. made no effort to express his depth of feelings stirred by that double funeral where his sorrowing children gazed at the two dear faces of mother and

brother, but as the anniversary of that date returned in the following years, he proved how deep the hurt by referring to it again with enough comment and description to show how vividly it remained in his mind. In this parting, as with other trying moments past and future, his spiritual objectives appear splendidly real, and he leans on the strong staff of his philosophy with unfaltering trust.

\* \* \* \* \*

A depressing aftermath followed the glorious dedication of the Salt Lake Temple, not only through hateful reactions of enemies, but because of a general slump in business. The disorder which was shrinking Marion's personal assets, was common in many fields. "The pressure upon the Church is very great just now," he wrote in his journal, "the Lord will have to come to our assistance or we will be driven to bankruptcy."

Zion's Savings Bank and Trust Company could carry on only a week at the rate it was going, and some men wanted to close it at once; it was decided instead to keep its doors open till the last nickel had been handed out. The confiscated property of the Church had not yet been returned, and a number of men, among them F. M. Lyman, had signed their names for what they were worth to make its credit good, and it looked as if the Church, together with its backers would go down in a tremendous crash. At different times in past years when Z. C. M. I. was in a strait, the Church had gone to its assistance, and now Z. C. M. I. came to the rescue of the Church, but the burden was proving too heavy for all of them together, and disaster seemed inevitable. President George Q. Cannon had been sent to ask a loan for the Church from the Bank of England, but "a cablegram from President Cannon in England said he was unsuccessful in getting the money and would return home. This word is very distressing; money matters are very tight, banks and mercantile institutions are going broke on every hand."

That day, August 3rd 1893, the Presidency and



the Twelve, met in special prayer in the temple. "The burden of our prayer was for relief financially so that Zion's Savings Bank and Trust Company and the State Bank would not have to close their doors. We freely acknowledged that there is no human ability that can save these institutions except the Lord guide them."

They listened to President Cannon's report of his failure to get the money in England, and they took solemn account of the dark outlook: the different tottering institutions in which the Church was interested, the sugar factory, the seemingly-unavoidable crash. But into the gloom of their apprehension there came a little glint of hope. "We sang, 'Come Let Us Anew,' and 'God Moves in a Mysterious Way His Wonders to Perform,'" and then we felt much lighter in our spirits."

In the midst of what followed the dedication of the temple, with just the opposite of what that dedication had inspired, F. M. writes, "This morning before I left my bed, I was unusually exercised over the unusual amounts I am owing." He lists two thousand five hundred in one place, one thousand three hundred dollars in another, seven hundred dollars in still another, and so on, piling up in a formidable total. "The possibility of losing all my earthly possessions by endorsing with the Church, troubles me only so far as it may hurt people I am owing, and thus cast a blemish on my good name and credit. I thank the Lord it was all done to uphold the First Presidency and the Church; I rejoice that I have placed it upon the right altar. If it be necessary that I must be sacrificed, I do now and for all time to come acknowledge the hand of the Lord in taking it from me, as freely as I acknowledged His hand in receiving it from Him. 'The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord'."

A ray of hope broke into the gloomy finances of the Church on the 25th of October, 1893, when "President Cleveland signed the bill to return the personal property of the Church, \$300,000. \* \* \* This is a great blessing from the hand of the Lord for He has done it and not men."

However, the darkest financial hour had not yet arrived for F. M. Lyman, and the dread of its uncertainty rivaled all the tortures of its outcome. He considered it calmly, resolutely, prayerfully--nothing estranged him from his chief purpose. He did what he could for these distracted affairs and took up his burden of assignment from his presiding officers to make a six-weeks trip by team down through Sanpete to Fredonia and back by Beaver and Millard. He took with him his beloved friend, Daniel Thompson of Scipio; they left their temporal worries behind them for the sake of the message they had to deliver. It was a glorious trip with love feasts and spiritual food, ---that will be quite understandable to all who knew "Uncle Dan" Thompson.

Returning to Salt Lake the first of October, F. M. found the banks still functioning, but his own affairs reducing in girth like a punctured tire. On the fifth of the month he relates, "I was humiliated today when I had to tell my taylor that I could not pay his bill of thirty one dollars."

His personal prosperity had been a matter of years, and now as a feature of the great school destined to give him a universal understanding of all the important phases of life, he was to know the salient phases of adversity. It seemed never once to enter his thought that he might stem this tide of approaching disaster by letting his ministry rest a while, and giving his time and attention to his business; he went south again in November and December, and with the exception of ten days when he was confined at home with a bad foot he was on the go for the big purpose, giving his finances his spare time only.

In 1894, more troubled for the sake of the trusting friends who would be left in the lurch, and for the stain it would bring on his name and credit, than for the apparently-certain loss of all his property, he began with a program of more than usual activity for the Church. Besides his regular trip down one side of Utah and up the other, he made an extended trip in the interest of missionary work in California, and another among the stakes in Colo-



rado, besides filling many appointments nearer home.

Upon return from each mission, to contact his distressed affairs, became a moment to be dreaded. He found it impossible to collect what was due him, and he says he was embarrassed to death to be compelled to tell his creditors he could not pay them. Of the Cannon-Grant Company, in which he had invested \$25,000, and which had gone along swimmingly while he was in close exile, he wrote, "Every dollar we invested is swept away, and we are penniless. \* \* \* It may require even more than our capitol to square the obligations."

Returning from another missionary journey to survey the distracted wreck, he writes, "I told President Cannon and Smith, John Henry Smith and Heber J. Grant, I felt inclined to turn out my assets to my creditors and get out of my embarrassments. They thought it should be put off as long as possible."

He acted on their suggestion, consoling himself that he could not be the loser in the end, whichever way it went. His affairs grew steadily worse--the keen teeth of adversity bit into his feelings with a sting not to be forgotten, giving the substantial punch of reality to this new lesson he was learning. He was painfully sensitive to every humiliating phase which developed in his affairs, but he put off the steps to bankruptcy as the very last resort, still hoping by the favor of the Lord in due time to make his name and his credit as good as it had always been his pride to keep it. He responded to this latest embarrassment with increased humility, more tender love for his family, and a greater sense of gratitude for his varied experiences. "I love to bless my children and teach them the gospel," he wrote in November, and when it was possible between his many journeys to meet them at home, he sang with them, prayed with them, taught them important principles by story and precept.

As the father of sixteen children, he regarded them as the essential foundation of his immortal kingdom, and speaking of them about this time he said, "I denounced the ideas of the world in regard to small families,

and their use of measures to avoid large families.

Always among his immediate kindred very near to his heart, was his aged mother. On each return from his many journeys he inquired at once about her welfare and brought some appropriate token, a comforting article of dress or special linament for her stiff and painful hands --always something to give with his love and his blessing. "You are very dear to my heart," he told her in one of his letters, expressing a constant emotion.

\* \* \* \* \*

His accounts that fell due with the closing of the old year made an unpleasant opening for the new. In answer to a notice that his note to the State Bank was overdue, he wrote, "I am mortified beyond expression to be in such a helpless condition. \* \* \* It has been the pride of my life to be honorable and meet my obligations promptly. Your bank has been very patient, and I hope it will never suffer loss on my account."

His embarrassment was not bitterness, nor blame, nor ingratitude. On the fifty-fifth anniversary of his birth, January 12th, he poured out his feelings: "My heart is full of gratitude to my Heavenly Father," and he follows with a fervent prayer that he will always be on the right side of every question, and carry on without failure to the goal of his cherished hope.

At this perilous moment of his financial existence, he was faced with an obligation he had assumed in more prosperous times, an obligation to pay seventy-five dollars for a tomb-stone to place at the grave of Ebenezer Hanks. He makes no explanation of how he did it, but he refused to allow the difficulty of the process crush the essential joy out of the accomplishment.

Speaking of this his journal says, "I gave this stone for Brother Hanks' grave for the love I bear him because once, when I was about eighteen years old, and was going on dangerous ground in San Bernardino, California, he called to me and whispered in my ear, 'Marion, for your father's sake, stop.' I did stop, and for those fitly spoken



words of warning, only six in number, I have given him this stone."

\* \* \* \* \*

In this next-to-the zero year of his financial distress, he gave his heart and effort to the kingdom the same as in more prosperous seasons, making his regular rounds by team up and down Utah, as well as through Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico and Old Mexico, where Antone H. Ivins had just been called to preside. Also he attended special exercises at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan, where his son Richard R. was graduated as Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering.

He evaluated the year as "the most profitable year of my life. \* \* \* My financial condition is not satisfactory, but I earnestly pray that I may be able to meet my obligations and maintain my good name and credit," and he continued with a prayer of thanksgiving for his family, for his undimmed faith in the gospel and for his positive assurance of immortal rewards. "My darling mother is still alive," he added, "and my sister, Matilda, God bless them both as I do now bless them."

The year 1896 passed like another strenuous day in which he traveled in many wards and stakes, building up faith and encouraging good works among the Saints--covering thousands of miles on the train or along bumpy roads behind toiling horses. "How pleasant it is to have a quiet hour at home," he wrote one day when he had succeeded in reaching his own fire-side for a brief interval.

He had an unusual way of being on the alert to reap the most benefit from every unpleasant occasion, and once when his proceedings in a certain stake had been called sharply into question by his superior officers, he wrote, "President Snow reproved me, and so did Brother Brigham, for which I thanked them and will profit by it. \* \* \* This has been a glorious day for me--it has taught me humility, a lesson that will last me all my life."

About this time too, he received an insulting letter

--he had a habit of copying letters when they impressed him, whether favorably or otherwise, and he copied this letter, after which he philosophized, "Great men never get mad," and he copied his answer which was full of reason and kindness, having in it no word nor intimation of which he would ever be ashamed.

His debts seemed to be like a fever which has to run its course before it can break, and they called him on the carpet for one account after another with distressing frequency. He writes fully and frankly of these occasions, one of which relates, "I renewed my note to the bank, adding the interest to the principal. I feel it a very serious humiliation when I cannot pay my interest."

He held hopefully to his interests in certain Park City mines, and to his stock in the Ogden Bank, and before the end of the year he thought he could discern faint symptoms of recovery, of which he reported, "I have paid \$2,000 on my debts, and I pray the Lord to open the way before me to pay the balance honorably and to be a free man again."

In the fall he started with the new Quorum-member, Mathias F. Cowley for a four months tour of the missions in the eastern and southern states. Being a firm believer in the doctrine about, "When a man putteth his hand to the plough," he left his fears and his worries at home, entering with full heart into the scope and the joy of his service. "My whole being throbs with a knowledge of God!" he exclaimed, "with the divine mission of Joseph Smith, and with the truth of the Book of Mormon! I thank the Lord for His splendid care over me from the very beginning of my earthly career-- He has never failed to warn me of danger--I am determined to serve Him to the end."

One pleasant feature of his visit through the south was his meeting with his stalwart missionary son, George Albert Lyman, who made a wonderful record as a traveling Elder and as a Conference President.

F. M. and Elder Cowley traveled thirteen thousand miles in one hundred eighteen days; they rode on a strange



variety of conveyances, ate a wide variety of food, slept in beds good and bad, and held fifteen conferences of three or four days each, and returned to Salt Lake in February, 1897.

Marion's joy at returning home was darkly alloyed with accounts which stared him in the face, having waited impatiently for his coming. He carried on in his ministry as before, but being burdened and mortified to death with his unpaid obligations, he seemed to pray with every breath for deliverance from bondage. During most of the year it seemed as if he prayed in vain, for the Park City mines slumped in value, and the Ogden Bank appeared to be going on the rocks. In spite of this, by assuming some new obligations he was able to cancel more old obligations, and he reported to his journal in October, "Yesterday I paid a debt of \$12,296.75. For this, I do from the bottom of my heart thank my Heavenly Father."

This afforded him substantial relief and encouragement, but he was not yet free--this was a long and impressive lesson which was being given to him, and while it made its persistent and hard demands upon him, he pled with the Saints wherever he went to get out and keep out of debt.

With the opening of the year, 1898, he had evolved firm resolution to be free from debt, though it should take every thing he owned; this bondage had become unbearable. His growing hope was expressed in the sentence, "It will be a happy day for me when I am free once more from debt." It was one of his most intense years of activity in the Church, and without the least compromise in his efforts along this supreme line, he instructed his agent to watch the market for opportunity to make the most advantageous sale of his assets.

Returning from one of his missionary trips he was overjoyed at being able to pay \$3,274.66 to the Sugar Company, and later to settle his over-due bill to Z. C. M. I. Later he paid still more debts and exulted, "This makes me happy, but it strips me clean." However, he was not yet out of the mire, nor was he stripped clean as he had

supposed, and he couldn't rest till the last known obligation was duly paid. Then: "I have worked like a beaver to preserve my good name. \* \* \* I have paid my last note to the bank; no bank has any claim on me now. This feeling of absolute liberty is very enjoyable."

At the end of the year, "This is a blessed condition to be in after having paid off in the last fifteen months over \$41,130 in gold coin. From the bottom of my heart I thank the Lord for the relief He has brought to me in this blessed year, 1898."

And even now he was not stripped clean, for with his homes and other property he was worth \$17,926, and "I have many thousands owing me which I do not count, though they may yet bring me something."

\* \* \* \* \*



F. M. Lyman's hard-fought battle back to the highway of financial liberty, from which he had begun to stray fifteen years before, was not his most important event of the year, 1898. Although it contributed richly to objectives immediately and others remotely ahead, the big thing of the year was in a more holy field, and afforded ecstasies of joy and assurance beyond all the satisfaction he realized from being free from humiliating obligation.

On the second of September, when he and his traveling companion attended a stake quarterly conference in Kanab, a telegram reached them announcing the death of President Woodruff, and called them at once to Salt Lake. The fact of the venerable president's advanced age, 91 years, and his recent decline in health, on account of which he had gone to California, left them somewhat prepared to hear of his death, yet it aroused that sense of sadness which true friends feel when they have to part. With their hearts full of tenderness and their susceptibilities made keen to impressions of the great occasion they attended the funeral and contemplated the crisis which the president's death would bring.

From the memorable time at Nauvoo when, after the martyrdom of the first prophet and president of the Church, Joseph Smith, Brigham arose in the apparent mantle, and speaking with the voice of the martyred prophet, a marvelous occasion had followed the death of each president of the Church. The enemies of the Saints had made sure that when President Young died, that would be the end of Mormonism, for they felt certain from their acquaintance with the other leading men of the Church, there was not among them one competent enough to succeed the pioneer leader. It was very much to their astonishment that the president's invisible mantle should fall on John Taylor and the work should go on the same as before. To the Latter-day Saints, this was but the unfailing hand of the Lord in shaping the destiny of his people Israel.

After the death of President Taylor, this unfailing

power was manifest again, and although F. M. was in prison at the time of the appointment of Wilford Woodruff as President of the Church, when it was told to him by his fellow-prisoner, George Q. Cannon, he felt the unmistakable assurance that it was right, and he upheld the new president with all his heart as the man appointed of God.

And now, after the death of President Woodruff, the Lord was due to come as it were out into the open again, and indicate whom he had chosen to preside over his people. Yet this miraculous manifestation of the power of God, this naming of His chosen by the voice of His spirit-- it involved the sacred art of exercising the priesthood as taught by the Lord to Joseph Smith, and given by Him to the Church. "Behold there are many called but few are chosen. And why are they not chosen? Because their hearts are set so much upon the things of this world-- and aspire to the honors of men that they do not learn this one lesson, that the rights of the priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of heaven, and that the powers of heaven cannot be controlled nor handled only upon the principles of righteousness." (D&C 121: 34-36)

Adhering to this heavenly standard the appointed priesthood met on the thirteenth of September to hear in their hearts and in their minds the will of the Lord as to what three men should constitute the First Presidency. All jealousies, self-seeking, and aspiration to the honors of men would have to be cast out of their souls, as they prepared to hear and to understand. The unfailing Power found them in full accord, and made it perfectly clear to them who should be the President of the Church. When they had voted unanimously for Lorenzo Snow, he told them it was as clear to him as anything he had ever seen in his life, that George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith should be his counselors.

Francis M. summed it up as "one of the sweetest meetings I ever attended," and of their first official gathering under the new leadership, "It was a time of great rejoicing."

The new presidency and the Twelve faced a tre-



mendous problem--the problem of saving the Church from approaching bankruptcy. Persecution, exile, imprisonment, confiscation and bare-handed robbery, had involved the Church in debt to an alarming degree. Its affairs were unsettled, its property-limits undefined and neglected, presenting a state of distressed confusion. It called for their immediate and vigorous attention, and imposed on the aged president, eighty-four years old, a heavy burden of concern.

The torture of debt by which Marion had been goaded into potent resolution, so that he was just dragging himself back on to the highway of freedom, impelled him to take seriously the predicament of the Church, and the grave responsibility it entailed on the president and his associates. His long, hard battle for individual freedom had clarified in his own mind the entangling undesirability of debt, and made firm with the truths his experiences had given him, he took the initiative in this battle facing the Church and went with his ideas to President Snow, of which he says, "I met and conversed freely and confidentially with President Snow. I drew his attention to the fact that there has been in the administration of each one of the presidents some particular and peculiar phases of their mission to emphasize their administration, and that I was satisfied that the important measure in his life would be to get the Church out of debt; that he would live to see it accomplished. He said he had prayed and labored to bring the Quorum to one-ness and had succeeded. Now his prayer and labor would be to see the Church free from debt."

Writing a few days later about the liabilities of the Church he said, "We are determined to get out of debt; this is to be the great work of President Snow's administration."

He was appointed as one of a committee of four to ascertain the assets and liabilities of the Church, to make a statement of its affairs preparatory to the formidable task of getting it back on the plane of safety, a thing which seemed almost impossible. The committee toiled on into

the new year, 1899, before making its alarming report: Assets, \$2,592,986.56. Liabilities, \$2,301,914.77. Its liabilities were nearly 89% of its assets, yet F. M. was optimistic, always optimistic. Optimism was the most potent ingredient in his makeup, "Though the condition of the Church is serious," he commented, "it is solvent and will be redeemed from the bondage of debt it is now struggling under."

Debt! The very thought of it had become offensive -- F. M. had seen it over him as a slave-driver with a whip. Returning from a trip to Idaho in the early spring he was approached by two friends who wanted him to sign a note with them, "I told them 'No siree.' I was out of debt and with the blessings of the Lord I intended to stay out."

At the May conference in St. George, President Snow, surrounded by his counselors and most of the Quorum, began his great call to the Church for reformation in the payment of tithing. The zeal of his message fell on each one of his associates, and radiated with convincing power from them as they spoke in the settlements of the Saints on their way back to the north. It was with them not only when they stood before the people, but as they traveled along the road and as they rested at night they felt the Power which was to deliver the Church from financial bondage.

At Beaver, where forty years before that time, F. M. had built his first rude log home and left his wife, to start away penniless on a foreign mission, he relates, "I was awakened in the night and the Spirit of the Lord came upon me, bringing to my mind a flood of light and inspiration; unfolding before me my former life and labors in Beaver and in Fillmore with their remarkable experiences. It seemed as if the Spirit would consume my veins within me. I wept tears of joy for a long time until the Spirit withdrew so that I could go back to sleep. I was led to wonder how much joy one could endure in the flesh."

President Snow and his co-workers sounded the tithing call like a trumpet blast in all the stakes of the Church; the M. I. A. took it up, the Relief Society, the



Primary, and the Saints felt a fiery zeal to redeem the Church from its embarrassments and dangers. The flow of tithing rose like a mountain stream after a shower, faith increased, the more tithing people paid, the more they wanted to pay.

On the second of July the Presidency and the Quorum held a solemn assembly in the temple of which Francis M. reports, "There has never before been such a gathering in the Church; its effects will be potently felt throughout all the stakes and wards; the result will be the rise of the Church financially and a closer union between all its members."

At another meeting held on the sixth, "President Cannon reported his mission in New York in the interest of the Union Light and Power Company. It is remarkable how the Church has been relieved of its embarrassing obligations to the extent of a million and a half dollars. Certainly the Lord has brought it about, with President Cannon as His agent. Our hearts rejoice because of the great relief; we begin to see the redemption before us."

Eighteen hundred ninety nine was a busy year for Francis M., his visits home were short and infrequent, and one of them lasted but an hour before he had to return to Salt Lake. He made a four-weeks trip through the southern settlements, and gave about the same amount of time in a visit to the place of his birth in Illinois, and other points of interest in Church history, where he gathered important data for the big records he was making of the Lymans and the Tanners.

Also in that year he built a home for "Aunt" Susan in Fillmore. "I am pleased that I have been able to do this for her without going in debt," he said, "She has waited patiently as my wife for fifteen years without a home."

In 1900, besides following his beaten track in Utah and Idaho, he made a six-weeks trip with "Aunt" Rhoda, visiting among the missions of the Eastern States and gathering more genealogy. But one of the most important events of the year was a trip with Elder Rudger Clawson

to Canada, where a contract between Mormon colonists and a branch of the Canadian government, seemed to obligate the Church to rent sixteen thousand acre feet of water for a dollar an acre foot a year. It proved to be a difficult matter to untangle, and the two men waited there in perplexity weeks after the date set for their return. They knew the Church had not assumed any such obligation, but after making an exhaustive study of the accounts and the contract, there appeared no way but for the Church to shoulder the responsibility.

The representative of the government, Mr. Gault, was to return on the twelfth of October for a final settlement, and he had it definitely and determinedly in mind that the Church must recognize and assume the obligation in question. They dreaded his coming. On the tenth, F. M. wrote, "It appears that there is a clause in the original contract that would bind the Church to rent sixteen thousand acre feet of water at a dollar an acre foot a year. That made us go to bed depressed in our spirits.

Next day F. M. wrote, "As I awoke this morning, praying the Lord to help us out at our coming meeting with Mr. Gault tomorrow at ten a. m., the Spirit of the Lord directed me to the agreement of 1900 with exhibits A and B attached. I arose and found the documents which clear away all cause for distress to us of last night. Thus again the air is clear and the way seems bright."

At the appointed meeting the matter was settled without delay, the Church was freed of the unfair obligation, and the two men were at last free to start home, as they had been hoping to do for many days past. "We spent the evening rejoicing over our successful completion of the settlement. I could not sleep for rejoicing and offering up my prayers of gratitude to the Lord for his important assistance."

\* \* \* \* \*

The reformation in the payment of tithing brought surprising prosperity. "Zion's Savings Bank and Trust



Company had more money than they knew what to do with. A year ago it was \$40,000 behind in unpaid interest, now only \$7,000, and that will be paid this coming year."

Early in the new year, 1901, "President Snow told me we would have all the Church obligations paid off by next January, except the bonds. \* \* \* I reminded him of my feeling that he would live to see the Church entirely out of debt. He was delighted with our prospects financially. He asked about my finances and whether I received enough to get along with. I told him it was enough because I cut the garment according to the cloth and kept out of debt. The president told me that the Lord would make me rich; I answered that I would be satisfied if He would give me eternal life."

The big event for Francis M. in 1901, was his call to succeed his brother, Platte D. Lyman as president of the European Mission with headquarters at Liverpool. The date of his departure was to be the 24th of April, but as the time approached, events seemed to make his going quite out of the question: his eldest son, Junior, became seriously sick, and President Cannon died from an ailment which had taken him to the California climate; also President Snow, apparently with some premonition of the future, seemed to hesitate about having F. M. go so far away. "I regret that you must go now," he reflected, as if he knew it would be a final parting so far as this world is concerned, for partings are painful to contemplate, "but it's all right," he added, after more reflection, and told F. M. to go with his blessing.

"Aunt" Rhoda went with him, and they reached Liverpool on the 17th of May. She accompanied him through the Scandinavian countries and the other delightful continental lands to the south--fit sequence to the brave contribution she had made to this missionary world forty years before when with her two babies in her log cabin she had faced the world on her own resources that her husband might be free to do what both of them were doing now.

On the eleventh of October, a cablegram reached

F. M. in London, announcing the death of President Snow. It was distressing but not disturbing, for it aroused no feeling of doubt as to the future, no uneasiness about the matter of a successor, no eager aspiration. "My heart goes out in sympathy to President Joseph F. Smith," he writes, "for I know how lonesome he will be, being left by all his associates in the First Presidency. \* \* \* The mind and will of our Heavenly Father will be made known to him."

On the eighteenth, a cablegram from Joseph F. Smith announced, "Presidency organized, consisting, myself, Winder, Lund." That was accepted at once as the word of the Lord in shaping the destiny of his kingdom on earth in the important dispensation of the fullness of time.

"At our morning prayer I announced to the household the news I had received, and we agreed it was the will of the Lord. I offered prayer and thanked the Lord for the manifestations of His will in the organization of the First Presidency. After breakfast I cabled President Smith, 'It is God's will.' Thus the good work goes forward; no stand-still; only one week from the death of President Snow to the organization of the new Presidency. That indicates how perfectly everything is moving in the Church."

And then, instead of remembering that one of the new counselors had not even belonged to the Quorum, and the other was younger in the Quorum than himself, and both of them promoted over him when he lacked but one of being the senior of the whole Quorum, he observed how well suited the two new counselors were for the places they had been called to fill, how faithful and conservative they were, adding, "The Lord be praised."

That these sentiments sprung from deep in his heart is indicated by what he wrote two weeks later, "In my dreams I saw President Joseph F. Smith and Anthon H. Lund. I freely embraced President Lund and congratulated him upon his call to the Presidency."

Francis M. lived intensely, deeply, thoroughly; every day was to him a great occasion in which he looked



for opportunity to further his immortal ambition. Making his unfailing entries in his diaries in the evening he was wont to say, "This has been a wonderful day," "This has been a glorious conference, the good Spirit with us in rich abundance," "Today's labors are very important."

In another entry, "I rejoice exceedingly in my ministry; I notice that the brethren at home are very busy. The great work of the Lord is moving forward to completion; President Joseph F. is opening up a vigorous administration. I shall look for his to be an unusually long administration, next to, even if it does not exceed in length, that of President Brigham Young."

He made frequent trips to the continent, visiting among the conferences from Norway into Switzerland, being in great concern much of the time for the threat and sometimes the attempt to banish the missionaries from Germany. In answer to his prayers and his solicitude for this impending evil, he had remarkable dreams and promptings by which he succeeded in directing the work to avoid what seemed to be hanging over it.

In February, 1902, when he received an urgent invitation from President Hermam of the Turkish Mission to visit that country, he felt impressed, in spite of the dangers and hardships involved, even though it would be out of the question for "Aunt" Rhoda to go with him, that it was the right thing for him to make the trip, and to take with him, as guide and interpreter, Sylvester Q. Cannon, who was laboring as a missionary in Germany. They met at Paris and sailed from Marseilles to Alexandria, a most interesting voyage, carefully written. They rode on camels and donkeys to the pyramids and other places of interest in Egypt, and took a ship to Jaffa, where they met President Hermann, and went to Jerusalem.

They traveled by rail, "across the Plains of Sharon which extend from Jaffa to Caesarea. \* \* \* We next came to the hills of Judea, a type of Syrian and Palestine country, hills made chiefly of rocks. The farther we traveled in them, the rockier they became, right up to the gates of the Holy City. \* \* \* It is the rockiest country I ever saw

for a settled country. There does not seem to be room enough for the rocks to lie down, hence they are heaped upon each other in great piles."

Besides going through the Holy City, he and his companions went to Bethlehem and Hebron, besieged everywhere by beggars and hungry children. They visited Bethany, Jericho, the Dead Sea, and to the place in the Jordan River where it is said the Saviour was baptized, and at every turn F. M. gives the historical importance of the place as one who has given it careful study.

Near the Mount of Olives they selected a cypress grove in which they got permission to pray, and there, with their faces towards Jerusalem and towards Zion, they kneeled on an Irish rug they had brought with them for the purpose. "I commenced at 3:30 p. m. to pray, and finished at exactly four. \* \* \* Peace was upon us like a flood; I never knew a more peaceful time in my life and our souls were satisfied. We felt we had done the main thing for which we came on this mission. It seemed as if the grove had been prepared for us. All things connected with the redemption of Zion and Jerusalem seemed to come up before our minds."

The officials from whom he got permission to pray withdrew from the scene, "They were pleased that we should pray and they kept us from being disturbed. \* \* \* The conditions could not have been more superbly arranged-- it was as if the Lord had said, 'Peace be still,' and all nature seemed to hold its breath. As we arose from kneeling, our souls fairly bubbled with joy and gratitude to our God who had thus arranged all things for the occasion. Such an experience rarely comes to the lot of man. We can never feel too grateful for what our Heavenly Father has done for us."

They took two and a half hours to step the outside walls of Jerusalem, and found it twelve and a half miles. "It doesn't look to be more than a mile square inside the walls, and how in the world two million ever existed in it at one time is incomprehensible to me."

They visited Haifa, Nazareth, Capernaum and the



Sea of Galilee, and Francis M. went into detail about the historical importance of these and many neighboring places. They journeyed up to Mt. Carmel on special asses provided for the climb, and there in a wonderful grove of pine they held prayer service again, praying thirty-two minutes as on the Mt. of Olives, and their "souls were filled with joy; sweet peace hovered over us, \* \* \* it was a joyful time that we can never forget. I feel that we have prayed upon two particularly sacred mounts of the Holy Land."

They sailed to Beyrut and traveled inland to Damascus, but the center of the Latter-day Saints operation in the Turkish Mission was at distant Aintab, for which place they made their start in an antiquated wagon drawn by poor and broken-down horses. The road was muddy and rocky, and when the poor horses could drag the wagons no farther, the men mounted the horses and rode in great discomfort and were hardly able to stand when they reached the little group of converts in Aintab.

We hurry on--in our swift airplanes of thought we fly over all that weary remoteness of rocks, mud and mountains where they toiled with intensity, disappointment, and hardship. Riding those bony horses back to where the wagon had been left stuck in the mud was a prospect to breed despair, and it might have become a question as to whether they had not reached the far end of the earth with no means of returning. F. M. unaccustomed to riding, especially on such animals as these, without a saddle, had two hundred and fifty pounds or more to adjust to the sharp bones and discordant jolt of the horse, but he had also his unfading optimism and his faith, and he offered a fervent prayer of thankfulness to the Lord when they reached Damascus still able to travel.

Leaving President Hermann in Syria, F. M. and his able guide, Sylvester Q. Cannon visited Constantinople and adjacent countries, dedicating them for missionary work. They went to Corinth, to Naples, Vessuvius, Pompei and Rome. Every day brought its delights, its surprises and anxieties--occasions from which to profit,

deliverances for which to be thankful. Their journey lasted only three months, but their adventures would fill a volume.

At Naples, F. M. sent Brother Cannon to buy a book of views of the city, while he held a seat in the crowded train on which they were to start in a few minutes for Rome. At once after Brother Cannon's disappearance he fell into great anxiety lest Brother Cannon should fail to return in time for starting.

"I looked at my watch every thirty seconds. The ticket-puncher came on and demanded tickets--what should I do? Brother Cannon, as usual, had mine in his keeping. Five or six men in my compartment took out their tickets and had them punched. What could I do? Not a word of English could be understood and I was powerless to explain; would he put me off the train? No, he passed me as he came in and as he went out and did not reach for my ticket as I sat still and tried to look innocent. I thought of course Brother Cannon would be right in, but no, he did not come. Five minutes before the time for starting, as we had understood it from the train officials, the train moved gracefully out of the station, and I was flying on my way to Rome, and Brother Cannon was rushing in vain to be back in time for starting. What now? No ticket, double amount of luggage, my armourbearer, doctor and main staff of my existence left behind!"

"Fortunately, I had with me a guide for the Central Station in Rome, and I was just able to locate a hotel, The Central, near the station. There I would keep watch for Brother Cannon, to come on the next train at one p. m. the next day. I prayed, as I always pray, for the Lord to help me along. I did all I could, and the Lord did the rest!"

"Gaze's agent, (Agent of the transportation company of whom they had bought their outgoing ticket) met me at the Central Station in Rome, and he spoke in English. I poured my distress into his ears and was relieved when he told me my friend would come on the next train which was only twenty minutes behind me. He did come, and I was happy again. It was remarkable too, for that



second train is not a regular runner and is put on only when the traffic is too much for the one I was on. 'All is well that ends well'."

Reaching Liverpool May first, he concludes his account, "I thank the Lord for his protecting care over us on this the greatest trip of my life."

It is doubtful whether among ten thousand men another could be found who wrote his innermost thoughts every day with the frankness and sincerity of Francis M. Lyman--his loves, his hopes, his fears, but most of all, his burning testimony of the truth and his increasing assurance of immortal maturity for which he had made his resolute start forty years before. He even wrote his dreams, a faithful echo of his candid thoughts, and in his realm of dreams he met often with the Church leaders, both those who were living and others who had lived, and in his dreams he embraced them and shed tears of love over them. This love for those with whom he toiled and suffered-- it is sweet to contemplate. "By this we know we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren."

"Aunt" Rhoda could not accompany him in much of his travels but her presence there in "42 Islington" gave the place a blessed element of home--his returning was always a time of joy to both of them. From the first her health was not good in England, and their hopes seemed to be vain that she would become acclimated. The thought of her returning without him to Utah was not pleasant to entertain, but wisdom demanded that she avoid the hazard of a longer stay, and assuming a cheerful view of it, they parted in August.

However, in his review of the year, he says he will remember it always for two outstanding events, the one very enjoyable, the other quite the opposite; the first was his trip through the Mediterranean countries, the second was his wife's departure for Utah. But his temporal joys and temporal sorrows were as ripples before the steady tide of his supreme purpose, and continuing his review he exclaims, "I rejoice exceedingly in the

mercies of the Lord to me, and follows it with a prayer for his wives and his children, and unfailingly, of course, "for my dear mother. \* \* \* \* I thank the Lord that He has revealed to me the unquestionable divinity of his purposes in ancient and modern times. His work in this great last dispensation has been made to me an open book."

With the death of Brigham Young Jr., Francis M. became presient of the Quorum of Twelve, and he expressed the sincere hope that he would succeed in doing all the good that this new calling placed within his possibility.

After the rich inspiration he received in his prayers at the two holy places in Palestine, he had an earnest desire to dedicate other lands as missionary fields for the preaching of the gospel, and continuing one of his trips in Scandanavia he took Joseph J. Cannon with him as interpreter and guide, and traveled on into Finland where he sought out a suitable place and offered prayer and received assurance that in the Lord's due time the gospel would be preached in that country. Continuing on southeast into Russia, they stopped in a beautiful park in St. Petersburg and prayed the Lord to open the way for the people of that country to hear the gospel. Then, by special effort, in answer to which the way opened miraculously before them, they prayed again by the Kremlin in Moscow, where, though they felt the response of the Holy Spirit, "it seemed as if we were besieging Satan's stronghold with our prayer to overthrow his tower of idolatry. The Kremlin emphasizes the center of spiritual darkness and diabolical priestcraft."

Returning through Poland they stopped and prayed in Warsaw, pleading with the Lord for that country and its people; kneeling twenty-eight minutes in earnest supplication for a modifying of the hard conditions which made it impossible to deliver there the message of salvation.



With the opening of the new year, 1904, Elder Heber J. Grant arrived in Liverpool to take over the responsibilities of the mission, and F. M. reached Utah about the first of February, to take up his labors where he had left them three years before. But speaking more in particular, the very first thing he did was to visit and bless his aged mother, eighty-six years old. He had told her in his letters that she must live to see him return, and had declared in his journal, "She is one of the greatest joys of my life." A few months later when he bought a home in Salt Lake City and had his telephone installed, he arranged to be informed first thing every morning how his mother had rested and how she felt.

He had visited his homes in Tooele and Fillmore, attended conferences in Utah and Idaho when he was subpoenaed as a witness in the senate investigation of Quorum member Reed Smoot's claim to a seat in that honorable body. He went in company with President Joseph F. Smith and others to Washington. It was intended as the kind of inquisition planned to be held before the Master in Chancery when the Saints were pleading for the return of their confiscated property, with the object of discrediting the Church and humiliating the leaders by an unfavorable exposition of their family relationships. F. M. dreaded it, but he declared, "I am in favor of telling the unvarnished truth, let the consequences follow."

To him, who saw the gospel as "an open book," this procedure in the senate savored much of a man-appointed court trying the revelations of God, a drama which provoked many serious thoughts as he watched it. After the hearing he was painfully embarrassed in reading the account to find that his own answers, due to his faulty hearing, were not at all what he would have said if he had heard clearly, but of President Smith's answers he said, "The President did not dodge as they expected he would, he was too willing to tell the truth, the whole truth. He boldly acknowledged the things that are true and repudiated falsehood with emphasis."

To a man who placed such a high valuation on his time and his privilege that he kept an unbroken and rather detailed account of fifteen thousand days, it is not surprising that he studied to make each one of those days worth the living. He might not be able to resolve them into something pleasant, but he could resolve them into something profitable; the more positively unpleasant the ordeal, the more firmly he resolved to make it compensate by its substantial benefits.

In 1905, he had two important experiences-- one of them delightful, but the other, a matter of agonizing intervals, was hung as a millstone about his neck to be removed at long last with almost fatal consequences.

The more pleasant one of these two experiences was the dedication of the Joseph Smith Monument in Vermont; F. M. went with a company of twenty-nine from Utah, a company including President Joseph F. Smith and other men and women prominent in Church affairs. They traveled in a chartered pullman, a group where the fresh air of friendship and good will was not tainted with the clouds and smell of tobacco and liquor. It was a glorious trip of three thousand miles across a wonderful country to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Joseph Smith, the great prophet of the dispensation of the fullness of times. In Vermont they were joined by missionaries and other Saints from the east, swelling their number to fifty-four, and the dedication was a memorable affair. "It was the most joyful meeting I ever attended," Marion declares, "The Spirit of the Lord was in every expression--Saints and strangers were spellbound by its inspiration."

The unpleasant experience of that year, 1905, began when he was again caught in a storm between Fillmore and Delta. He made his regular rounds through Utah and a long trip in Arizona without mishap, but between Fillmore and Delta, traveling in an old-style buggy, he was drenched and chilled, and arriving late he spent a wretched night. He found temporary relief for this break in his physical machinery and managed to go on with his



labors, but this was an ominous reminder that he was breaking down. The rugged constitution with which he had carried on his strenuous activities, was giving way under the strain; he might prolong his life by giving up his arduous services and following carefully a doctor's directions, but he could not think of giving up his work while he had strength to go, and he faced the future with this millstone which was to become more unbearable as the months passed.

\* \* \* \* \*

After his stiff lessons in the school of debt, he conducted his affairs along different lines and his investments prospered, but no amount of temporal prosperity could dim the importance of his main objective. To him the richest prospects of the mortal world was its possibilities of gaining everlasting inheritance in the immortal world; the prominence of death looming up as a robed figure inevitably ahead, was not so much its terror as its abrupt termination of Life's far-reaching privilege. He had seen it still the lips of youth and prime among the loved ones of his immediate family circle, and it admonished him that a stopwatch was being held on the big thing he was trying to do.

In this year 1906, the solemn drama of death was to be enacted before his eyes in one scene after another, warning him, the more easily because of the millstone he had been given to carry. He must adopt definite and wise measures for the conservation of his life's efforts, lest through the surprise and unpreparedness of the last moments something very important should be neglected.

Although it was his lot in 1906 to have a panorama of death brought before him, never to be forgotten, it was not in the program that he should have time to grieve over it in idle repining, but he must make his regular long round in Utah besides attending to important matters in Colorado, Arizona, Mexico, Nevada and California. He was absorbed in the work of reorganizing stakes and

wards, meeting distracting conditions of bitter disagreement among brethren, and giving his soul to the blessed cause of love and peace and faith among the Saints. In this work he used not only all the wisdom, love and diplomacy of his natural talents but he depended on "the whisperings of the Spirit." He says that when they were faced with a difficult problem of making a choice or a decision, they considered it very carefully and when they had decided on the right thing, "our bosoms would burn with approval from the Lord. \* \* \* We are all-powerful when we are doing what is right, but without any strength and without God when we are doing what is wrong. Our acts contrary to the law of righteousness, are void."

The first tragedy of the year came with shocking suddenness with the report in April that his daughter, Annie, wife of Senator William H. King, had died in Kansas City, and he went with other members of the family to meet the body at Green River. She was cut down in the bloom of her womanhood, and even with his knowledge of immortality, it was not a matter to pass without heartache and thoughtful reflection of her childhood and girlhood, all passed and gone like a short winter day.

While he still tried to adjust this ill fitting matter to his thoughts, he was called suddenly to the bedside of his mother. "I hurried down to her at eight-fifty a. m. \* \* \* She seemed to recognize me and tried to talk, but could not. She put her two hands in mine and there they rested for a long time. \* \* \* She gradually sank without an audible word. As she passed away my left hand rested on her brow, my right hand on her chin, I closed her eyes and her mouth--her death was all so peaceful."

He went again to her home next day, "and offered prayer, as Mother had always desired should be done before she was taken away to Tooele," where it was understood she was to be buried. Dear old Mother-- she had come to the end of her long, weary journey. While he shed his tears of love for her and rejoiced that she had gone to her rest, he clung fervently to an intensified hope of completing his own heavily-burdened pilgrimage.



While the saintly face of his mother lingered vividly on the screen of his thought like a hallowed presence, inspiring soulful reactions and resolutions, word came that his stalwart son, George Albert was suffering with a severe but un-named malady, and a short time later he came with his little family from his home in Big Horn, Wyoming to Salt Lake for medical treatment.

This third drama was not to terminate with startling suddenness as the other two, but to be intensified and made bitterly impressive by long delay, suspense, anxiety--bringing out the finest and tenderest emotions of their aching hearts as the sweet fragrance of a scented plant is brought out when it is crushed. With all his earthly objectives fading into nothingness before him, George Albert lifted his hopeful eyes to the enduring glories of immortality, and the loved ones at his bedside could not fail in their responsive sympathies to discern, in some degree, the supreme wealth of eternal life as it appeared like a rising sun on his new horizon.

Francis M. visited his son at the hospital with such frequency as his travels would permit, taking solemn account of how the strong man was reduced to a helpless skeleton, and how under the transforming hand of the ordeal his thoughts and ideals had shifted from the world of fleeting temporalities to the world of values that endure forever.

In Marion's journal of November fifteenth, 1906, he says, "At 3:30 I visited and blessed my son, George Albert, who is losing ground every day. The flesh is vanishing from his bones. After I had blessed him, he took my hand in both of his and said, 'O, how good you are to me!' and patted my hand."

The visits to the hospital became more frequent as the end seemed to be coming near, and for the seventeenth, the journal relates, "I visited George Albert at the hospital; he had had a good night, slept well and looked very fresh. After I had blessed him he expressed his great love for me, embracing me very affectionately, and kissing me over and over."

On November nineteenth, "At noon Junior and I went to see George Albert at the hospital. \* \* \* He wanted us to bless him, and asked me to release him and let him depart. \* \* \* He seems to be at the point of death and is past all suffering."

Two days later George Albert sank quietly to his rest, his long weeks of patient and hopeful suffering having demonstrated for his father and the family, in attitudes and feelings more impressive than words, the splendid and dependable hope of immortal purpose. The father's account of the last scene and the funeral show that he was deeply moved, and he concludes, "All the family seem to rejoice at the rest that has come to George Albert."

Marion's pronounced reactions to these dramas of death may be guessed from his declaration, "Some people will likely be shocked at my view of death, and the preparation I am making for it." From this time, his growing concern was to preserve and perpetuate the increment of his life's effort, to devote it to the most beneficial use, and to be fully prepared when his summons should come.

The faithful labors of his long years were of course as "treasures beyond the power of rust to corrupt, and of thieves to break through and steal," yet as an aggressive pathfinder for posterity he had made important beginnings and had taken the initial steps for matters which should by all means be carried on, lest they dwindle away and fail of their purpose. His carefully kept account of what he had done and seen and known--his burning testimony which he had written with the prayer that the ink would not dim on the paper till all his posterity had read it--these things he would preserve in some form to catch and hold their attention.

The voluminous genealogical records which he had compiled, the data for which he had collected at great cost of time and means from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast--with all the letters he had written, the miles he had traveled, the records he had transcribed, the work he had done in the temple, he had made only a beginning



to what the very nature of the work called for, and its completion depended on his posterity.

The ways that he had found to be safe to follow, the standards he had proved by trial and error, the ethics of success that he had discovered in his hard-fought battles--surely the worth of these treasures should relieve his own children in particular and mankind in general, of the necessity of fighting out the same battle in the same way to learn the same things. They could profit by what he had done and be enabled thereby to make their own fight in a more advanced field.

President Snow had told him the Lord would make him rich. Of the money he had earned and learned to handle in going through poverty's exacting financial school--to what enduring purpose would he devote these riches? He would use them to brace and make solid his plans of perpetuating his achievements and discoveries for the good of others. He would organize his posterity for that purpose, his records should be preserved, a company would be formed to take over the genealogical project, and he would erect a monument to commemorate and call attention to the importance of what he had begun.

In all the years of his eager struggles towards objectives cherishing and depending on life, he had looked forth to none of them with the same kind of deep anticipation that he now looked forth to laying the cap-stone on his life's monument, an objective anticipating death instead of life. The greatest objective of all stood out now too clearly on the horizon to be obscured either by the fear of death or the love of life and its treasures.

Since the time of his traveling in the storm to Delta, the trouble resulting from that ordeal of exposure had tortured him with increasing severity. During the months while he looked on the dramas of death in his family, and in the continuous journeys that he had to make all over the west, he suffered. Mentally he crystalized his plans for the inevitable change indefinitely ahead but coming ever nearer. He was resolved to keep right on with his work for the Church to the last, to retain and

live in the spirit of it, and in spite of discomfort and approaching death it was still the dominant urge and desire, for he still "rejoiced exceedingly", and after many a strenuous effort he reported with satisfaction, "Thus I have laid up treasures in heaven this day."

In 1907, he made a long trip with Hyrum M. Smith through Arizona, and every year thereafter up to the great week of the final crossing, he was traveling among the stakes from Canada to Mexico, in the states east and west, organizing stakes and wards, and bringing understanding and friendship to estranged brethren. His businesses prospered, and in 1907 his tithing was six hundred seventy-five dollars. Just how rich he was to become in fulfillment of the promise President Snow had made might be a matter of guess, but he was to live yet in a year when he would be interested in a dozen or more concerns, and of one of them he would write, "It is worth \$100,000 at par value and will bring me \$12,000 in dividends each year."

Although he had in mind no particular date for his going hence, he quoted the saying of the Saviour to His Nephite disciples, "After you are seventy and two years old, you shall come to me in my kingdom and with me you shall find rest."

"Now it is quite fitting, he commented, "that I should set my house in order that I may be ready for the call to come to Him in His kingdom." He therefore planned to hold with his family on the seventy-second anniversary of his birth, a meeting in which he should set them in order for the supreme event.

Long before the coming of that date his affliction became so acute it threatened to prostrate him in helplessness, or cut him off before his preparations could be completed. With all his eager anticipations for what awaited him beyond the great change, he was not courting death nor neglecting any measure which might prolong his life and increase his usefulness.

In 1909, believing it was possible by submitting to a major operation, to give a few more years of service to the Church, he got the approval of his Quorum and started



for Rochester Minnesota accompanied by his son-in-law, Dr. Ephraim Gowans. Before leaving Utah, however, he went calmly and painstakingly and made settlement of all open or unfinished business. He knew he was going to face a desperate situation from which he might not return, and though the big rounding-out program of his life had not yet been attended, he determined to make it as nearly so as possible. Of all this preliminary he wrote profusely, but never a note of fear or despair.

The hospital experience proved to be an agonizing affair with a red-hot foretaste of death itself, and it was a question in the heaviest part of this tide whether he would not be carried away on its current. Yet he wrote every day. This writing was in some strange way, a registering of his constancy to faith and ideals, and when his hand was too weak and uncertain to use pen and ink, he made entries with a lead pencil in distorted letters which indicate how torture had shattered and reduced his nerve power. "I find this operation very serious business," he said, "and the Lord will have to interfere for me if I am ever a sound man again."

He clung to the hope that the Lord would interfere for his delivery, and with the first slender assurance that he would recover and finish out his anticipated preparations, he poured forth his exclamations of thanksgiving and praise to the Lord who had been with him in all the labors and difficulties of life, not only in delivering him from the prospect of death by rupture in an Indian camp, but in lesser matters as when he was left alone in Rome without a guide or interpreter.

When he arrived in Rochester, in spite of all his misgivings about ever returning, he indulged an assurance that the Lord would be caring for him and arranging for his comfort. Then in his hours of pain when the nights seemed much longer than the days, he was moved with gratitude and then with wonder at the faithfulness and skill and real warm-blooded sympathy of his nurse, Miss Weifenback. She seemed to him a real angel of mercy, provided for him by the love and mercy of the Lord,

to soothe his grief and make this bitter moment bearable.

He felt that a woman with so warm a soul, and with such potent sympathies, ought surely to be susceptible to the gospel as revealed in these latter days, and he asked her if she were a Christian.

"Yes, indeed," she answered.

"Of what denomination?" he continued.

"You guess," she ventured with a scrutinizing look as if not exactly sure about the religion of the one to whom she was talking, but with a tone that F. M. could not mistake.

"You are a Mormon," he declared, his heart was swelling with the joy that the moment revealed to him.

She was really a Mormon--two of the same faith meeting under these strange circumstances. They both wept for joy.

Later on he wrote, "My splendid nurse continues in her unfaltering devotion to my care. Surely the Lord trained and sent her to me. My life through this great ordeal would have been a misery but for her angelic attention and care."

F. M. stayed in Rochester nearly a month, and during most of that time he was too much distressed to read as was his desire, but he could write. He had to. His emotions of hope and trust and gratitude had to find expression. "It is wonderful what Nature takes up and does on its own account; the healing is in the hand of God. Men may cut, but none but God can do the healing; He holds all these precious blessings in His own keeping and wisdom."

This operation, although not at all the kind of thing he would have planned as a supplement to his preparation for the final event of the big effort, was yet a profitable matter, an experience sanctified to the enlargement of his understanding and his sympathy.

After his return home it was weeks before he could be active again as before, and while he waited for Nature to complete the process, he had to learn with John Milton, "They also serve who only stand and wait."



He ventured out cautiously once in March, but it was the middle of April before he undertook to visit "Aunt" Susan and her five children in Fillmore. He had little more than returned from that trip to Salt Lake when a telegram called him again to Fillmore--it was a call to witness again the solemn drama of death--the bitter thing that the Lord compels us to view and then compensates to us by sanctifying the scene in our memory. When he reached Fillmore, he and "Aunt" Susan had to stand helpless at the bedside of their nine-year-old son Rudger, and watch him die under the ravages of pneumonia.

\* \* \* \* \*

F. M. always had a dread of being idle, and as soon as he was able to travel, and even before he should have terminated his time of recuperation, he took up his work, lest by any means his undue neglect of the work should cause the good Spirit to begin withdrawing from him. But he was not able to stay with it continuously as at one time--he was confined at home for days at a time with a bad foot, and his grippe returned with slight provocation. Also, "Aunt" Rhoda's health was often such that he could not feel at liberty to leave her, and he had ample time to "serve while he only stood and waited", and thus delayed, he had more time to study and work out the details of his rounding-out program.

"I feel a security in my affairs that I have never felt before," he wrote, "I want to be ready when the time comes, and the summons is served on me to move on to my reward in the Lord's presence. I want my folks well instructed before I go, that they may be suitably posted in all good time."

He employed expert help in framing the rules and regulations of what was to be known as "The Frances M. Lyman Company," and when he was "seventy and two years old," that is on the twelfth of January, 1912, he gathered his posterity in the Lion House in Salt Lake City

where, besides conducting a memorable family reunion, he completed the organization of the family, making full and pointed explanation of his hopes and intentions.

A part of his full account of it relates, "I announced my steps taken to set my house in order so that if I pass away in a hurry, I will be prepared. I charged my posterity that something should be laid by for every dollar they earned. I told them I had ordered in my arrangement that at least fifteen percent of all the income should be added to the capital. I advised that that lesson should be followed by all my posterity as a rule of their lives. I charged to them to be true to God and to each other and to all men." This contract was to be in force a hundred years, or till all his own children had passed away.

The strength and the dignity of his appeal to his family at that time, and whenever he had opportunity to meet with them, is not to be known and understood from any written account. His tremendous influence did not center in the words he used, but in the magnetism of his love and the force of his clear understanding which made him a venerable and majestic father.

His son, Richard R. expressed what was felt and known by all the family when he said, "His affections were as tender as those of a girl, while behind the velvet glove was the hand of steel, no one, I think, has ever seen him lose his temper, no one has ever heard him utter an angry word; certainly the members of his family have not."

At a later date, Francis M. organized the Amasa Mason Lyman Genealogical Company to carry on with the research, the record-making, and the temple work with which he had been deeply interested for fifty years. This work was not for the salvation of his ancestors only, but for the salvation of kindred present and future. He wanted to emphasize its importance and lift it up as a conspicuous standard before the family; he wanted to emblazon its name on a monument to stand before them, a monument which would resist the wear of time and repeat his call to this work after he had gone on.

He had said people would be surprised at his view



of death and the preparation he intended to make for its coming, and their surprise was all he had anticipated when it became known he was going to erect at the place of his tomb, a granite stone weighing thirteen tons and costing two thousand dollars. What was the size and the cost of such a stone compared to the magnitude of the work he had begun, and the importance of carrying that work on to the good for which it was intended?

Men who are spiritually dead can become enthusiastic with prospects of temporal gain, but only those who have been "born again to a newness of life," can contemplate the prospect of death as a matter for which to rejoice. Yet here was eager preparation, not for the alluring promise of life, but for the assurance of the greater values to be reached in the passage beyond it. This was for the glorious end for which life is but a means, an end which is not to be purchased with all the earthly values which may be accumulated. In approaching this end Francis M. "felt a security he had never felt before."

In 1912, he declared, "This is the best year of all my life; my last obligation will be paid by the end of the year; my tithing will be larger than in any year of my life before. I am closing my accounts, and I find that the Lord has been very good to me."

About this time, in answer to a proposition promising him a valuable tract of land he answered, "I have my burial ground for myself and family, and I have my living; I can take no land with me over there, and I shall give the rest of my days to the service of the Lord and lay up for myself treasures in heaven."

Of course, "where his treasure was, there was his heart also," but he wasted no time contemplating it in idleness. In 1912, besides traveling and organizing stakes and wards in Utah, he visited Colorado, Arizona, California and Nevada, and in the following year he went beyond his regular pathway into Idaho and the Eastern States Mission. He did equally well in 1914, only as he was prevented by the recurrence of his lagrippe, or the serious sickness of "Aunt" Rhoda.

Once when he was in Sanpete a telegram called him to her bedside where it appeared she was dying, and she asked that he bless her that she might be released from her pain. "She wanted me to bless her so she could pass away," he wrote, "so I blessed her as best I could, my heart overflowing with grief."

Even after this she recovered, and again for a while their home was normal with her wonted activities.

On his seventy-fourth birthday, he gathered his posterity again, this time in the assembly room of the Bishop's Building, as many of them as could attend, for now they numbered one hundred thirty five, and he emphasized further the importance of what he had begun, and what he was leaving for them to carry on. He stressed the necessity of their holding steadfastly to the rules he had formulated for the accomplishment of the desired end.

In 1915, he met regularly with the Twelve as before and filled appointments when he was not disabled with his bad foot nor held by other sickness at home. Sometimes he and "Aunt" Rhoda were bedfast at the same time, requiring a special nurse and housekeeper, and it was a question which one of them would go first. On one of these uncertain occasions he said, "We looked over our condition and found that we have done fairly well to date. I have very few regrets for the past; my work is done up and recorded satisfactorily."

He was never to be well again, he had every good reason to know it, and back of the bright screen of his uncompromising optimism he could not fail to see how the scythe of the grim reaper was cutting him down with steady and relentless hand. His hearing was getting worse every day, his feet breaking down under his great weight, and his lagrippe returning with increasing frequency. He resigned all his business positions as president or director, if they made any demands on his time or effort, for if he must reduce his activities to any one line, it would not be the supreme line to which he had always given preference.

But the end was not yet--he still wrote profusely, and hope rang in his words like the unchanging tone of an



old bell. Getting back again to his condition of gradual decline, he visited "Aunt" Susan and the children in Fillmore and traveled among the stakes into Idaho.

In January, 1916, he was again under the necessity of employing a nurse and a housekeeper, and to stay near his home for the sake of "Aunt" Rhoda, who was said to be in danger of "dropping off at any moment." In March she took one of her characteristic turns for the better, leaving him free again to fill appointments in all directions.

In April he wrote, "I was never in better condition, all things considered, than I am today." This was the pure gush of his optimism, or of his immortal hope, for the machinery of his physical being turned with doubtful and hesitating motion, and a few weeks later when he attended a conference in Wayne Stake, he was caught in a shower on his way back to the railroad on the Sevier. He took cold and developed a violent cough which confined him again to the house if not to the bed. In spite of his native cheer he could not fail to see what this cough might do for him, and taking account of the prospect he wrote, "In my mind I went over the probability of my departure within a week, and I was pleased that I had my house and my affairs in order for the coming ordeal."

Even this was not the end--within a week he reported himself as feeling fine, although he was greatly concerned again for "Aunt" Rhoda, but again she dragged back up the hill after him to her wonted highway of gradual decline. Thus freed to add more to his treasures in heaven before the Monitor with the stop-watch called time, he put in "strenuous days" in the Church Office, though he found it necessary "to adopt the fashion of lying down for a nap every day."

On the tenth of October, with all the care and precision characteristic of his last sixty years, he began the fortieth volume of his journal. It is a heavy book with five hundred fifty pages, and five hundred forty one of those pages are still blank.

In the latter part of the month he spent a few days with "Aunt" Susan and the children in Fillmore, after

which he began filling a long list of appointments with which he was still occupied on the 13th of November when, in company with Rulon S. Wells, of the First Council of Seventy, he attended a conference of the North Davis Stake. Of this he reports, "I spoke seventy-five minutes and had fair liberty and good attention."

Whether or not he had any clear consciousness of how nearly he had approached the end, he did have in his unfailing spiritual intuitions, a knowledge that the road ahead was very short. According to President Henry H. Blood, of the North Davis Stake, "He practically closed his ministry by his attendance at this conference. \* \* \* He seemed to have a premonition that he was near the end of his days." His closing words in expounding the text, 'Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect,' were delivered with such power that all hearts were touched. It was in the nature of a farewell address, still there was an absence of any suggestion of sorrow at parting, and a calm readiness was manifested to freely meet the call when it should come.

"He said, 'It does not matter at all if I do not go home from this conference; I have everything arranged and my house set in order, even my personal history which I have kept all my life, is written up to and including today. \* \* \* I may never have a chance again to see or speak to you, and for that reason I want to leave my message with you, and I want you to remember it'."

What he had foreseen was upon him as a storm-cloud from which the big drops came slanting to earth, and the next day he wrote, "I had a very trying day, \* \* \* I cannot remember when I had so bad a day with la-grippe."

However bad the day he would write as long as he could see the lines and handle the pen, for as Goodwin's Weekly said of him, "He was apparently determined from childhood that an account of his life should be made every day, that it must be, indeed, in order for him to sleep at night." Thus on the fifteenth of November, racked with pain and trembling with weakness, but holding steadfastly



to his rule of a daily report, he wrote, "Had a trying time, but gaining slightly."

This report of "gaining slightly" was born of his undying optimism, for the grim reaper was cutting him down with every succeeding hour, and it was quite beyond his strength to make any report for the 16th and the 17th. On the evening of the 18th he raised his weary eyes to his watch where it hung as per fixed rule at the head of his bed, and when the nurse saw that he intended to reach for it, she protested--it wouldn't do for him to move at all, he must lie perfectly still.

"I always wind my watch at six-thirty," he answered calmly, and taking it down he wound it slowly and deliberately with the given number of twists which had never strained the main-spring. Then he told them they must all retire to bed, put out the lights and go to sleep. Again there was protest--that wouldn't do at all--he was in no condition to be left alone in the dark.

Again he overruled them--he had always been master in his own house, and he had not yet surrendered that responsibility.

They extinguished the lights, and some of them went to bed--some of them may have gone to sleep. "Aunt" Rhoda did not so much as doze. Attuned with a woman's love, a woman's inherent instincts, to the hopes and ideals which had shaped the life of Francis M. Lyman since the first day that she saw him on the beach at San Pedro, she knew this was the great crisis of all the meaningful years since that time. In the order he had given, there was nothing arbitrary nor overbearing, but the magnitude of this hour and what it held in its unfolding for him, overshadowed all trivial, fond precedents. Immortality was appearing in majestic form from the shadows of the years--for two days a supreme agency had been loosing the bands and removing the barriers of his corporeal being; he had gone too far into the borderland of heaven to be longer swayed by the futile conventionalities of earth.

Although "Aunt" Rhoda lay contemplating this

situation in anguish, her respect for his word was too great to permit of her disregarding it now in this sacred moment. In her aching soul she longed to go with him to the other glorious world, but destiny had decreed that she must wait till the coming of another spring. "Aunt" Susan too, in her Fillmore home or hurrying northward, would fain accompany him to the wondrous country of his anticipation, but she must live and carry on with her children for more than a quarter of a century.

"Aunt" Rhoda could not lie there in torture with her thoughts till morning--he had not implied that she stay that long, and he might need a drink or other help. She tiptoed to his door and called his name softly, but no answer. She moved quietly into his room and listened for his breath--all was silent as the tomb. She went to his bedside and put her hand on his face--it was cold! "He had gone! He had met the supreme moment alone and yielded without a cry."

Well might Goodwin's Weekly say of him, "There was much of the martyr in his nature, \* \* \* he would have gone to the stake without the quiver of an eyelash."

Yet in that supreme and hallowed moment from which he had sent all others away, he did not yield to some dreadful form, but instead, he embraced the beloved and the beautiful, for the Lord had made positive decree, "Those who die in Me shall not taste of death, for it shall be sweet unto them."

Having followed the little boy from his lowly birthplace in the log hut in Illinois, up through the difficulties and achievements of his vigorous manhood, it is sharply disappointing to have the curtain fall on the opening scene of his triumph. Those five hundred forty-one blank leaves are intriguing--what a wondrous story they would tell if the mortal hand which wrote the other thirty-eight volumes could finish this thirty-ninth from the time of that last entry: "Improving slightly."



The report of his going was echoed by daily papers and periodicals all through the states and Canada and Europe. The great Mormon leader next in line for the president of the Church had been called away. People came to the funeral from all parts of Utah and from surrounding states. The hearts of the big gathering was melted into one by that irresistible surge of love and tears which sways multitudes as a wheat-field is moved by the wind. In the minds of high and low the one thought held first place: A mighty man had gone from the ranks of Israel, even while his fervent testimony resounded still in their minds.

President Joseph F. Smith bent over the open casket, his eyes fixed on the beloved face of his companion and co-laborer from childhood. "O Marion!" he sobbed, his tears flowing freely, "How can I get along without you!"

The services, appointed for the Assembly Hall, had to be moved to the Tabernacle, and the place was jammed to its capacity, the galleries and the doorways crowded full. According to The Herald Republican, "ten thousand persons, representing every walk of life, paid tribute to Francis M. Lyman in the funeral services in Salt Lake City, and it followed with an account of the banks of flowers and other tokens of respect."

In the reverent hush of the great assembly, Heber J. Grant, who was now to become president of the Council of Twelve, declared that Francis M. Lyman had been as a father to him, giving him invaluable help as president of the Tooele Stake and as junior associate in the Quorum, and had accomplished a most unusual work. "I believe there was never another man in the Quorum of the Twelve," he declared, "who did so much reformation work and changed so many men from bad habits which would eventually have caused them to make a failure of their lives."

President Joseph F. Smith presided over the meeting and was the principal speaker. With deep feeling he referred to his life-long association with Francis M. and

told how from childhood they had met dangers and difficulties together, so that their hearts were united in bonds of everlasting love.

"I feel this blow more than it is possible for me to express or to tell," he declared, "Francis M. was a man singularly free from blunders and mistakes, his counsel was always true and right, and his faith was unshaken and unchangable. In his habits of life he was ideal. He had none of the vices prevalent during his time. There are mighty few men so absolutely free from the taint of evil."

After the services in the Tabernacle, the body was taken across the street to the home of John Henry Smith, and removed the next morning to Tooele for final services in the home town. It required six railroad coaches to carry the multitude that followed, and two engines to draw the train up the grade.

Again it was a record gathering, filling the South Ward Chapel to its limits. Impelled by gratitude, admiration and love, a host of friends from Millard County, Tooele County and other places, dropped everything and joined in paying heartfelt tribute to their departed friend.

At this memorable gathering in the South Ward Chapel, Rudger Clawson, of the Quorum of the Twelve, struck the keynote of the occasion when he said, "We do not so much mourn for the departure of Brother Lyman, as we rejoice for the splendid victory he has gained."

Victory--splendid and final victory--that was the great overshadowing feature of the big event, victory over the most formindable of all human adversaries. This was the joyful consummation of Francis M. Lyman's life romance, the place to which he had looked forward with unfaltering trust through fifty-five arduous years since the time, as a humble missionary in London he had aspired to the greatest achievement possible to mortal men: the achievement of the supreme objective for which men have their corporeal existence.

He had envisaged and made full preparation for this great day, resolving that the labors he had begun should carry on for the blessing and salvation of his posterity,



his kindred, and all men who aspire to the glory of eternal life.

He has gone on, and his footsteps echo away through the corridors of time, but the massive stone of his resolute preparing, stands in solemn dignity of appeal at his tomb. From its polished surface, deep-carved in the hard granite, his words make mute but eloquent entreaty for the worthy causes he carried on with his own hands till the great Monitor with the stop-watch called time.

### THE END

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Improvement Era,    20:175      December, 1916  
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Relief Society Magazine, 4:63, 65    February, 1917

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                              November 25, 1916

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                              November 21, 1916, page 2  
                              November 22, 1916, page 2

## APPENDIX I

### Plural Marriage

An explanation of plural marriage and the laws concerning it, taken from The Restored Church, by William E. Berrett.

\* \* \* It must be constantly borne in mind that the doctrine of marriage for time and eternity, contained in Section 132 of the Doctrine and Covenants, with all the blessings promised therein, does not necessarily involve plural marriage. The doctrine that marriage may be eternal when that ordinance is performed by the Priesthood of God is one of the unique contributions to religious thought, and gives definite meaning to Mormon philosophy.

The fundamental principles of the philosophy Joseph Smith introduced must be kept before us. First, the primary purpose of existence is to develop human personality to its greatest capacity for happiness. Secondly, this development of God-like attributes can be best accomplished when individuals pass through the experience of fatherhood or motherhood and share the responsibilities of a home. This marriage relationship is obtained for life and eternity when sanctioned by God, through his Priesthood. Joseph Smith taught that those who were married for time and eternity might, after gaining their exaltation, continue to propagate spirit children, and eventually become as Gods to those children.

Naturally under such a plan the greatest development for the race would be accomplished where every man and every woman, fit mentally and physically for marriage, would enter into the marriage relationship and become parents. As the sexes are approximately equal in number under normal conditions, a system of monogamous marriage, one man and one woman, would normally prevail. Such a law was given by the Lord to the Nephites, "For there shall not any man among you have save it be one wife; and concubines he shall have none." (Book of Mormon, Jacob, 2:27) If, when the sexes are equal, a



system of plural marriage should prevail, many men physically and mentally fit would be deprived of any opportunity for marriage and the subsequent development of personality.

\* \* \* At a special conference held in Salt Lake City, August 28 and 29, 1852, the doctrine of "plural marriage" was first publicly declared. The revelation to Joseph Smith upon the subject was read, and Orson Pratt gave a discourse from the standpoint of the Bible. The bounds and restrictions of the law as laid down by modern revelation were clarified. \* \* \* A number of the leading brethren were already practicing the doctrine. Following this conference, others received the sanction of President Young, who held the keys of this order of marriage, to enter into its practice. In certain instances the President urged Church leaders to marry and provide a home for worthy women of the community, who had been denied the opportunity for the development of personality which comes from married life.

\* \* \* At the end of the first year's migration to Utah the number of women exceeded the number of men. (Epistle of John Taylor--Pamphlet, pp. 1-11.) That excess of women continued for half a century. Under the Mormon practice of "plural marriage" these women were absorbed into family life in the several communities. The practice was necessarily limited, only about 2 per cent of the men eligible for marriage having more than one wife. Nor was the law applicable to the general population of the territory or even to the general membership of the Church. Only those men who obtained the sanction of the President, who kept in mind the character and fitness of the individual, could marry a second wife, and then only with the consent of the first wife.

In the operation of such a social law there developed irregularities and abuses. The practice of the doctrine required a degree of self-sacrifice and unselfish devotion to principle beyond the power of most people.

The practice of plural marriage, or as it was erroneously called, "polygamy," created a considerable

stir in the press and became the center of attack against the Church by its enemies. As Utah was a territory of the United States and as the laws for territories are passed by Congress, the discussion of "polygamy" was carried to that body and became the chief argument against the admission of Utah as a State.

So bitter did the attacks against the Church become that Congress, under the influence of lobbyists and of the press, passed an "anti-bigamy law" in 1862, aimed at the suppression of "polygamy" among the Mormons.

The bill was signed by President Lincoln, July 8, 1862, and made the contracting of a plural marriage punishable by a fine of \$500 or imprisonment for a term of five years, or both.

In the main the President and members of Congress were not hostile to the Mormon people, but they were opposed to the practice of polygamy. They appear to have been conscientious and genuine in their feeling that polygamy was a bad social practice and should not be tolerated upon those grounds. The political platform upon which Lincoln was elected, contained a plank condemning the practice of polygamy.

Out of friendship for the Mormons, with whom he had become acquainted in Illinois, President Lincoln neglected to appoint officers to enforce the anti-bigamy law.

The enemies of the Church, who were seeking its destruction, were not content with letting the issue drop. The law contained a provision forbidding a religious body in a territory to hold real estate in value to exceed \$50,000. This was aimed directly at the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. An effort made by Governor Harding of Utah in 1863 to have Brigham Young punished under this law failed, the constitutionality of the whole law being questioned.

The agitation against polygamy grew more bitter as the years progressed, but it was not until 1874 that the constitutionality of the "anti-bigamy law" was tried and an attempt made to enforce it. The Mormon people were confident that the law was unconstitutional and that if a trial



case was carried to the higher courts it would be so declared and the uncertain state of affairs cleared up. Accordingly, George Reynolds, the private secretary of Brigham Young, volunteered to test the law. The Federal officers of the territory seemed equally desirous of clarifying the matter by a friendly suit. Accordingly, Reynolds was indicted. He voluntarily appeared in court and furnished the evidence of the facts whereby he had violated the law. He was convicted, sentenced to one year's imprisonment, and ordered to pay a fine of \$500. The case was appealed to the Supreme Court of the territory, where it was dismissed on the grounds that the grand jury which found the indictment against Reynolds was an illegal jury.

The constitutionality of the law still being undecided, a second trial was held in 1875, before Alexander White, Chief Justice of Utah. The friendly nature of the previous trial was entirely lacking, the prosecution becoming bitter toward the accused, and the accused in his turn refusing to furnish the evidence to prove a violation of the law. A conviction was obtained, however, and Reynolds received the severe sentence of \$500 fine and two years in the penitentiary at hard labor. The Supreme Court of Utah confirmed the decree, and the case was appealed to the United States Supreme Court, which upheld the constitutionality of the law, to the surprise of the Church and many constitutional lawyers. It was a stunning blow to the Church and the forerunner of a period of intense persecution. The decision was not given, however, until January 6, 1879. In the meantime Brigham Young had died, and the quorum of the Twelve Apostles became the presiding authority of the Church. An attempt to have the trial of George Reynolds reopened, and a petition to have him pardoned, met with failure. He was committed to prison, June 16, 1879.

In October, 1880, the first presidency was again organized with John Taylor as President of the Church. Upon his administration fell the brunt of the "anti-bigamy" campaign. Following the death of Brigham Young and

especially after the decision of the Supreme Court on the Reynold's case, an effort was made by bitter enemies to bring about the end of polygamy and to crush the Church. Their agitation and false representations through the press resulted in the passage of new legislation aimed at the supression of polygamous practices. In March, 1882, Congress passed the "Edmund's Bill," amending the "anti-bigamy law" of 1862. This measure added to the punishable offense of plural marriages, "polygamous living," which was defined as "unlawful cohabitation." The law deprived all who lived the polygamous relationship of the right to vote, or to hold public office. Further it abrogated the right of the traditional jury trial in that a mere belief in the doctrine of plural marriage was sufficient to bar an individual from jury service.

This law further declared all registration and election offices vacant in the territory and provided for Federal appointees in their place. The Edmunds law virtually deprived Utah of those rights of self-government which had become a definite factor in the government of territories. The law was made retroactive in regard to the franchise. No individual who had ever lived the law of plural marriage was allowed to vote, regardless of whether he was then living that law or not.

A campaign of bitter persecution began against those men who had entered into plural marriage before or after the passage of the law. This campaign lasted throughout the entire administration of President Taylor. Hundreds of homes were broken up, the fathers and husbands being sent to the penitentiary. Women were sent to prison for "contempt of court," because they refused to testify against their husbands. Following the severe sentence given Rudger Clawson in October, 1884, there developed what was termed the "segregation ruling." This was a ruling of the courts that separate indictments might be found against a man for every day he was found guilty of living with a plural wife.

This ruling of the courts was responsible for driving the leaders of the Church into exile, for it amounted



to an announcement that a man who practiced polygamy, or even attempted to provide for his several wives, might by an accumulation of separate charges, be sent to prison for life.

This "segregation policy" was condemned by the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Lorenzo Snow, which came before it in February, 1887.

In March of 1887, Congress passed a still more rigid measure to suppress polygamy, known as the "Edmunds-Tucker Law." This law provided for the disincorporation of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which taught the doctrine, and of the Perpetual Emigration Fund Company. The property of these corporations was to escheat to the Federal Government to be used for the benefit of schools in the territory. Buildings and grounds used exclusively for religious services, and burial grounds, were alone exempted from the law. This infamous law was denounced in Congress by many notable non-Mormons, but the popular clamor against polygamy secured its passage.

The United States Marshal Dye took charge of the real and personal property of the Church. In order to retain the use of the tithing offices, and historian's office, the Church was forced to pay the government an annual rental of \$2,400. Four hundred fifty dollars a month was paid to retain the use of the Guardo house, and the use of the temple block was retained by paying a high rental.

During this period the Church was under heavy financial stress. It could not borrow a dollar. Only the faithful payment of tithes enabled it to weather the storm. From hiding places, generally called the "underground," the exiled First Presidency conducted the affairs of the Church. John Taylor died in exile July 27, 1887, at Kaysville, Utah.

After the death of John Taylor, the crusade against polygamy continued, but with considerable tolerance on the part of the officers. President Grover Cleveland pardoned a number of men who had been given extraordinarily severe sentences, among them Charles Livingston,

Rudger Clawson and Joseph H. Evans.

In Idaho and Arizona the feeling against polygamy became intense. In 1885, the Idaho Legislature passed a law which disfranchised all members of the Church which taught such a doctrine as this, deprived all Mormons of the right to vote or hold office, regardless of whether or not they practiced polygamy themselves. The constitutionality of the law was questioned. It was upheld by the United States Supreme Court in a decision of February 3, 1890. Such a bill was introduced in Congress for the Territory of Utah, called the "Stubble Bill," but even prominent non-Mormons of Utah opposed it, and it was defeated.

In the midst of these trying difficulties, Wilford Woodruff, who had been sustained President of the Church, April 7, 1889, appealed to the Lord in prayer. In answer he received a revelation, suspending "plural marriage."

The anti-polygamy laws had placed the members of the Church on the horns of a dilemma. They must disobey the laws of God or the laws of the land. The revelation brought them relief. On September 25, 1890, President Woodruff issued his famous "Manifesto" which declared an end to the contracting of plural marriages in the Church and called upon the members to obey the law of the land. In the October conference the "Manifesto" was sustained and thus became binding upon the Church. In that conference President Woodruff said:

"I want to say to all Israel that the step which I have taken in issuing this manifesto has not been done without earnest prayer before the Lord. \* \* \* I am not ignorant of the feelings that have been engendered through the course I have pursued. \* \* \* The Lord will never permit me or any other man who stands as the President of this Church to lead you astray. It is not in the program. It is not in the mind of God. If I were to attempt that the Lord would move me out of my place."

The results of the manifesto was a noticeable change in attitude toward the Church. President Harrison issued a proclamation of amnesty on January 4, 1893, to those who had entered into "polygamous marriages"



prior to November 1, 1890. The restrictions against voters were removed, and in 1893 the personal property of the Church was returned to its rightful owners. Three years later, when Utah achieved Statehood, the real estate which had been confiscated was likewise returned to the Church.

\* \* \* \* \*

## APPENDIX II

### RHODA ANN TAYLOR LYMAN

BY

Mary L. Gowans, her daughter, age 86

March, 1958

Rhoda Ann Taylor Lyman was born August 29, 1840, at New Town Vacy, New South Wales, Australia, the daughter of James Taylor, and Ann Stanley Taylor. She was educated in a Catholic Girls School and became proficient in domestic arts.

The young father, a very successful sheep man, met a tragic death in a flash flood, leaving his wife, Ann Taylor, with six young children.

Converted by Latter Day Saint missionaries, the family joined a group of friends and left home, friends, and property to come to Zion and security. The company set sail on the sailing vessel, "The Jenny Ford" for the United States of America, leaving from Sidney, Australia, on May 28th, 1856. Three long months on the mighty Pacific and at last reached the port San Pedro, southern California, feeling they had reached the "promised land" and were safe at last, having arrived on August 28th, 1856.

The San Bernardino saints met the vessel, "Jenny Ford" and young Frank (Francis M.) Lyman had a conveyance and took the family of Mrs. Ann Stanley Taylor, Rhoda Ann, Ellen, Jane, Susan and the two boys, James, Jr. and Sonny Samuel Taylor, up to the city. Beautiful Rhoda and young Frank (Francis M.) were immediately attracted to each other and a courtship was on the way, soon. Young Frank (Francis M.) Lyman and Rhoda Taylor were married November 18th, 1857. The Latter Day Saint Church project in San Bernardino was abandoned, so they returned to Utah with the Amasa Mason Lyman family.

The sweet young wife and convert was the honored life companion of my father, Francis Marion Lyman, and



her history is his history. She was the mother of eight daughters and one wonderful son, Francis Marion Lyman, Jr. We all worshiped our angel Mother. She died in the spring of 1917.

Editors note:

This history of Rhoda Ann Taylor Lyman is brief because much of her history is written in the history of Francis Marion Lyman.

\* \* \* \* \*

## CLARA CAROLINE CALLISTER LYMAN

BY

Richard R. Lyman, her eldest child, age 87

March 14, 1958

Clara Caroline Callister Lyman was born in Salt Lake City, April 18, 1850, a little less than three years after the first Mormon Pioneers came into Salt Lake Valley. Her father, Thomas Callister, was born July 8, 1821, on the Isle of Man. He heard the gospel preached by President John Taylor in 1840 and was baptized in March, 1841. Her mother, Caroline Clara Smith Callister, was the only sister of President George A. Smith who was Church Historian and a counselor to President Brigham Young. She was born in Potsdam, New York, June 6, 1820 and she was a cousin to the Prophet Joseph Smith.

She and Thomas Callister were married in Nauvoo, Illinois, August 31, 1845. Together they shared all the hardships of the Saints including being driven from Nauvoo after the death of the Prophet and his brother Hyrum when they were killed in the Carthage Jail June 27, 1844. They crossed the plains in the company that followed the original pioneers, arriving in Salt Lake Valley, September 25, 1847.

Eight children were born to this pioneer couple. But since the mother had been crippled since childhood, she consequently found the privations and sufferings of pioneer life unusually hard to bear. This was a contributing factor in the loss of the first five of their eight children, these children all dying in infancy. Of the three living to maturity, Clara was the oldest and naturally the motherly burdens of the family and house work, rested largely on her shoulders. She did most of the work and the other two girls went to school.

Thomas Callister had two wives and two homes in Salt Lake City, one located on 1st West St. near North Temple St. and the other on a ranch approximately one mile north of North Temple St. on Redwood Road. The



children went barefooted much of the time during those pioneer days. When going to the ranch home they went west on North Temple street to the Jordan River then diagonally through the fields to the ranch. They complained vigorously because on that diagonal road they got so many burrs in their bare feet.

On that ranch Clara did every kind of work that the early pioneers had to do. She was a master at planting seeds, doing the irrigating and the cultivating of a fine family garden. She milked the cows, made the butter, the cottage and even other kind of cheese. She carded the wool, and ran the spinning wheel, she fed, hitched, drove, and unhitched the horses. She was so expert in handling horses that one of the outstanding ambitions of her whole life, although it was never realized, was to have a horse and buggy of her own.

On October 4, 1869, Clara, at the age of 19, married Francis M. Lyman in the Endowment House, in Salt Lake City, and she was taken at once to Fillmore where he provided for her a small log house which was located across the road west from the old rock schoolhouse which was located in the south west corner of the Public Square.

Home in Fillmore was a very happy place. Clara's mother, Aunt Caroline (Smith Callister) was living there, and living with her were her two younger, but mature and scholarly daughters, Philomela, who died unmarried at age 27, and Mary Miranda.

Clara's father, Thomas Callister, owned a large apple orchard located in the deep canyon through which Chalk Creek runs. The fruit was of unusual excellence because the sun's rays heated the stones in that valley during the day and then the warm stones warmed and ripened the apples during the early cool or cold nights.

Richard R. Lyman relates the following: "Grandfather gave us all of the delicious apples we could use. I made my own little frames for drying the apples that I prepared for the market. Then when I had my apples all ready to take to the store my marvelous mother had me sit on the floor by her knee while she taught me my first

gospel lesson and one of the most important gospel lessons I have ever learned. She said: "One-tenth of your apples you must give to the Lord for your tithing." The Lord, said I, what has the Lord had to do with my apples? As a result of her teaching, however, I marched through the sagebrush to the Public Square and took one-tenth of my apples to the tithing office. That lesson I have never forgotten nor has God The Eternal Father ever forgotten me. With no salary and no business for the last fifteen years this Great Provider has certainly "opened the windows of heaven" and He has poured out upon me many marvelous, greatly needed and greatly appreciated blessings."

The three children of Clara Lyman who were born in her little log home in Fillmore can never forget the large fireplace and the large chimney of that home. Nor can they ever forget the vivid pictures both in reality and in imagination which that genuinely angelic mother created especially at Christmas time. Surely, to these three children no heavenly view can ever be more thrilling than were the three stockings hung by the chimney so gleefully and confidently, the night before, and perfectly filled with Christmas delicacies and surprises. To those three children, the joy and gladness of many such situations in that little log house, can never be surpassed.

When, in 1873, Francis M. Lyman was called for the second time to go to England on another mission for the Church, he made arrangements with the Co-op Store in Fillmore for his wife Clara to purchase and to have charged to his account whatever she needed for the maintenance of herself and her two children, one an infant, the other nearly three years old. Clara was so able, wise, and thrifty that by her own efforts, she provided for herself and her two children during the two years her husband was on his mission without charging anything whatever to his account at the store.

Francis M. Lyman was called to be President of the Tooele Stake in 1877. He moved Clara and her children from Fillmore to Tooele in the spring of 1879. Clara,



like her father, Thomas Callister, was a great maker of friends. Her devotion, affection and fondness for the friends she made in Fillmore during the ten years she lived there are all clearly expressed in two letters she wrote to her closest neighbor, Mrs. Mary Starley. These two letters have recently been turned over to the family by Rulon S. Starley, and Ogden banker, who is a grandson of Mary Starley.

The first letter is dated Tooele, Utah, February 12, 1880. The letter covers four pages of short sentences, every sentence of which conveys an interesting message. Among many other things she says: "I have quite a comfortable house here, not a very nice one, but we have plenty of room." She concludes: "I often think of you and Brother Starley and your many kindnesses. Give our kind regards to him and to John and Betsy. I hope to come to Fillmore again some day and when I do I shall see you the very first day I get there. I seldom write a letter and then only to those I love. Your friend, Clara Lyman." Tooele, May 16, 1880, she writes another interesting four pages of short sentences. The following are a few of her words: "We have moved into a great big house. I told Sadie when she gets home she must tell you all about it. \* \* \* Mother was with me six months. Sadie three weeks. It is very lonesome without them. We had such a good time together. \* \* \* Dear Sister Starley, I see you often in my sleep. I cannot begin to tell you how I long to see you in reality. \* \* \* I expect to bring all the children to see you some day. \* \* \* You must excuse all the mistakes. The children make such a noise and disturbance that I hardly know how or what I write. Love, Clara." Enclosed and tied with a little blue ribbon was a lock of Lucy's hair for Sister Starley. Enclosed in the former letter was a lovely little valentine. Under the picture of a beautiful baby girl are printed the words, "Forget me not." In Clara's hand writing on the back it says: "From your little friend Lucy to Aunty Starley."

About six years later, near the fall of 1888, when the United States government was prosecuting most in-

tensely those who were practicing plural marriage, Clara Lyman, being a second wife, she with her two year old son Don and five of her other children, were sent to Manassa, Colorado "on the underground." Of her experiences in Manassa we shall mention but two. First she was made President of the Primary Organization. Since she was a master seamstress she not only created great interest in the work by teaching the children sewing, but she furnished the material with which they did their work. Next, in the fall of 1891, her son Richard made his first trip to see his mother and the other children in Manassa. He was on his way to attend college at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor.

When his visit was over and they were all climbing into the "white-top" to take Richard several miles back to his train, his mother noticed as he was putting on his old coat for a long trip in a day coach, that the lining in one sleeve was torn. At once, out of the wagon she climbed, got her needle and thread, and repaired that coat as they rode. As the train came in sight she gave him a tight hug and a farewell kiss with these words, which he can never forget: "Good bye my son. I hope this is all for the best. God bless you." That is the last time Richard ever saw his mother alive. He came from Ann Arbor to attend her funeral in Tooele, Utah. She died September 22, 1892 and her baby boy Don, then six years old, died two days later. She had suffered with an ulcerated stomach for many years. While lifting and otherwise caring for her strapping son Don, who was desperately ill, she ruptured her ailing stomach and died in great distress vomiting great quantities of blood. She and her baby boy were buried in the same grave.

With great regularity this mother got her children together both morning and evening for family prayers. She did most of the praying herself. Her prayers were much like gospel sermons. Her son Richard, oldest of her seven children, often went to work away from home. He remembers with great clearness that when he was leaving home in the early morning she would get his



breakfast ready before the other children were awake. She always had two chairs, one for him and one for herself, with their backs to the table. He insists that no one ever offered more impressive or more effective prayers than his mother offered on such occasions. Her prayerful appeal on one occasion in particular was so effective that when a group of sheep shearers with whom he was working, undertook to compel him to smoke and drink a glass of the beer that had been brought to the camp in a keg, he had the good sense and the blessed ability to resist that great temptation. While death has separated this son from that mother for sixty-six years, and to his mind that long separation may have magnified her virtues, yet that son, now eighty seven years plus, insists that in his marvelous mother he was never able to see an imperfection.

\* \* \* \* \*

# SUSAN DELILAH CALLISTER LYMAN

BY

Albert R. Lyman

February 14, 1958

Susan Delilah Callister, daughter of Thomas Callister and Helen Mar Clark, was born May 25, 1863, in Fillmore, which was at that time the capitol of Utah Territory. When she was eight days old she was blessed and named by her father. On the 4th of July, 1871, she became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, being baptized that day by Josiah Gibbs.

Her years of girlhood and young womanhood were spent in her native town, which was an important point on the old slow-motion highway extending southward through the territory. She had all the school advantages afforded by early Fillmore, which was by no means limited to a few struggling institutions teaching the "three R's." To live at that time in Fillmore and battle with its multitude of problems was to attend a very practical university whose curriculum embraced the sturdy lessons of a successful pioneer life and its adversities. The substantial advantages of the big school were not lost on Susan Callister, and while still in her teens she began her active career as a leader in progressive institutions.

At the age of twenty-one, October 9th, 1884, she was married to Francis M. Lyman in the old Endowment House in Salt Lake City, the ceremony being solemnized by Daniel H. Wells. After her marriage she lived for a little time in Ogden and for a considerable time in Salt Lake City, where her first child, Clark Lyman, died July 4, 1891, the very day he was born. Fillmore actually continued to be her home, for the next thirty-three years.

She was one of the superintendency of the Millard Stake Y. W. M. I. A., and she served twenty-five years as a counselor in the Relief Society of the Fillmore Ward. In 1917, she made her home in Salt Lake City, where, in



the Waterloo Ward she served again in the Relief Society. Also, she was set apart as a regular temple worker and engaged steadily in that calling for ten years, but even after that time she continued to work in the temple as her health would permit.

She is the mother of four sons and two daughters. The first son, as already stated, died in infancy, and another son, Rudger, was stricken with pneumonia and died when he was seven and one-half years old. With the coming of the World War, her two remaining sons, Waldo Wilcken and Grant Herbert, enlisted under the colors, and Grant went over-seas and entered the big conflict.

Grant's enlistment was on the tenth of May, 1917, and he was killed in action in France on the seventeenth of June, 1918, at the age of twenty-two years. He was the second Utah soldier of the American Expeditionary Forces over-seas to give his life for his country. Waldo W. Lyman served three years with the United States forces and was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant.

"Aunt Susan", as she was familiarly and lovingly known in a wide circle of friends, became prominent as one of the first Gold-Star mothers of the great struggle, having sent her two only sons into the service, from which only one of them came back.

As one of the thousands of venerable Gold-Star mothers, to whom the government generously offered a free trip to the graves of their sons in foreign lands, Aunt Susan started on the 24th of July, 1930, accompanied by her daughter, Florence. She visited Chateau-Thierry where the American boys defeated the Germans in June and July, 1918. She visited the grave of her hero son, and saw the cross which bears his dear name, though otherwise it was no different from the dreary forest of other similar crosses, marking the resting places of the other American youth who had given their lives for their country.

This journey, having been provided with many thoughtful comforts and conveniences, was a very fitting

expression of a country's appreciation to the mothers who had contributed such holy and precious gifts to its well-being. Aunt Susan responded promptly to that sacred urge of patriotism which had been answered by her sons, and which our country now offered as its kindest tribute and thanks to her as their mother.

Aunt Susan's trip to France with her daughter Florence had in it, for both of them, the added joy of a visit in the city of Paris, with Aunt Susan's other daughter, Helen, (now Mrs. LeRoy S. Morr). Helen was a Utah public school teacher. She and a group of her friends and associates had joined a company of traveling tourists and they arranged to meet with her mother and sister Florence in the city of Paris, France. Thus was provided a wellnigh perfect climax to the already happy and successful trip for the Gold-Star mothers which the government had so generously arranged.

She passed away on Wednesday, January 31, 1945.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the time of her death, Richard R. Lyman wrote: "Aunt Susan went peacefully into her long last sleep Wednesday, January 31, 1945. Her daughter, Florence, who is a trained nurse, had been taking constant care of her mother since she brought her from the L. D. S. Hospital three weeks before that date. Her daughter Helen, her son Waldo and Waldo's wife, Fannie, had also kept a careful watch near the sick bedside during Aunt Susan's long and final illness.

The funeral, at the Larkin Mortuary and in the Tooele Cemetery, February 3rd, was to me a faultless one, presided over by Bishop Junius M. Jackson. President George Albert Smith and President George F. Richards were the speakers. The two artists, Alexander Schreiner and Harry Clarke, furnished the music. Dr. Lyman A. McBride in his graveside dedicatory prayer referred to the fact that the Lyman Cemetery lot had already been made sacred by a prayer of Francis M. Lyman, who



had not only dedicated that lot for a last resting place for his loved ones, but he had, in the long ago, not only erected in the center of that lot his own great monument, but he had erected appropriate and lasting headstones for Aunt Rhoda, for my own mother and even for Aunt Susan, when she was still living, as well as for the others of the family who had been buried there during his lifetime.

For fifty three years, or since the death of my own mother in 1892, Aunt Susan has been a mother to my mother's six children as well as to her own five. Eight of these eleven still survive and for the twenty nine years since the death of our father, Francis M. Lyman, in 1916, Aunt Susan has been both father and mother to all eight of us. With her unselfishness, kindness and wisdom, she has kept us all together in happiness and harmony, a blessing for which we are all deeply grateful. She has never shown unkindness, unfairness, temper, or selfishness in the slightest degree."

\* \* \* \* \*

### APPENDIX III

Editorial, The Improvement Era, December, 1916.

#### President Francis M. Lyman

On Saturday morning, November 18, 1916, Elder Francis M. Lyman, President of the Council of the Twelve, and a member of the quorum since 1880, died at his home in Salt Lake City. He contracted a cold while attending a conference in North Davis stake on the 12th, and pneumonia set in, resulting in his sudden and unexpected death. As he had often wished he might do, he died in the midst of his work. He even had a conference appointment for the 19th.

President Lyman was the eldest son of Amasa M. Lyman, and Louisa Maria Tanner, and was born January 12, 1840, in Goodhope, McDonough Co., Illinois. He was one of the stalwart workers in the Church. His record up to 1860 is truly remarkable. He was a frontiersman at birth and babyhood; pioneer and teamster at eight; herdsman and cowboy at eleven; learning a trade at thirteen; traversing the trackless deserts of western America as a leader and captain, at sixteen; married at seventeen; exploring the wilds of the Colorado River at eighteen; a seventy and missionary at twenty; with farming, attending school, presiding over improvement associations, building pioneer cabins, as incidents thrown in here and there between. Later, in Millard county, after his first foreign mission, he represented his county, as legislator, and besides occupied many religious and civil offices. In January, 1877, after his second mission to England, he was called to preside in Tooele where he took leadership among the people religiously and politically until called to the apostleship, October 10, 1880. From that time on he has been completely devoted to Church work. His travels embrace nearly every city, town and village in the church, and he has been a familiar figure and speaker in the congregations of the Saints



everywhere. In 1883 he filled a remarkable mission to the Indians in the Uintah reservation. In 1901, he was called to preside over the European mission, and while there visited many countries including Russia.

President Lyman was a kind friend, a man with a great heart and full of solicitude for the people, individually and as a whole, as well as for his personal friends who now by the thousands mourn for him. If he seemed stern at times, it was because he could not tolerate evil. He was loyal to the cause of God. He was a fighter, where fighting was needed, but his campaigns were conducted under the spirit of love and the inspiration of the Lord. He was a successful adjuster of difficulties, a trusted leader, a true exemplar and counselor, a father indeed among the people, beloved by all.

\* \* \* \* \*

A picture along with the following was printed in the January 1917 issue of the Improvement Era.

A Tribute of Respect to the Memory of  
Francis Marion Lyman

A Member of the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A.

---

In the death of Brother Lyman, November 18, 1916, the young men of Zion are separated from a sympathetic, faithful friend; and the Associations we represent, from a firm advocate and wise counselor.

It is our privilege and duty to bear witness to the fine quality of his splendid character and to the influence and power of his teaching and example among us.

The people generally knew of his indefatigable public service and apostolic ministry. It is not improbable that more people knew of an individual private service and ministry, at his hands, than from any other public man. It is marvelous to contemplate, and almost un-

believable, that a man, so constantly occupied with public duties, could devote the time he did to so many individuals. In this respect the young men of Zion were the chief beneficiaries. He knew more of them personally than any other man, and he made them know him and his interest in them. His arm was always around them, drawing them closely to him, as he whispered into their ears words of admonition, advice, counsel, encouragement, warning if need be, and reproof if required. In it all and always, he was the ever-zealous servant of God, seeking to help and to save the children of men.

He used to say: "The Lord calls upon all men to do right, but he expects us (Latter-day Saints) to."

"Seek the Lord early and ye shall find him." Brother Lyman believed men should do so, as he himself had done, and having found Him early in life, abide in the knowledge of Him continually.

Speaking of men wearing out their lives he said: "Why shouldn't they? That's what our lives are for, to wear them out in serving the Lord."

The Law of the Lord was in his heart. He was its living exponent. He was wise in keeping it, and he taught and practiced it with understanding, for he knew and understood it.

Finally it was said of him, as truly as of any man, that in perfect faith, never doubting, he taught and exemplified in the spirit of the sublime Job who said, "Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding? \* \* \* \* And unto man he said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding."

The above was read by President Heber J. Grant, at the funeral services of President Lyman in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, Tuesday, November 21, 1916.

\* \* \* \* \*



January, 1917

---

In Honor of President Francis M. Lyman

---

President Henry H. Blood, of the North Davis stake, has kindly favored the Era, through President Heber J. Grant, with a copy of the resolutions of respect which were adopted at a monthly Priesthood union meeting of the North Davis stake, held at Clearfield, Utah, Sunday, November 26, 1916. President Blood remarks that inasmuch as President Lyman practically closed his ministry in attending the quarterly conference of the North Davis stake, on November 12th, the authorities of the stake thought proper to spread on the records of their stake these resolutions of respect for him, a copy of which he encloses as follows:

Resolutions of Respect adopted at the monthly Priesthood Union meeting of the North Davis stake, held at Clearfield, Utah, Sunday, November 26, 1916:

Whereas, In the inscrutable wisdom of a merciful and all-wise heavenly Father, there has been released from earth's mission one of the noble spirits and leaders of this dispensation, President Francis M. Lyman, who departed this life at his home in Salt Lake City, Utah, November 18, 1916; and

Whereas, To the people of North Davis stake was given the great privilege of listening to the last discourse delivered by the much-beloved apostle and president, who was with us at our quarterly stake conference, November 11 and 12, 1916; now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we who are assembled here today in stake Priesthood union meeting, on our own behalf and acting for all the people of this stake, express the deep sense of loss we feel in the death of our respected leader and friend, whom we recognize as one of the greatest teachers and exemplars that the Church has ever known; and while we bow in humble submission to the will of God in calling President Lyman from this field of labor to a higher and a greater one, we shall always cherish the words he spoke, shall always remember the upright,

God-fearing, blameless life he lived, and shall regard his departure as the closing of a life that was a blessing to all who knew him. The light of his example was as the light of the sun, making clear the way to walk; the power of his teaching was as the power of the sun, warming, expanding, developing the souls of men and bringing them to the fruitage of righteous living, as buds are warmed and opened and developed until the time of flowers and fruitage comes.

His last address will be remembered by all who heard it as a message of love and blessing and encouragement, filled with practical counsel, timely, appropriate, inspired. We shall never forget the earnestness with which he admonished his hearers to attend to every duty of life "in the season thereof," rendering each day and each hour the service we owe to the Lord and to our fellow-men; nor shall we fail to remember the wisdom shown in the counsel he gave that we should be prudent and careful in the use of the means that the Lord intrusts to our stewardship. His closing words, in expounding the text, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect," were delivered with such power that all our hearts were touched. The discourse throughout, occupying an hour and a half, was sound, forceful and impressive; and while some parts of it pointed to the early departure of the speaker from this life, and hence was in the nature of a farewell, still there was an absence of any suggestion of sorrow at parting, and a calm readiness was manifested to fearlessly meet the call when it should come.

We mourn with all Israel; but in the midst of mourning we thank the Lord for President Francis Marion Lyman, for his long, active, useful life; for his blessed teachings; for his kind and fatherly counsel; for his faith, his charity, his devotion. May succeeding generations continue to profit by his example and his admonitions.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### A Tribute from President Heber J. Grant

President Heber J. Grant was at Shelley, Idaho, on November 18, when he heard of the death of President Lyman, and he immediately wrote the following tribute to the family at Salt Lake City, and later a copy to each



member:

My Dear Friends: At the close of my remarks this afternoon, a telegram to Francis M. Davis of this place, telling of your husband and father's death, was handed to me and I at once telegraphed my heartfelt sympathy and prayers for the Lord to bless and comfort you all.

I loved President Lyman with all my heart. He has been as a father to me, and there are no blessings in this life or the life to come that I do not hope and pray may be given to his family.

No man of all my associates has been more faithful in the discharge of his duties as a member of the Council of the Twelve and as its president, than he has been. His constant and faithful labors and his willingness to work have been inspirations to me from the day, thirty six years ago, that I was called to succeed him as the president of the Tooele stake.

I can never forget, but shall always remember with loving gratitude, his fatherly interest in me and the aid given me in my young manhood days, when presiding over the Tooele stake. Had I been his own son he could not possibly have taken a greater interest in giving me the advice which aided me in making a success--although lacking in experience--of my presidency. His admirable work of reformation in Tooele prepared the way for my success as his successor. I knew what a splendid labor he would do as the president of the European mission, and while in Japan, I prayed to the Lord that he would allow me to succeed him as the president of that mission, and the Lord heard and answered my prayer.

I believe there has never been a man in the Council of the Twelve who has done so much reformation work and changed so many men from bad habits--which would eventually have caused them to make a failure of life--as President Lyman.

Before I went to Japan I tried to attend, as near as I could, as many conferences as he did, but I could not, and did not succeed in keeping up with him.

I could go on writing page after page, but I will close by saying that you are blessed of the Lord in having been honored of him in being members of the family of President Francis M. Lyman.

That his example of loving devotion and constant labor for the cause of Truth may be the guiding star of your lives, and that you may one and all so live that there will be an eternity of joy in his company for you all in the life to come is my prayer.

With love and blessings, I am

Your affectionate brother,  
Heber J. Grant

\* \* \* \* \*

### An Indian's Estimate of Elder Lyman's Activity

One of the interesting labors of President Francis M. Lyman was his mission to the Indians, to which he was called by President John Taylor, on November 17, 1882, at a time when there was a general revival of missionary work among the Indians. He had a remarkable experience on this missionary tour, an account of which is given in the Era, volume 3, pages 510-16. Elder Lyman continued to take an interest in the Indians for many years and was generally known among the Utah Indians as "big chief," particularly among the Piutes, then scattered in various parts of central and southern Utah following the peaceful pursuits of their white friends. At that time, as they do even now in some instances, they lived in small colonies in Thistle valley, Koosharem, Rabbit valley, Panguitch, Kanab, St. George, Cedar, Parowan, Beaver and Kanosh. These Indians were generally members of the Church, and learned to love the "big chief" for his teachings and kind counsels to them, as well as for the small stipends of flour and beef which he frequently distributed upon his preaching tours among them. His mission among the Indians was characterized by the same activity that was a leading trait of his character in all



his work. In his preaching tours to the Indians it had always been the theme of his sermons to them that they abide on their allotted farms, and avoid roaming about. He counseled them to work, and not idle away their time. He advised that they improve their premises and gather about them some of this world's goods for their comfort and happiness. He spoke simply and plainly to them. "Sit down, sit down; be quiet, don't run about," was his constant song. They endeavored to heed the advice, as far as their roving natures would allow, but compliance, even as far and as imperfectly as they rendered it, was a severe trial and a heavy sacrifice to them. He related to the writer an incident of Weber Tom, of Tooele Shoshones. On one occasion, when President Lyman, forgetting his own constant wanderings, had been giving the red men's camp the usual admonition to "sit down and remain quiet," this same Weber Tom was evidently annoyed at the sameness of the apostle's sermon. He got up and asked permission to say something at the close of Elder Lyman's remarks, and himself gave the following sermon on precept and example: "'Postle Lyman he all time say, 'All Indians, sit down, sit down!' 'Postle Lyman he never sit down.'"

President Lyman's reply was not recorded. —  
Edward H. Anderson

\* \* \* \* \*





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